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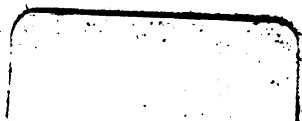
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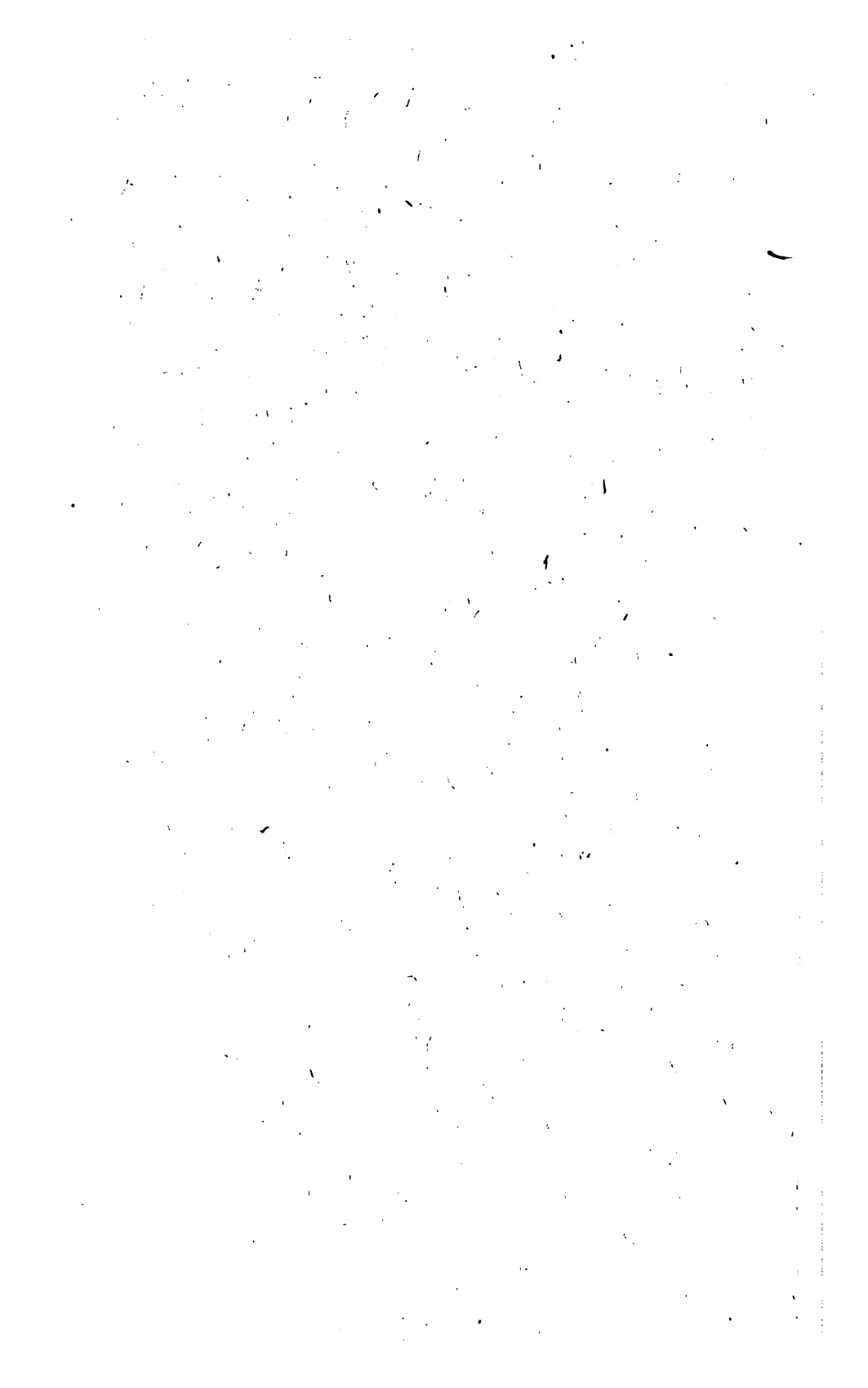
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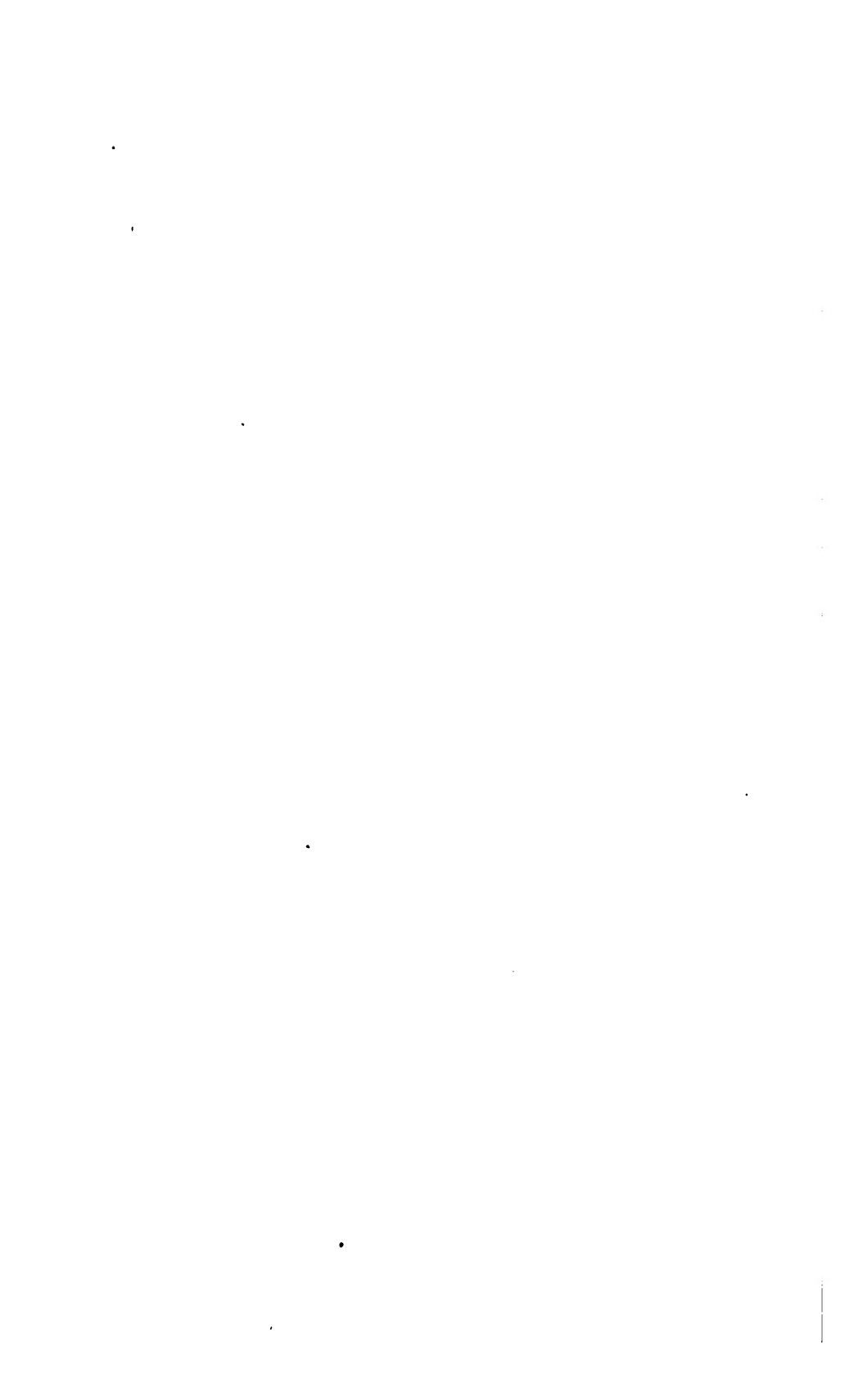


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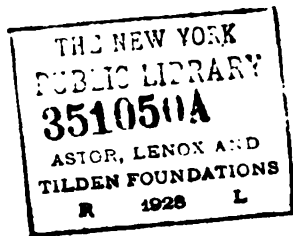
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F. D. HUNTINGTON, EDITOR.

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THE

# MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

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NO. 1.

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## THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

NATURE has her voices of warning and of encouragement, no less than Revelation; and there is no period at which her words of solemn admonition come home to the soul with deeper power, than when another era of life has passed, and the new year, with its untried scenes, its unknown and unexplored future, lies before us. Such seasons as this are calculated to excite even the most thoughtless to some serious reflection, and it may not be unprofitable for us now to review in some measure the past, and to ascertain what we may reasonably hope for the future, from our present dispositions, aims and characters. The past year has had its eternal influence upon each individual heart, and there is no thought more solemn than the consideration that nothing of that past can be recalled; that its wishes and purposes, its hopes and fears, its joys and sorrows, its conquests and failures, are inseparably linked with our characters, — that eternity itself will bear witness to its faithfulness or negligence. The hurried events of life, as they pass in rapid succession, may indeed drive this thought from our minds for a season, but there will be moments of deeper self-consciousness when it will stand revealed in all its dread solemnity. When earthly scenes are fading from view, and the soul hovers on the narrow confines of earth, and feels assured that the hour of judgment has come, — that the Master is waiting to receive back the talents committed to his keeping, — then, if not till then, will the infinite value of this year be fully realized.

We have seen many on whom the last new-year opened in brightness and joy, pass from our midst ; some, after a slow and lingering illness, when death seemed as a welcome release, — others, in the fulness of hope and life and glad anticipation. How think you the past year now seems to *them* ? How seems it to you, fellow pilgrim ? No doubt it was commenced with good resolutions, purposes of obedience, plans of improvement, and a full determination that its close should witness higher advances, and a more Christian character than any preceding period of your life. What has been the result ? Have these purposes been fulfilled, these resolutions executed ? Have you become more earnest, faithful and persevering ? Have you learned to look habitually to God as your Father, and to trust yourself and all dear to you, unreservedly to his care and guidance, knowing that “ He doeth all things well ? ” Have you made Jesus your daily and only guide, and sought under every circumstance to imitate his forbearance, charity and love ? Do you feel more deeply your own responsibility, and realize that you are indeed an immortal being, — that you are not living merely for the things of this life, but for the development of those powers, affections and dispositions which no change can take from you ? Have you, in fine, a hope full of immortality, feeling that for you “ to live,” even amid sorrow and privation, “ is Christ,” and that “ to die ” would be “ gain ? ”

Happy he, who is able conscientiously to answer these questions in the affirmative ; but to many, we doubt not, the year, commenced with such high aims and purposes, has been strewn with broken resolves, wasted opportunities and sluggish efforts. Whence comes this ? Whence these high aims and lofty desires, and yet at the same time this criminal negligence in the performance of our resolves ? Why are we no better, purer, holier than we are ? Moral influences have been constantly around to excite and animate us. Heavenly blessings have been showered upon us. Revelation has spoken, and Nature has confirmed its words of solemn import, and the voices of Providence have never ceased to utter their words of counsel and of rebuke. Spiritual influences have been shed upon our hearts, and there have been moments when we have deeply felt that power. Why then, we repeat, are we



no better than we are? To our own mind there is no thought more humiliating, than the consciousness of how many have been the spiritual privileges, how numerous and unceasing the influences that have acted within and around us from our very childhood, to make our characters even what they are. Why is it, then, that at the close of any important period of time, like the present, we are forced to look back upon a path strewn with broken resolves, and wasted opportunities?

A promise made to another, we feel ourselves bound to perform. Why not, then, a promise made to ourselves? for is not a resolution such a promise, and is not the one as solemn an act as the other? The latter is not indeed ratified by man, but is it not made in the secrecy of our own hearts, before God? And when we break such solemn resolves, are we not faithless to ourselves and to our Maker?

Why, then, we again repeat, are we no better, purer, holier than we are? Our first answer arises from a consideration, the truth of which all must acknowledge from their own experience, namely: that we do not *act out* our own convictions of duty,—that we do not live as we profess the Christian standard requires us to live. We conform our habits and maxims to the standard of the world around us, forgetting that the Gospel possesses and demands higher aims, purer motives, and a more spiritual life. When the young man inquired of Christ, “Who is my neighbor?” Jesus not merely replied to his question, but sent him away with the emphatic words, “Go thou and *do likewise*.” These words are also spoken to each one of us, and it is to the *willing neglect of opportunities of doing good*, that we must ascribe much of our faithlessness and negligence; for how many golden opportunities has not the past year witnessed! how many occasions for the exercise of benevolence, kindness and charity! how many seasons for speaking the single word of encouragement and admonition; how many sacred hours for consecration to self-improvement or to the good of others! And have all of these opportunities, scattered through every day, and we might almost say through every hour of the past year, been faithfully met and improved? Have we done all that we might and ought to have done, for the advancement of our own spiritual good, and that of others? We have known our duty and what Christianity

required of us ; if we have not thus *acted out* what we professed to believe, herein lies one great cause of our low attainments and broken resolves.

Again, we do not sufficiently feel, individually, the sinfulness of all sin. We conform our motives and habits to those of the world around us, and under the shelter of the multitude, cloak from ourselves our own deficiencies. The moral standard of the world is far below that of Christianity, and he who acknowledges in his heart the supremacy of the latter, and yet lives according to the maxims of the world, is guilty of the grossest inconsistency, and his life will ever contradict his nominal belief.

This style of character arises too often from a want of true self-knowledge, of a just perception of the relation of the soul to truth and duty and God. It does not feel as it should, that there are sins of the heart no less than of the life, for which it will experience a just retribution ; that all low aims, unworthy purposes, unholy desires, that indifference, even, is sin. And because man's views of sin are so indefinite, because he does not regard it as resulting from a state of the soul, no less than as expressed in the actions of the life, the resolutions for progress and holiness made in his better moments, vanish beneath the distracting influences of the world, and wither and fade, because they had no real root in themselves.

Once more : our resolutions are so often broken, because they are not formed in moments of calm seriousness, but under the influence of momentary excitement or fear. We listen to some powerful exhortation from the pulpit ; our feelings are moved ; we realize for a moment the infinite importance of our spiritual interests, and we make the resolve henceforth to live more entirely for those things that are unchangeable and eternal. But the feeling is but momentary, and if not cherished and deepened by serious thought, if not *acted* upon, the return to the common duties of life chases away these better momentary emotions. Again, some warning voice of Providence comes home to us, and we are strongly reminded of the uncertainty of all earthly hopes and plans, and as the darkness gathers, we feel the utter weakness of human power to aid and sustain us, and we eagerly turn for help to that living fountain, whose waters we pass by unheeded in our more

prosperous moments. We feel that all mere earthly pursuits are indeed vanity, and we determine that we will devote ourselves to higher and worthier objects of attainment. But the danger passes, the clouds disperse, and with the returning light our resolutions vanish as the early dew in the summer morning.

And why is it that we do so often witness these results? Why are we so often obliged to lament them in ourselves? Is it not because our resolutions do not go deep enough, do not reach the main springs of feeling and action? Those resolutions alone can be abiding and permanent, which are made in the calm conviction of the mind, with deep, serious thought, and a fixed and determined purpose of the soul,—which are made in heartfelt sincerity, with a consciousness of our own weakness, and at the same time with a humble reliance upon the great Source of all strength and support.

Thus only can we become that which in our better moments we hope and wish to become.

To many of us the past year has been thus unsatisfactory. Now it has indeed gone from us, not to be recalled, save in its undying influence upon our characters. What that influence has been, let each one determine for himself; and rest not satisfied, until he has fully and conscientiously answered the question.

But, my friend, however the past may now seem to you, whether you can read its pages with a joyful countenance, or with remorse and deep regret, remember that a new year is now opening upon you; and upon *you* alone depends what its record shall be. Its pages are now stainless and pure;—you are to decide whether they shall so remain, or whether they shall be dimmed with the stains of sin and worldliness. No hand save yours, can make any record in its book of Remembrance. Pause, then, we earnestly entreat you, and let not the dying year utter its solemn pleadings in vain. Look not to the standard of others,—consider not *their* opinions of your character or prospects, but alone, in the solemn silence of this hour, look in upon your own heart, as in the very presence of God. Cast away all other thoughts, and feel that the eye of an all holy Being is upon you. Can you meet with calmness the scrutiny of that glance? Do you feel that all is well within you? Can you calmly contemplate the thought of entering at any moment an untried scene of exist-

ence? If not, delay no longer. Force yourself to think, and let not the new-year's sun rise upon you, without witnessing a determined, heartfelt resolution, made in calmness and with a serious conviction of its worth, henceforth to consecrate yourself to truth, to duty, and to God. And may the opening year witness your improvement in all that is noble, worthy and excellent. And should another new-year's morn never dawn upon you, may you be an inhabitant of that city, which has "no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it: for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

H. M.

## WHAT IS YOUR LIFE?

BY REV. J. H. MORISON.

Nothing is more remarkable than the different aspects of life, as it is regarded at different ages of the world, and by different persons at the same time. The first feeling, as men look abroad and witness the constantly shifting phases of things,—youth, manhood and age dissolving, these into those, and all melting and vanishing away in death,—is always a sad one, and we sympathize with the reflections of the Trojan warrior, in his interview with Diomed. "As the generation of leaves, so is that of men. The wind drives them in showers to the earth; but the forest, growing green, again puts forth, and in the spring they are renewed. So the generations of men;—one flourishes as another decays." Yet even in Homer's Mythology there was a sort of shadowy existence for the dead, which, with some of the later poets, became more distinct. The devouring flames, says one of the characters in *Æschylus*,

"The devouring flames, my son, that waste  
The body of the dead, touch not the soul;  
That lives and knows its destined hour to show  
Its wrath."

"There," says Pindar in a moment of unusual elevation, "the good by night and day in equal light repose forever in unbroken rest." With others among the ancient poets, life is a momentary converse with the upper air, when darkness suddenly overshadows them and they are locked up in the iron abodes

of death, and they employ all the powers of a strong imagination to reconcile the heart to the thought of endless darkness.

Such were the conflicting views of life taken by the poets among the most enlightened nations of antiquity. And with philosophers there was the same variety of opinion. While cheered by the beautiful works of God, reasoning from man's inward cravings, his intellectual faculties, and the unchanging laws of justice and of truth, full of the thought of meeting again those whom he had lost, Cicero, in an assumed character, triumphantly exclaimed, "Oh glorious day, when I shall go to that divine council and assemblage of spirits, and escape from this mortal turmoil and filth. For I shall go, not only to those great men of whom I have spoken, but also to my son, distinguished for his virtues and filial reverence, for whom I have performed the sad rites, which he should have performed for me." Such are the hopes awakened by his private studies. But he goes abroad into the world, and sees the disorders and wrongs which there prevail. The poor are oppressed and their prayer is not heard. Fierce and inhuman wars decide the fate of empires. Death reigns; matter triumphs. And among men knavish cunning, a mean ambition or brute violence, prevails. The heart of the philosopher sinks within him, and he goes back to his study, again to gather strength for the hour of trial, and again to fail when the hour of trial has come. To him life is a painful alternation of fear and hope,—the shadows of the grave now and then relieved by gleams of a brighter expectation.

And if such was the condition of the wisest—of those who more than others could look through the veil that here shrouds the spirit, how must it have been with the unlearned during that and the succeeding age? Of them it is not too much to say, that darkness covered the earth and gross darkness the people. The cry of the oppressed arose and there was none to help. Vice had outgrown the law. The sword of power had pushed aside the arm of justice. The hopes of the virtuous were crushed beneath the weight of violence and crime; and the heart of innocence racked by the wrong and outrage that preyed upon mankind. Atheism, "eclipsing all the stars of heaven," and trampling down the hopes that sprang, like flowers, from the grave, stalked frowningly abroad between the living and the dead.



But amid the scoffs and groans of an unbelieving and abandoned world, lo, the voice of one crying in the wilderness, and saying, Prepare ye the way of the Lord; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. Thus announced, there appeared one, like unto the son of man, and the spirit of God, gently as a dove, rested upon him. Disease fled at his touch. The winds and the waves were hushed by his voice. Speaking as never man spake, and teaching as one having authority, he declared, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live;" and to confirm his word, he that was dead came forth at his bidding. Having set an example of majestic meekness, firmness and love under cruel indignities and wrongs, and thus taught men what it is to live, he taught them also how to die. But the grave could not bind him down. He burst the bands of death, and from its dark recesses brought life and immortality to light. In him the great mystery which had oppressed the world is solved.

His followers publish the glad tidings of eternal life. They are driven from city to city. Everywhere stripes and bonds await them, and everywhere they proclaim the gospel of their master;—"that this mortal must put on immortality, this corruptible must put on incorruption, and death be swallowed up in victory."

They die; but their cause goes on. The spirit of Jesus and his divine instructions live. Amid wars and tumults, such as the world had never seen, his divine religion goes on, conquering and to conquer. The calm wisdom and the brutal ferocity of kings and the great men of the earth, who set themselves against it, the downfall of empires, the general breaking up of the social elements, only prepare the way for its heaven-directed progress. The gathering of the nations from all quarters of the globe hasten on its work.

Ages pass by. The heralds of salvation have gone through all the earth. Kingdoms that once sat in darkness have seen great light. A new civilization has sprung into being. On the ruins of the old a new world has risen. Knowledge, like the spirit of God on the face of the deep in the primeval chaos, has moved over the face of society. Continents are overspread by people calling themselves the followers of Christ. And what now among them is life? Under this purer gospel, this glori-

ous revelation of man's duty and his end, may we not hope to see a new heaven on earth? We look abroad, and behold still almost the same cares, the same passions, the same low desires, the same crimes and wickedness and death. The stream of life, as men profess to believe, flows on no more to the ocean of death, but to realms of immortal being. We may look therefore to see the idle pomp and pageantry of earth, its petty contests and hopes and fears, discarded, and the soul's immortal powers all bent on the attainment of immortal things. But how slight the change! There is still, as in ages of heathenish darkness, the warrior, with maddening rage, slaying his brother, and Christian nations urging him on by their triumphant shouts. It is called a most beautiful spectacle, where in the thickest parts of an inhabited city the terrible engines of destruction wielded by Christians, are crushing temple and private dwelling, and beneath their ruins burying in indiscriminate slaughter Christian men with their wives and children. There is still the same insane ambition — the student, pale with thought, laboring on with throbbing head and heart for the poor distinction of a name. There are children playing with their toys, and larger children playing with *their* toys and heeding not the cataract which they are drawing near. There is the selfish statesman, grown grey in craft, and the hypocrite tottering on, unmindful of the day which shall tear off all disguise. There is the man of avarice, with his iron chest bound like a mill-stone to his neck, as if to drag him deeper down into the dreadful lake. There are bodies pampered for the jaws of death, and souls starved for eternal life. There is the mother, bending in mute despair over the cold remains of her little one, and everywhere death calling forth shrieks of anguish, as if no voice had ever issued from the grave. The noisy reveller and the silent mourner are found side by side. The bridegroom and the bride move giddily on, while near them, concealed under a thousand differing forms, the great destroyer lurks to stab their joys.

There we see one young and beautiful, and ask her, "What is life?" She points eagerly to admiring companions and the crowded pleasures of a shining fortune. We see her again. Death is busy at his work. The man of God is there. But those eyes, once streaming with rapture, are glazed and soon shall be closed forever.

There is the young man, rejoicing in his youth, and pointing to noisy associates and scenes of unhallowed joy. "This, this," he exclaims, "is life." We follow him to his private chamber and witness there his secret struggles and misgivings. The youth becomes a thoughtful man. "What now," we ask of him, "is life?" "'T is here," he replies, pointing to wide-reaching plans for the attainment of wealth. "My youth was thrown away; but when these plans are finished, *then* I shall *live*." We come again. Those plans *are* finished. Riches beyond his hopes are his. Yet care is seated on his brow. He is not happy. He has not yet begun to live. More, more—he still stretches his arms for more, and sinks beneath the wave.

Thus they pass on; wrapt up in present things, and never warned by the fate of those around them. There are crowds, who dissatisfied with existing things, resolve again and again that they will prepare for the great voyage on which they must soon embark. But present trifles, the cares of this day, the pleasures of that, and perhaps the mere idleness and ennui of a third, shut out all serious purposes; and onward they are borne, until they are torn away and hurried unprepared into the presence of their God. There are parents anxious and troubled about the present comforts of their children, sparing no pains to enrich and educate them for the pleasures of to-day, and yet spending not a thought to prepare them for the eternal tomorrow in which they soon must wake. There are grave teachers of wisdom, who enter their calling with less enthusiasm than those who teach the limbs to move with suppleness and grace; and there is the priest, who, faithless to his trust, preaches up "the promise of the life that now is," and by smooth words lulls his hearers to repose, until the thunders of the cataract rouse them, and downward, downward, in spite of all their struggles they are borne. There are scoffers still with fiendish laugh, who rejoice to find that life is "but a finer-breath of spirits dancing in their tubes awhile, and then forever lost in vacant air," and there are skeptics, sorrowful and sad, who *would* believe, but cannot reconcile the thought of immortality with what they see of meanness and of death—men of timid virtues and of feeble hopes, who, like the sage of old, believe in their closets, but are disheartened in the streets.

So pass the visions of life. This poor, decrepid thing was once an object of general admiration; and that demented old man was once, in pride of manly strength, the first of all that met. They have lived only for the world and now are reaping their reward.

Such is life as we find it even now. And can it be that the Great Teacher of Judea has lived in vain? From him visions of eternal life and words of salvation are thronging round us. Is there no eye to see, nor ear to hear? The universe echoes back to us his instructions. Creation, from her brightest stars and darkest caves, rejoices in the truths which he proclaimed. The very mountains have burst forth into singing, and the trees clapped their hands for joy because of the glorious immortality to which under him they have been made the ministering agents. And are his teachings lost? Are the encouraging hopes with which he would inspire us, utterly disregarded by those whom he died to save? Do none lay hold of the eternal life which he has promised and which he was?

We look again. The instrument of death drops from the warrior hand. The worldling turns from his ill-gotten gains. The sensualist leaves his revels. The statesman recognizes a higher law than that of selfish expediency, and the student is fired by higher aims than the desire to perpetuate his name upon the earth. We see multitudes going forth in their labors of love, and toiling, each in his own way, for the advancement of Christ's kingdom among men. In the beauty of life and the calmness of death they bear witness to him. They toil on in faith, they lift up their hearts in prayer. "And what," we ask of them, "what is life?" "The blessed privilege," they reply, "of doing good." "The ante-court of heaven, where, with heart and hand, we may serve and worship God." "The field in which by our fidelity we may prepare the harvests of eternity." "The great instructor, appointed to educate our souls and carry them forward through death to an immortal life." And we see by their example that these are no empty words. On the marble features of a little child has fallen a more than mortal beauty,—calm and peaceful and smiling still, as if eternity had there impressed its happiest image of repose. "Thou art gone," were the mother's silent thoughts. "Thou art gone, my child, and thy life here has

closed ; but only as closes the flower at evening that with new fragrance it may greet the morning sun."

To those who are thus imbued with the spirit of Jesus, and there are many such, life is full of joy ; for it is full of sublime ministrations, of holy duties, of immortal hopes. Even its lowliest offices, like morning dew-drops on the grass, are adorned by rays of heavenly love. Nothing to them is common or unclean ; for all is purified to their regenerate minds. Failings even, though mourned over with bitter tears, do but incite to a stricter vigilance, a more confiding love, and kinder construction on the faults of others.

Life, then, is no longer a stream whose source is darkness and whose end is death. It comes down from heaven and rises to heaven again. The Teacher of Judea lived not in vain. His instructions, though disregarded by so many, have reached through every circle. The onward progress of man has been hastened by his presence. The great pulsations of society have been quickened by his touch. Life flows now with new significance. Rich and poor, since both alike must live and die, are both alike blessed by his teachings. A ray of light has fallen on all. Life is no longer a hopeless enigma. It is a school to rouse the soul from sluggishness and death. The universe is our mansion, and its walls are written all over with golden precepts. The fowls of the air, the beasts of the field, the plants, the streams, are not without their lessons. Ask of them and they will tell thee. The events of life, its heavy trials, its toils and struggles, are experiments in the grand laboratory where our characters are formed. Disappointments are solemn monitors. Joys and sorrows are the incentives and chastisements by which our Master is leading us on. Death is the consummation of our noblest hopes ; the entering upon a higher *form* in that great school, whose inspired teachings shall never cease, and then shall come the final examination, where in the presence of angels and blessed spirits, we shall stand, to render an account of what we have learned and done. And as we then are, so shall our portion be. "He that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption, and he that soweth to the spirit, shall of the spirit reap life everlasting."

## ASHLEY WOOD.

BY MRS. M. G. SLEEPER.

I CANNOT sit within doors this October morning, for the south-west wind has a witching softness in it, and a voice, sweet, and very musical, is calling me to my old haunts in Ashley Wood. I have turned for the third time resolutely to my desk, and sought to satisfy myself with the tea-roses which a friendly hand placed upon it this morning, and my favorite books, which a bright little maiden has playfully bound with Autumn grasses—myrtles from her own parterre. But it is all in vain, for my mother Nature still says, "Daughter! daughter!" and I long for her embrace with a fond yearning which will not be repressed. Thou wilt go with me, wilt thou not, dear reader? It is so pleasant to exhibit our beautiful things to the gaze of kindly eyes. It will do you good, also, to partake of the quiet, all-pervading joy. It is so tranquillizing, so full of peace and rest. There is nothing tumultuous in it, nothing exciting, nothing wearying. It is not the arch, coy, coquettish joy of Spring, or the laughing, triumphant joy of Summer; but a profound, soul-filling joy, serene in its wondrous depths. We shall find infinite quiet, which yet is not without sound. The leaves are there, but their dance is like the old religious dance, and they move as if to a choral hymn. The seeming solitudes are thickly peopled, and each of the many tribes has its own peculiar language, but their voices are mellowed and subdued. The whole expression of the season is eminently soothing—plaintive, yet not quite sad.

We will go past the academy, for, through the open door, we shall hear the hum of children. I have caught a glance now of a merry face, all smiles and blushes. It is bent again to the slate, but the sum is not as hard as before, for a ray of gladness has reached the little fellow's heart. Small kindness. How many such may we daily offer!

We must leave the village, and cross that odd-looking bridge with the manifold twists and turns in its rural paling. It is the loitering place of half the neighboring urchins, where they seduce my spaniel into all manner of youthful tricks, in

the element she loves so well. They never weary of watching the smooth, yet rapid motions of her white paws, or of gazing on her, as, elated by their praise, she lays back her silky ears, and eyes them with an animated, human countenance.

Up the slope, down the hollow, and we are at Ashley Wood. The dew is still on the tangled path and welcomes us with its sparkling eyes. Let us sit beneath these hemlocks, and, looking up, see how their boughs are woven together, growing smaller and more slender as they near the top, till the meshes vie in fineness with the net-work of the twinkling leaves. The light here is pleasanter than the splendor that kindles the rainbow drapery of the knoll. How vivid that is, yet it has no glare, it is not dazzling. The trees through which it comes, seem covered with vast clouds of tulips, rich brown, and scarlet, and yellow striped with crimson. They are gorgeous, but they are too purely touched, too finely veined to be termed gaudy. They have stolen the hues of some summer sunset. The flowers,—sweet love-tokens from the Father,—have almost all withered. A few only remain, bright lingerers in the fading garland of the fast speeding Autumn. A solitary blue gentian is in blossom, lovely child of the fairy frost. By it is a pliant, drooping golden rod, and, beneath, the gold-thread with its wealth of slender roots. Tiny maples are growing all around, each with its tuft of gold and rubies, and, mingled with them, are miniature pines, and black spruces, ashes and silver furs. They threaten to displace their vigorous and stately kindred, yet are as kindly sheltered by them as the plant of a single day. Here are brakes, too, in graceful groups, waving their tinted plumes, the powdered, velvet-like leaves and sapless petals of the everlasting, the low mouse-ear, and the coarse, fuzzy fabric of the unlovely, but useful mullen. Near them are mushrooms congregating in small families,—the brilliant orange, delicate white, shaded purple, and lycoperdons, also, with their puff-ball hearts. Yonder patch of moss, inlaid with shining acorns, should be a dancing hall for Titania. It is wreathed with ground-pine, and is still fresh, so bravely has the gnarled oak above performed its office. There goes my squirrel! Yes, mine, for have I not contributed corn and nuts to his small stores? and do I not know all the secrets of his little housekeeping? Your eye is

not quick enough for a hunter. Glance along the mottled trunk of the beech at your right. Higher! Higher! To the very topmost bough! Down comes a nut! another! and another! I do believe he is pelting us. The rogue! Ah! laugh and chatter and peep at us as thou wilt, for there are here none to harm thee.

We get a glimpse of the old mill between those sumachs. Nature ever seeks the picturesque, and she has disposed the huge timbers in forms consonant to the scene,—decked them with mosses and creepers, carefully garnishing them with the hues of life, and giving them a beauty in their decay, which they could not boast in the hour of their usefulness and strength. It will soon be removed and burned on a neighboring hearth stone; but happy children will rejoice in its light, and the music it has breathed over my spirit will linger long after the winter fire has blazed and roared in triumph over its ashes.

This penetrating and heavy scent comes from yon tuft of hazels, and above them a smoke-wreath floats lazily away. It rises from a cottage half covered with honeysuckles and wood-bines, simply, but neatly kept. Better, perhaps, than any other villager do I know its inmates, for I have studied the human, as well as the vegetable denizens of my favorite wood. My subject seemed unpromising at first, for "Old Louis" was a square-built, low-browed, sinister looking man. The strong lines of his face, and the peculiar expression of his eyes, set far back beneath shaggy brows, indicated a sullen, misanthropic habit, and no redeeming thought was written on his bronzed and weather-beaten countenance. He lived alone, and held no communication with the world farther than to make a few necessary purchases. The children fled at his approach, and their parents were not quite easy beneath his fear-inspiring gaze. Deserted in infancy by worthless kindred, he was treated with neglect and contumely until he learned to execrate mankind. Our pastor visited him once, but he did not offer him even the poor hospitality that his hut afforded.

"Go to the happy!" he said, "preach to those who dwell among their own people, but come not to me, a branchless and leafless trunk!"

The minister retired, sad and disheartened. But who shall point out the sources whence spring those softening influences



that dispose the soul to listen to the words of life! Who shall count the means, numberless and beautiful as the stars, which silently and unseen aid in the great work of man's redemption! Even to Old Louis did the Father send a teacher wonderfully adapted to conciliate and win. He gave him a sweet social tie, which took hold of every heart-fibre, and entwined itself closely with them all.

A distant relative dying, bequeathed to him his orphan child, a girl of scarce five summers. It was a strange bequest, and, strange to say, it was accepted. Perhaps the old man longed for a glad smile, for a warm greeting, for some claim upon his counsel or his toil. Perhaps some association was revived, some treasured thought restored, some early affection, not wholly lost, was re-awakened. But he had been gloomy and morose too long to acknowledge suddenly the well-spring of abiding love he had discovered in his bosom. He scarcely noticed the little one and looked coldly on her when she sprang upon his knee, and stroked back the matted locks that hung their tangled masses over his brow and cheeks. Alice Graham was not one, however, to remain long uncaressed. She was a lovely child, with bright, wavy hair, and serious, thoughtful lines lightly wrought about her fresh, dewy mouth. Her innocent glee, too, and her merry prattle were new pleasures in the cabin of her adopted father.

One day he gathered some delicious strawberries and carried them to her in a basket of braided vines. She clapped her hands over the fruit, and put some, coaxingly, to his lips. He turned hastily aside, but not in anger, and, afterward, seldom returned from his work without some woodland token. He labored also regularly and diligently. He did not, as he had once done, pause to brood over his adverse fortunes, but, with the dawn, his stalwart arm was swinging the keen axe, and it knew little rest till the gloom of twilight.

He first sought to improve his outward condition for the sake of his adopted one. He shingled his rude dwelling, put in neat windows, and closed it with well-made doors. He painted the floors within, papered the walls, and replaced the broken stools with chairs and tables. His habits had not fitted him for a protector to one so delicate, and he applied to me for aid. Cheerfully he furnished the toilet conveniences

of which he scarcely knew the use, and the warm garments, of the necessity for which, he was a better judge. In his appearance and manner, too, he became less uncouth. He practised some of the small courtesies of life. He no longer frowned when he met a neighbor, and he smiled when the children, grown less timid, played about the wood.

Winter came, and by the light of blazing pine knots he taught Alice to read. He tasked his memory, too, for all the little lore he had in his youth been master of. He was once a Sabbath school scholar, and fragments of information then obtained, with portions of sermons, and stray teachings received by chance, floated dimly through his mind. In his exceeding love he became even nervously apprehensive lest some necessary instruction might be denied his darling. The Creator, whose existence he had doubted, might possibly live and reign. The volume he had despised, might, indeed, contain the words that render wise unto salvation. He procured a Bible, and it was the child's delight to sit upon his knee and read to him from its pages. Unconsciously he became interested in its infinite story. His eye moistened, his lip quivered, his heart throbbed wildly as they went on, and, ere the sweet, blossoming Spring time, he had knelt humbly and penitently before his God.

The misanthrope was gone, and in his place was a meek, fervent Christian, loving much because he had been forgiven much. His generosity was bounded only by his means. He received into his glowing heart the whole human family, and called them alike brothers. There was light in the dwelling, and the old man and the child met, and expanded, and soared upward in its holy radiance.

O, those beautiful hours, speeding away as minutes, when I watched the hallowed influences so gentle, so steady, so unobtrusive, that were aiding to bring back the gray-haired wanderer to the fold of the Good Shepherd! O, the glad, grateful thoughts that swelled my heart at that last appeal of the Father to the hardened outcast! Was I not wise to cull my summer blossoms, and fill my basket with winter mosses in Ashley Wood! And, while I sought those frail and perishing nurslings, did I not find fadeless jewels whose lustre was of Heaven!

## THE CHILDLESS MOTHER.

ONCE more I come — my feeble steps once more  
The accustomed path have trod, that I may see  
The happy home she dwells in : — but the door  
Alas, is closed ; — it opens not to me.  
Beneath the shade of yonder spreading tree  
Oft times I see her, sporting like a bird,  
And, oh, 'tis comforting thus nigh to be.  
Yet all with *Mother-love* my bosom stirred,  
What anguish that I dare not breathe to her that word.

She little thinks what poverty and wo  
Attended at her birth. An orphan child  
She came into the world doomed ne'er to know  
A father's love, and soon, too soon, exiled  
From her poor mother's breast: thus ev'n beguiled  
Of nature's earliest gift. Ah, how could I,  
Young, feeble-hearted, widowed, almost wild  
With fear that she for very want might die,  
How could I stem the force of what seemed destiny ?

Night after night in feverish pain I lay ;  
And when the little slumberer woke from sleep  
And to my bosom came, she turned away  
Wailing, whilst I could only lie and weep.  
But soon I felt the heart within me leap :  
I heard the story of a wealthy dame  
Who long had struggled with a sorrow deep  
That she no living children's love could claim.  
To me — mingling her grief with hope, to me she came.

"Give me that babe so beautiful," she said,  
"And health again upon her cheek shall bloom ;  
My breast shall nourish, and my hand shall aid."  
'T was a fair promise, and it sealed my doom.  
But vain all effort to dispel the gloom  
That sat upon my cowering heart; and though  
My lips assented and could smiles assume,  
A voice about me ever whispered low,  
God gave the babe to *thee*, and wilt thou let it go ?

I clasped her wildly to my throbbing breast ;  
I heaped quick, burning kisses on her cheek,  
And thought to die would be a fate most blest.  
Then I was fain in her sweet eyes to seek

For guidance: there wan hunger seemed to speak  
Such piteous eloquence, and I could see  
A language so relying and so meek  
I dared no longer hesitate, and she  
From that bewildering hour hath been no child to me.

How had I strength to utter it? — that night  
I promised what e'ersince hath wrung my heart,  
To stand henceforth a stranger in her sight,  
Or live in cheerless solitude apart.  
So might she never feel — such was their art,  
The claim soft nature had upon her love.  
This secret never might my lips impart.  
And thus I yielded up my sinless dove.  
Mine, now no more, save in the sight of God above.

We parted; and for many, many days  
Did fever riot in my burning brain:  
How deep the grief insanity allays!  
By that alone I lost the sense of pain.  
Unwelcomed charity restored again  
To my enfeebled frame health's vigorous tone,  
And from the bed I rose; but I was fain  
Unto my pillow to creep back and moan  
That I was yet to live, so childless and alone.

Again I rose, and listened to each sound;  
With searching gaze, I turned me every way,  
As if the precious lost one might be found.  
I bent me o'er the pillow where she lay  
With meekest looks that well-remembered day  
When on her cheek the last long kiss I pressed,  
And breathed the wild farewell that was for aye.  
I found the robe in which she last was dressed:  
It looked so like, I wept, and hid it in my breast.

Why did they leave such relics sad to me?  
It made the struggle harder; yet at last  
With firm resolve an exile hence to be,  
Forth from my home a wanderer I passed.  
Five years I held that resolution fast  
To see the child no more, around whose form  
A mother's arms might never more be cast: —  
Content to know that she was safe from harm,  
Tho' thought of me should ne'er her gentle bosom warm.

Thus long I struggled with my yearning heart.  
But vain the attempt its swelling chords to gird.

It throbbed and burst the weaker bonds of art ;  
 The voice of nature in my bosom stirred ;  
 The voice of nature spoke and would be heard.  
 That death would soon release me I could feel,  
 And so each morn I come like some poor bird  
 Along the borders of her path to steal,  
 Then fly lest her approach my constant haunt reveal.

And still I come, with hope, as oft alone  
 Along the gay parterre she bounding goes,  
 To catch the thrilling music of her tone :  
 To mark upon her cheek health's blooming rose  
 Fresh as the morning's, nor less fair than those.  
 At last, so near I came, she turned and smiled ;  
 That blessed smile, it paid for all my woes :  
 I felt of half my heavy griefs beguiled  
 Thus her sweet gaze to meet, my own unconscious child.

She little thought how oft this wasted form,  
 This pallid brow had o'er her bent in pain ;  
 This bosom scantily sheltered from the storm,  
 How oft, as, ah, 't will never be again,  
 She there, a folded flower, had sleeping lain.  
 With trembling hand as from these aching eyes  
 To wipe the gushing tears I strove in vain,  
 And she looked up with innocent surprise,  
 The love I bore to her she little could surmise.

How beautiful she was ! Her father's smile  
 Was on her parted lip, — and on her cheek  
 The tinge he loved on mine ; I thought the while  
 His voice did from the grave upbraiding speak :  
 My limbs, at once, beneath me failed, and weak,  
 Upon the turf I sank ; when, oh, what bliss !  
 That fair child came to me with accents meek,  
 And all for very pity doing this,  
 Stooped down, and laid upon my cheek a gentle kiss !

Since then I have not seen her, though each morn  
 And still with feebler step day after day  
 I come to seek her, and again, forlorn,  
 With disappointed heart, I turn away.  
 These failing limbs no longer will obey  
 The heart's strong impulse ; and I soon shall share  
 Her father's grave ; alas ! she never may  
 To that lone spot with filial step repair.  
 She 'll know her mother's face in Heaven, and only there.

## THE LORD'S SUPPER.

BY REV. E. WITHINGTON.

ALL spiritual life demands expression, and manifests itself in some form. When a conception arises in the mind, a new feeling or thought, we long to give it utterance. The joy of expression is one of the highest satisfactions of our being. Every thing apart from spirit is but a form of the spirit's language—a mode of spiritual expression. Every man would somehow or somewhere, embody his ideal; and this is at the bottom of every thing in life. The patriot expresses his ideal in wise and beneficent institutions—the artist on his canvass, where he can speak out to other souls the conception that burns in his own. Michael Angelo utters himself in the chiselled marble, Raphael in pencilled lines of grace and mingled hues of beauty, Handel and Mozart breathe out on the vocal air, the life of music within them.

A house, a manufacture, a work of art, a poem, or a song, are only so many forms in which the soul's thought or feeling is expressed. The relations of society, the sacred ties and enjoyments of home are no more than this; the outward expression of the inward life. The forms of religion, then, are founded in nature. They are the language in which the religious sentiment expresses itself. To speak contemptuously of all forms, is therefore to utter absurdities; and why should not religion have its outward expression as well as every thing else? Music and Architecture and Painting are things of the soul, but they speak to it through the senses. There may be those, great in ideal power, who have no need to see the pyramids, but can build St. Peter's, or chisel Laocoon, out of pure spirit, and carry them about in their own souls, as Beethoven wept at those strains of music his outward ear could not hear. We have heard of friends who could converse without language, but most of us need the outward expression. It seems rational and fitting then, that religion, like every thing else, should make its appeal through the senses, and by external forms.

Let us now consider the authority and appropriateness of that particular form of Christian observance, "The Lord's Supper." It was instituted, it will be remembered, at the feast

of the Passover — itself a service of commemoration, referring back to the deliverance of the oppressed Israelites from their bondage in Egypt. But it had no direct connection with that feast. Jesus says nothing of annexing this to, or substituting it for the national festival. We regard it, not as a preconcerted plan in his mind. It seems rather the spontaneous expression of his own full heart. The disciples, all unconscious of the scenes that await them, yet filled by the sad tenderness of their Master's words with a solemn awe and a fearful foreboding, sit silent around. Jesus looks forward into the future, and knows full well the suffering that is at hand. And as he thinks of his little band of followers, scattered and dismayed by his separation from them, his heart lifts itself to God in their behalf, and feeling how much they will need to remember him, and seeking both to strengthen and encourage them, he takes the bread and the wine, and says simply, "This do in remembrance of me." It takes away the naturalness and the impressive beauty of the scene to regard this as an institutional formality. It is the unpremeditated utterance of fraternal affection — the spontaneous outburst of tenderest love.

It is very doubtful whether Jesus conceived of this rite as passing down to his followers in remote ages. There is one passage of Scripture which may seem to some to imply that he did intend it as a permanent observance. It is the language of St. Paul, who tells us that he received his knowledge of Christianity by special revelation from Jesus Christ, and in another place that he received of the Lord Jesus the mode of this ordinance, and twenty-five years after its institution, he writes to the church in Corinth in regard to its observance. And there is certainly some weight to be allowed to the fact that those who heard the words of Jesus, his intimate disciples, did regard it as designed for perpetuity.

But relinquishing all claims of authority for the rite, have we not the same reasons for such commemoration, that the early disciples had? Were they under the deepest obligations to their Master? So are we. Did they need the strengthening influences of such a service? So do we. Had they cause to feel towards him the warmest gratitude, and the tenderest affection, and have we any less reason? We cannot believe the ordinance has ceased to be of value — that its life and

power have died out. So long as Jesus is our example, so long as he puts in a claim for our love, so long as the human heart venerates holiness, and honors purity, and owns the tie of gratitude, so long shall it be felt a privilege and a blessing to meet for such remembrance.

There are in many minds strange and repulsive views in regard to this ordinance—a disposition to set it apart from everything else, and to clothe it in mystery and awe. To us, its beauty, its life-giving power, its touching tenderness, are in its entire naturalness and simplicity. Suppose a near and dear friend, enshrined in the hearts of those who knew him, as a model of all that is beautiful and worthy in human character—it might be a venerated father—suppose, for example, that such a one, about to leave the world, should gather his children around him, and speak to them his last words of counsel and affection, and should then exhort them to assemble thus at stated seasons to remember him—to recall his love, his care, his virtues. Conceive of such a one saying to his family, with a heart full of love toward them, “I would not be forgotten when I am separated from you; I would still hold a place in your memory and your hearts. I would have you meet together thus, to keep your affection toward me living and warm—to increase your interest in each other, to strengthen your purposes to imitate my example in so far as it was worthy. And while you thus remember me, I would have you renew your vows of fidelity, and lift your united hearts to God. And if it may be that the ascended spirit can come back to earth again, I will be with you then—permitted, perhaps, in the Father’s mercy, to bear to your hearts influences of light, and strength, and peace.”

With what deep emotions must those children observe their father’s dying request! And, as they brought their children with them at such seasons of remembrance, what more natural, than that thus from generation to generation, the memory of the just and holy man should be handed down, and the story of his character and life preserved? Who does not see the beauty and the blessing of such an observance?

Such, and so simple is this Communion of the Lord Jesus. Only that here we commemorate one whose life stands apart from all human excellence, the only spotless and perfect exam-



ple — one, who brought to us our only life-guide, and the charter of our immortal hopes — who sealed his love for man by a cruel death, bequeathing unto us the hope of a life everlasting.

There is no foundation for those views which invest this rite with an austere and an awful solemnity. There is no authority for ascribing to it a mysterious or a peculiar efficacy. It has no wonder-working power; there is no charmed influence in it. Its sole value is as a means of religious growth and strength. Certainly, it is an impressive, and a sacred service. So is every religious service. Rightly viewed, what can be more solemn than prayer? To essay to commune with the Infinite, to call upon Almighty God, the Creator of the universe, the Being of boundless wisdom and spotless purity? This institution stands upon the same footing with public worship, or private devotion. The one is as solemn as the other. They require the same fitness, neither more or less than the other, viz: a sincere desire to discharge the duty and to receive the blessing, involved in each.

What then are the benefits and the claims of this Christian institution? It is one way of confessing Jesus before men — of giving our influence in support of Christianity, and its external forms of manifestation and action — it is one Christian obligation recognized and performed — it is one means of religious culture and growth — one means of strengthening the bond of fraternity that binds together the disciples of Christ.

But its great value is in increasing the feeling of personal nearness and regard toward Jesus. The life of Christianity is in the life of Christ. It is impossible for any one to appreciate, much less to live out the truth of Christianity, without a personal sympathy and affection towards him who not only proclaimed the truth, but who *lived* — who *was*, in himself, the truth. Christianity can only be apprehended through a love for, and a communion with, the living, personal Jesus. There is no such thing as a Christianity without Christ. Paul might well speak of "preaching Christ," for Christ himself *is* Christianity.

We are told by travellers, that as they have visited the places made sacred by the life of Jesus, the power of association has impressed them with a depth of unutterable feeling. To behold that sea of Galilee, which he so often crossed in

the fisher's boat, to stand on the foundation of that temple, in whose courts he preached the word of life, to walk over the very ground his sacred feet have trod—it must bring him nearer, it must renew and strengthen the remembrance of his precious words, and his divine life.

Such is the value of this communion service, and its outward symbols. We gather together as did the disciples so many centuries ago. We picture in our minds that group of brethren, the Master in their midst. We remember how he was looking forward to the bitter cup he was to drink; how tenderly he bethought himself, even then, of those he was to leave behind; how, as he took the bread, and called it the type of his broken body, and symbolized in the wine his blood so freely outpoured, he said, "This do in remembrance of me."

Must it not be, in the nature of things, that so gathering from season to season, we shall be brought nearer to Jesus? Shall go forth into life with new vows of consecration upon us; with a holier energy and a more overcoming purpose—stronger to do and to bear—and having formed in our hearts more and more the living Christ that constitutes us all, even with our Master, the sons of the Infinite God!

As the lone pilgrim lingers near the sea,  
Where once the blessed feet of Jesus trod,  
Or on the sacred mount of Calvary,  
Where he breathed out his trusting soul to God;—  
He fain on bended knee, with feet unshod,  
Would kiss the holy ground that drank his blood;  
And from his heart goes up a fervent prayer,  
That through life's maze, and in death's whelming flood,  
His soul may still his Master's image bear,  
And all his life the heavenly impress wear.

So, as we gather round this simple rite,  
Jesus comes nearer in its symbol'd forms,—  
Lo, in our midst, his sainted image bright,  
And each disciple's heart his presence warms;  
Hushed are the world's desires, and passion's storms:  
Forth to life's toils, and trials and alarms  
He goes, with holier vows, and kindled zeal,  
With strength renewed against the tempter's arms,—  
His heart anew sealed with his Saviour's seal,  
That heals life's deepest woe, and sanctifies its weal.

## PUBLIC CAUSES OF GRATITUDE.

A THANKSGIVING SERMON,\* BY REV. C. A. BARTOL.

2 CHRONICLES xxix. 31. Come near, and bring sacrifices and thank-offerings into the house of the Lord.

It is the day of our annual thanksgiving, a day appointed by our forefathers in a little spot, but becoming widely celebrated throughout the nation, of which they laid the foundations, and were themselves the corner-stone. To-day, with a singularly unanimous consent, a common consciousness of obligation, the people of this country, through the great majority of states, have come with reverential gratitude "into the house of the Lord."

It is a public occasion, a union of civil and religious authority in one act; and I shall therefore dwell on the *public* grounds for thankfulness, omitting now the reasons, which we often in our regular worship consider, respecting God's particular providence to individuals, and the spiritual experience of the private soul.

*Public causes for gratitude*, then, is my subject. But this statement might suggest a doubt in some minds.

Public causes for grateful rejoicing in the spirit of a happy festival at such a time as this! the sky of our political horizon red and lowering with the flame and smoke of an *unhappy, guilty* war; the accursed institution of slavery, with man's and heaven's frown upon it, striving to stretch out its already overgrown bulk into new regions of conquest, and, like the canker-worm, consume the greenness and eat out the fertility of other soils besides those it has already exhausted; and sharp contention on these subjects souring the temper and sundering the kindly relations of our own citizens, the struggles and blows of whose internal alienation send a jar to the pillars, and bring a strain on the arch, of our own temple of freedom; is there not cause rather for *mourning*, lamentation and wo, than for glad feasting and jubilant praise?

I say not that there are no reasons, general and individual, for humiliation and repentance; but I say there are great

\*Preached November 25, 1847.

causes, too, for public gratitude to God, and I propose to dwell on these. I will not, whosoever may, turn our *Thanksgiving* into a *Fast*.

And we have certainly, in the first place, a plain cause of thanksgiving as a people, in the abundance of our harvest. This was originally the Feast of the harvest, and the harvest, the fruits of the earth, should always fitly come into our acknowledgments and songs, while surely never did a good Providence make this special occasion of confession and praise larger or more striking.

In the last and the present season how plentiful the provision for our wants,—so that the superfluity of our bursting granaries has flowed across the sea, into the regions of barrenness and famine; while, amid all the fluctuations arising from extraordinary distress abroad and embarrassed trade, the vessel of our prosperity has hardly rocked on the wave, or, while starvation has taken the sexton's spade, widened graveyards, and kept the door of the tomb unlocked in other regions, hardly a single soul among us has pined for bread. It is almost as though the conscious earth had travailed here to bring forth an atonement for her penurious gifts elsewhere.

It is all from God. His hand is in it. He has made "the grass the mountains crown, and corn in valleys grow." He has whitened upland and meadow with the waving grain, his paths have dropped fatness, he has come down like the dew upon the mown grass, and his smile warmed our fruits into ripeness. He alone hath carried on the marvellous process,—*miracle* it would be but for its constancy,—by which the "circuit of the waters," steaming up from the ocean for the early and latter rain, hath been fulfilled, through the cloudy chariots and subterraneous streams, back to the parent sea,—and the sun has mixed his beams therewith in the great laboratory of Nature, and the dust under our feet has added its combined agency with a divine chemistry subtler than the man of science with all his investigation knows, to make the seed bloom over the landscape into thirty, sixty, and an hundred fold. *Thank God for the harvest!* and, by a wise and just distribution, may it keep off whatever exposure to famishing may still exist among the children of men.

But, in addition to this outward productiveness of the sea-

son, let us note another cause of thanksgiving, in the inventions of the human mind.

Perhaps the most marked phenomenon of our present civilization is the wonderful progress that has been made in mechanical art and physical science,—the improvement of agricultural utensils,—the substitution of a narrow pipe, filled with gaseous vapor, for the weight of a river or waterfall, in the various branches of manufacturing industry,—the making of better hands than those of the human body, out of wood, iron, and steel, to spin a thread, to tooth a card, to make a nail, to turn a sheet of copper into the smallest tacks, or to seize hold of red hot bars of iron and wield them with unfailing precision to the purpose for which they are to be wrought,—the hydrostatic and atmospheric pressure so cunningly applied to human help and convenience,—the Northern loom that turns into so cheap a garment the cotton of the South,—“the witty invention,” I confess, beyond all my powers of comprehension and analysis, that weaves with hair-breadth exactness the many-colored figures of a carpet, inserting a line with each successive rapid blow, as though matter had grown more intelligent than the human mind; the features of a man drawn with the pencil of the sun’s rays;—the very thoughts of the heart claiming kindred with the lightnings of heaven to go with their speed and instantaneously span the widest intervals by which friends or commercial negotiators are distanced, and, as they multiply their airy lines, seeming likely to turn the earth itself, not into a whispering-gallery, but into the very sensorium of the human brain; and, to add to these selected cases the most specifically merciful discovery of all, the ethereal antidote to pain, the inventive merit of which unquestionably belongs to one of our fellow-citizens and fellow-worshippers in this house;\* these things and such as these, give ample occasion for festal rejoicing before God.

And one thing I have reserved for separate mention, on account of the mighty consequences with which it is pregnant to the human family, the railroad. In this quick agent of passage between the widely severed sections, especially of our own country, I see the uniter of interests, the corrector

\* Dr. Charles T. Jackson.

of misunderstandings, the healer of old discords and breaches, and preventer of new ones, the quickener of the circulations of acquaintance and friendship, and brightener of the chain of sympathy, the bondsman to liquidate our dislikes, and one of the faithful endorsers, I trust, of our debts of silver and gold, the binder in iron hoops of our national Union, the *material* priest, in fine, that ties the knot of our mutual good-will and long wedded prosperity.

The Chinese Junk, making her slow, ponderous way from a land, that seems stranded some centuries back in the stream of time, may have ploughed her bulk into the waters of our harbor, to present an illustration, by visible contrast, of the vast inventive progress of the human mind, as she clumsily, by dull orders, turns her prow within hearing of the daily screams of a hundred locomotives.

I would not minister to our self-complacency, or to mere speed in our outward motions, or to haste in our flattering anticipations. There may be reason for foresight and prudential guarding against excess, in carrying on these very improvements. It would be strange if some *evils*, after all, should not be developed in connexion with such palpable benefits.

If a determination of the mind to mere outward improvement, an over-prizing of worldly success in the rising generation, a worship of Mammon, whose service is "the love of money," a neglect of private duty, the construction of so many places of business and halls of merchandize as to leave no room or time for the closets of meditation and prayer, — if these incidental consequences should come out of the rapid striding of our peculiar and distinguishing advantages, there would be ground for melancholy reflection and repentance, indeed. The query has already repeatedly suggested itself to my mind, whether there were not too much travelling on the part of many, who had better be at home, minding their affairs, conducting their industrial operations, attending to their wives and children. But these things are but dangers or partial drawbacks of a great good. The *cause for thanksgiving* is prominent and undeniable.

Nay, have we not forming under our eyes one of the most conspicuous proofs of this, in the foundations laid solid as the globe, of a spring of living water, to flow from the heart of

our city, wholesome and refreshing, to the lips of rich and poor at every extremity of our peninsular home, — a work in itself indicating the immense advance of the mechanic arts, by its *superiority* above those Roman aqueducts, to which our mayor alluded in his late eloquent and touching address, — its superiority, I say, by the substitution of a small channel under ground, for the cumbrous workmanship of huge cost, in former times thought necessary. Soon may the law of nature, that water will rise to its level, receive another illustration, as the transparent Cochituate, so long pent in from its best use, shall travel safely mile after mile along the track laid for it, and bubble up into the firm reservoir, and thence run forth again in the pure and sparkling waves, that shall be as “a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple” to millions of thirsting men, women and children, in the successive generations of our growing and heaven-blest town.

All these inventions and improvements, I say, are cause for gratitude to God. Men are apt to magnify themselves on account of them, as though their searching thoughts had devised, and their strong sinews and supple muscles alone executed, the plan. But is it not the overruling Wisdom, that puts the human mind on the scent, and lays open the track before it? And as it frequently has happened, in this chase of useful invention, for a number of minds to be on the point of making the grand discovery, only one anticipates another by a little while, must we not religiously believe that God foresaw, *foreordained* the whole, and his unseen guidance led to the disclosure, and fixed the time of the final consummation? Was the steam-engine, think you, that was to revolutionize the world, and build up nations on the banks of interior seas and rivers, made without his Providence? Was the relation of lunar eclipses to navigation overlooked in his creation? or of the cotton plant to the *clothing*, any more than of rice and wheat to the feeding, of the human family? Was not the magnet, the telegraph, the ether, his gift? Indeed, who constituted the adaptations of things in nature making such results possible? And who provides the materials suited to every purpose, without which all created strength is weakness, and all human wisdom practical folly? And who holds fast in His own strong right hand, the laws of the universe,

the failure of which would interrupt midway every purpose, or crush to ruins every accomplishment of our skill?

There is but one answer, that we can speak or think of,—God! Our light is but a spark of his wisdom,—our power but a drop of his might,—our progress the impulse of his furtherance,—and our success but the grant of his benediction. Thanks for all to the constant Friend, the Omnipotent Father!

But there is a nobler progress than all this, a loftier ground for thanksgiving than has yet been mentioned, in the great development given in our age to Christian benevolence, to moral conscience, and philanthropic reform. It can have escaped the attention of no close observer, that the fraternal spirit between man and man has been much quickened, the spiritual relationship of all to God, and consequent immortal brotherhood of all with each other, perceived and acknowledged more widely, if not more distinctly, than ever before.

True, great and overshadowing evils still exist. But these evils do not pass unquestioned, as they once did. They are looked in the face, they are challenged as enemies that have dared defy the armies of the living God. Their nature is inspected, their strength is measured, their ramifications are assaulted, and their germs in the human heart felt for, by those resolved, with the deepest and most persevering purpose, God helping, to remove them, root and branch, from the world.

This quickness of the moral sense, this enterprise of the moral will against all iniquity, private or instituted, spiritual or embodied, furnishes a reason for profound gratitude to Him, who is not only the Giver of every good and perfect gift, but the holy Inspirer, also, of the human soul. War and slavery still somewhat maintain their ground. They are not driven clean out of the earth, and some are so excited by their existence and mischiefs, as not only to oppose them, but to do it with the contracted force of an indignant conscience, which can hardly see any other evil or recognize any good. The *purpose* and *direction*, even of such, I honor, though they appear to me sometimes in danger of overstepping the lines of wisdom, piety, and truth.

There is no reason for this excess, but, like Paul before Festus, for speaking forth "the words of truth and sober-



ness," — the only words God can own and bless. Nay, there is reason for grateful acknowledgment and solemn blessing to Almighty God, that large and increasing numbers in the community are so alive and sensitive to the wrongs and woes of their fellow-creatures.

There is no such contented sleeping over American slavery, as there was over Greek slavery, and over Roman slavery. It would be hard, I think, to find such admissions and declarations in any speech ever made in the "eternal city," or in Athens, the eye of Greece, as were recently made by a distinguished statesman, inhabitant of a slave state, and himself a slave-holder, respecting slavery itself.

Nor do I know of any modern book, or any respectable publication, containing such eulogies on war, as I lately read in a volume of Cicero, — the greatest of classic authors, — eulogies placing the talent for destroying enemies, in the fore front and first class of honorable abilities, deserving titles, and glorious accomplishments. Now, mere necessity and national defence are the only pleas for fighting, which, justly or unjustly, consistently or inconsistently in any case, men presume to maintain, and the warrior is constrained, by a moral law, to spare the wanton effusion, once so freely made, of human blood. His sword bends in sign of deference to the sense of mercy in the human breast.

Who does not feel, in short, that war and slavery have been arraigned as criminals at the bar of the human mind, at the bar of God and Jesus Christ, let me say, ~~in~~ the human mind, and been convicted and sentenced there, only waiting now to have their doom carried into effect, whatever temporary reasons of state may be pleaded in any particular case for a delay of execution. That delay can never amount to a reprieve or pardon to the sin, though, sin destroyed, God's mercy and salvation we may hope will reach every sinner, every one who repents and prays and turns.

Everywhere are indications of the gain made by the benevolent sentiment. The poor, the prisoner, the blind, and lame, and dumb, the stranger, the insane, — I have only to mention the words, to convince you by the associations instantly rising in your own minds, that Christian goodness is warm and rife and active now, and that this cheering fact is a cause for cordial and

united thanksgiving to Him, of whom Jesus said, in a rapture of devout thought, "*There is none good but One, that is God.*"

I will set forth but one more, and that, perhaps, the highest cause for thanksgiving, — I mean the present tendency among Christians of various names, to a more harmonious understanding and exposition of religious truth.

Truth, sanctifying truth, is the hope of the world. It is the basis of all real advancement of individual character and social well-being. Apprehended by faith, and resting in the deep convictions of the soul, it is the source and inspiration of all the noble *sentiments* even, of which human nature is capable. Piety and philanthropy are but the twin streams, that can flow, clear and refined, from no other fountain than God's truth. Error diverts and pollutes them; doubt is the barren sand that swallows them up. The perception of this holy truth of God has, in time past, been much obscured by the antagonism of many creeds, by the wrestling with each other and mutual ex-communications of the several sects. It is a blessed sign, when we see this sectarian strife, notwithstanding some new divisions, (and a *multitude* of true and free divisions of opinion breaks *monotony* and produces *harmony*,) on the whole decidedly moderating; the disposition to assail each other's error giving place to a willingness to recognize each other's truth, in the lull of the whirlwind of contention, the soft breezes of charity arising to fan us, and common agreement attracting more attention than special difference. And the diverse denominations thus approximate to each other, because they all gravitate towards the central substance of the Gospel. Some in our times have gone over into historical scepticism, rejection of the miraculous accounts in the New Testament. But they have been like the car, unhitched to slide down the precipice, while the rest of the train moves back united into the ways of safety. Among the great body of believers, supernatural faith was never more prevailing, intelligent, and invincible than now. What are called the Liberal Christians have begun to retire, as by common consent, and almost in a body, from some dangerous extremes to which they were approaching; and what are called the Orthodox have shifted their ground from the old untenable form of many dogmas, to meet this countermarch of their long separated brethren. This may be denied by

some persons, but one, who has never identified himself with either party, may be permitted, in the pulpit of an independent Christian church, *independent* always, to state now a fact which the philosophical historian will hereafter impartially narrate. The doctrines of total depravity, irresistible decrees, unconditional election, infant damnation, (pardon is almost needed for uttering that phrase,) everlasting torments, with all their affiliated conclusions, are very much withdrawn on the one side, while those of hereditary bias, inward regeneration, the atonement and the influence of the Holy Spirit, are more positively accepted and earnestly maintained on the other. The rationalist himself cries out for conversion, and the companion of the revivalist for "Christian nurture." Let the *words* of the creed or confession of faith stand as they may, Christ is neither *called* "very God" so much on the one hand, nor regarded simply as a man so much on the other. The Trinitarian looks upon him more in his subordinate relation to the Father, and the Unitarian less in his separateness from, and more in his oneness with God. The Universalist preaches retribution reaching beyond the grave,—and his opponent, pausing before the dim veil which Scripture itself hangs over the particular discipline of the future state, is not so swift or stout to maintain that it will be infinite, unmitigated, and endless. A sense of the superior and alone essential importance of Christian principle has even lodged itself in the heart, and is spreading through the church that stands most strongly upon outward forms. And throughout the Protestant world at least, wherever priest, bishop, or teacher is persuaded to take a single step on the line of spiritual and evangelical truth, the people instantly follow, if, indeed, in his laggard slackness, they do not, most of them, march before him.

There begins at length to be a real revelation indeed, of the unity of Christ's body. The parted garments, for which soldiers cast lots, seem coming back in the restoration of his reunited doctrines of love. The process is not complete. The dissolving of the old partial and fragmentary schemes of belief is going on, and furnishing ever more elements to recombine into the glorious whole. I see, in vision, a new theology, built more closely on the realities of Scripture and the human heart, embracing within its frame the best and strongest minds from

every existing belief, to stand as a tower of refuge, a fort of defence, and a magazine of formidable and resistless weapons against all the citadels, erected, or that may be erected, of error and unbelief. It is a theology, which shall be the intellectual body of the very soul of religion. I behold a divine wisdom, which has yet lain nowhere without a shade, save in the mind and speech of the Master, — coming forth incarnate and complete in the band of his disciples. I discern them moving through remaining mists of misunderstanding, across a narrow strip of cloud-land, towards the spiritual Canaan flowing with milk and honey to the soul, where all sincere believers shall feel that they belong to one Christian Commonwealth on earth, and are bound to one immeasurable inheritance in heaven. And no sect, or leader of a sect, no church, or combination of churches can resist this movement, borne on as it is, by the same hand that turns the earth on its axis.

But it is not the spiritual rest, or glad harmony, or even immortal prospect of this reunion, that chiefly affects my mind. It is rather the power which Christ's followers will have, through their consent of faith and spirit, to move and save their fellow-men. For this Jesus came, and to this all believers are the living means. The end is the uplifting and redemption of the world. Christianity gives the position outside the world, from whence this end is to be reached. The famous problem of Archimedes, — *Give me a place to stand, and I will move the world*, is to be solved by the application of the Gospel. That is the lever; the spiritual world, from which it came, is the stand-point. Christ, under God, handles the mighty, irrefragable instrument; but all his disciples lay hold with him. And when they fairly unite in their convictions and correspondent exertions, the world, the old, heavy, sunken world, will start from its ancient seat of sin, — it will be aroused from the evil customs in which it has been so long imbedded, and, leaving its shame behind it, spring along the track of purity and everlasting life. War and slavery themselves, being but the shadows cast by moral evil in the heart, the foliage put forth by poisonous roots there, will vanish before the spread of regenerating truth, and leave the soul for a seed-plot to that "Sower" who "went forth to sow." Is not every preliminary and approach, such as I have noted in the points of Christian

union, towards the grand result, to be hailed with fervent, cordial, united thanksgiving to God?

Here I close, not at the end of my subject, but with the introduction of that important subject to your thoughts. "Bring sacrifices and thank-offerings," not words alone of supplication or song; but, like the congregation of Israel, substantial gifts; not, as in the old dispensation, of birds and bullocks, of cakes and wafers, to the altar;—but let your offering be labor of life and heart for God's truth. Let your sacrifice be *self-sacrifice*. Let your unleavened bread be sincerity, and the blood you devote as a token, be your own heart's blood shown, while you live, in the overflowing of love to God and man. This will be the thanksgiving of every day alike, *effectual, accepted*.

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#### LINES WRITTEN IN A SEVERE STORM.

God save the houseless wanderer!  
 Who, 'mid the blast and storm,  
 Her scanty garments, thin and old,  
 Wraps round her shivering form.  
 O! shelter her, ye wealthy!  
 Ye, who have food and fire,  
 Lest by the wayside, lone and chilled,  
 Her lamp of life expire.

God save the trembling seaman!  
 No earthly help is near,  
 To point through thick and blinding snow  
 The course his bark should steer.  
 He sees the mad waves rushing  
 To wash each stiffened sail.  
 O! God, protect the mariner,  
 In winter's fiercest gale!

While round our cheerful fireside  
 The dear home-circle press,  
 Let not one selfish heart forget  
 The children of distress.  
 But let the warm petition  
 Ascend above the sky,  
 That God would shield the suffering one,  
 And all his wants supply.

M. W.

## LETTER FROM A DESERTER

CONDEMNED TO BE HANGED,

TO HIS BROTHER IN NEW YORK.

LONG before this reaches your hand, the papers will have told you of my death. An affectionate brother you have ever been to me, and tears which no misfortune of my own could wring from me, are running down my cheeks at the thought of your grief and shame when you shall see my name among the dishonored dead. I do not write to harrow your feelings by lamentations or complaints. Nor do I wish to move you to resentment in my behalf. It is a bitter, bitter feeling, and I am happier now that I have subdued it in my own bosom. I forgive him who is to sign my death warrant, and my countrymen and comrades who will execute it, and witness it. To them it appears the execution of a just sentence; at least, a justifiable revenge. To them I say nothing, but that the crime for which I suffer is the act which I least repent. To you I have much to say, if my whirling brain will allow me so to employ the short period left to me by the hesitation of our commander. I feel for you more than for myself, the reproach which will cleave to my name; for you, and for my innocent boys, who must bear taunts from which your kindness cannot shield them. Degradation is the legacy I leave to them, and the fear that they may be led to curse the name of father, and to hate him whose heart to its latest throb was full of tenderness towards them, gives me power to compose myself to write, and defend my conduct, so far as I may justly do it. Tell them, as I now tell you, that the general opinion in the army, as well as in New York, is that this war is unjust and wicked. Tell them that it is no moral obligation that holds men to the service; some men, no cowards either, are bound to the standard by fear, some by a sense of military honor and love of renown, some by interest, and the worst half by the license allowed to their worst propensities, by the abominable indifference of their superiors to any atrocities not affecting their own popularity or reputation. Tell them that the best of these men, with the generals at their head, were they left at liberty to act according to the sense of right which

My death warrant is signed. This is my last day on earth. O, could I see you once more, and press my children to my bosom, I could then die as calmly as a weary man goes to rest. What shall I say to comfort you?

But if this ever reaches you, it must be when time has softened your grief, and now I am distressed by the fear the disgrace brought upon our respectable name weighs more heavily upon your spirits than the loss of one who loved you dearly to the last. When you think of the eyes of a whole army turned upon my dying struggles, remember that if setting fire to dwellings filled with human lives be a capital crime, no finger of all this multitude ought to point at me in scorn. If the taking of human life, not in defence, be the crime against society held most worthy of death in every code of laws in the civilized world, which are most guilty, the spectators, or the victim? If taking with a high hand, and by force, the property of a neighbor, be robbery, ought not the whole army, generals, president, and all, to be disgraced, and punished? Were outrages upon defenceless women to be visited in every instance by the punishment decreed to such dark and cowardly crime by law, would it not thin the army more than unpunished desertion?

But you will not view these things with the eyes of a dying man. You will say that what is elsewhere arson, robbery, murder, is here but *war*. But does the banding men together, and calling them generals, captains, soldiers, make each individual less responsible to God and to man for his actions, and their consequences? By what divine authority is their free-agency taken away? By the command of the nation. The motto of the American soldier is, "My Country and God,"—if he be at all a Christian—and there are, I confess it, honorable and upright men to be found in the service. Obedience to orders is the *highest* duty of the soldier; other obligations are secondary and trivial, and made to yield whenever they conflict with that, conscience being stunned by drums and cannon, or dazzled and blinded by false glory.

The command of the nation, our free and self-governed nation! Is it so? I glory in having refused to do her wicked and bloody work. I fling back upon her name the disgrace of my death. I appeal to the judgment of posterity, of im-

partial foreign nations, of every honest man in the world, Shall not the stain of this unjust war rest forever upon her fame?

But no! It was the act of few, perhaps of one. With my dying lips I prophesy that the voice of the nation will disclaim and disavow it.

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## THE PHENOMENON OF MOTION.

BY REV. THOMAS HILL.

THE universe about us is in motion. Nothing on which the eye can fall, or whose existence the hand of Science can demonstrate, is at rest. The sun rises and sets, the moon waxes and wanes, the very stars are in motion to the telescopic eye. Clouds drive over the heavens, and billows roll over the deep; the vapor rises from the ocean, and the rivers run to the sea. The trees wave in the wind, the leaves grow and decay, the sap rises, and a perpetual change is wrought in every fibre of the plant. So, also, is it in the animal tribes; while life lasts does the heart beat and the lungs keep up their play; the particles of the very bones and teeth are perpetually renewed. So, from the countless hosts of heaven, to the atoms smaller than a grain of dust, all things are in perpetual flow; moving, ever moving; appearing, and always appearing in change.

Yet on a closer examination of motion, and a more accurate investigation of its laws, what do we find? The first law of motion is that a body free from external influence, moves with uniform velocity in a straight line forever. This is the first law of motion, derived from the widest generalization, and most legitimate induction from the immense variety of motions in matter about us. But to what an astonishing result does it lead us when in this law we make the velocity nothing. A body at rest, free from external influence, must remain at rest forever. The first result, then, from the investigation of the motions of matter, is the indisputable law that matter cannot move. Hence follows the inevitable conclusion that the cause of all this motion is something foreign to matter.

Higher than this the investigation of motion cannot of itself lead us, but this is high enough for a most valuable stepping-stone.



Why do we ask the cause of motion? Whence do we derive the notion that there is a cause for it? Let us remember that the motions which we most narrowly examine are those which we ourselves cause, and we shall see that our consciousness of causing motion is the foundation of our faith that all motion has a cause. Is this foundation trustworthy. Beyond all question it is. Nay, it is the foundation of all possible science, and no man can extend any generalization beyond the particular instances from which he drew it, unless he leans on this consciousness of causing. And what, then, but a will can cause motion? Matter cannot move, will can move it, and what else can? The motions of the heavens and the earth are then produced by a Will, independent of matter and superior to all things that move.

Thus does the phenomenon of motion, in its very first law, point not only to the existence of God, but his perpetual presence and action in the world. He is perpetually acting about us. Every moving thing in heaven or on earth testifies not only to His existence, but to His presence as distinctly as the living voice of a man testifies to the presence of the man. Wherever we see aught of motion, God is there, the mover. In ancient languages this was the name of God. The winds blow at his command, the sun rises only when He wills, the falling rain and running stream are immediate gifts of his hand, and what are each beating pulse and each breath that we unconsciously draw, but the proofs that this machine of our bodies is every moment dependent on the present love and power of its Creator? .

Since we thus refer all motion, even that in our own frames, to the will of God, it may be thought we are destroying man's freedom, by making him a mere machine, kept in motion by its Maker's constant supervision. But he who thus objects to the doctrine of man's dependence, forgets that the consciousness of our own freedom is the very basis on which we build our faith in the existence of God. It is from the consciousness of our own power to produce motion by our will that we ascribe all motion unto His will, rather than to powers inherent in matter, or in any unconscious natures.

This consciousness of our own power, our own will, can never be denied; it is the very foundation of our philosophy and faith. Although each atom of our bodies in all its changes

is moved only by the will and power of God, and this is proved by the first law of motion to be the case, yet is man free, and he cannot believe himself otherwise. No philosophy can make me deny a truth which I see, and which I *know* to be the truth.

Fear not, then, Christian, to accept this confirmation from science of the words of Jesus. Did not our dear Redeemer come to bear witness to the truth taught in nature, to show us the Father, both in his own life and also in the lily and the sparrow? Did he not say that if any man will do his commandments, his Father shall manifest himself unto him?

How glorious is the Christian's daily life. If he be reconciled unto God, and love to draw nigh to God, God draws nigh to him, manifests himself to him in every phase of nature, in every event of Providence. Such a life is like that of the angels; for what joy can the seraph have higher than that of the perpetual presence and love of God?

Our argument has thus far been drawn only from the uniform velocity of motion; but its uniform direction will lead us to the same result. A moving body, free from any external influence, moves with the same velocity, in a straight line forever. But the planets wheel in orbits about the sun, and are at every instant changing their direction. Hence they are acted upon by some constantly exerted force. But force is an attribute of will, and gravity is the name only of a mode of the divine action. Hence it is no figure of speech, but the literal truth, to speak of Him that formed the Seven Stars and Orion, as guiding them on their way.

Consider, also, the motions of the human frame. I by my will form these letters, but is there no higher will than mine, working in and through me? The pen sweeps in curved lines, and sweeps through a curve in obedience to a single volition. Yet, in order to form this curve, several muscles must act together, and each by a separate, and perhaps difficult law. Is there no pointing upward here to a Geometer upon whose will each muscle depends each instant? It is an overwhelming thought that the guidance of God's power is thus entrusted to us; but any thought concerning the Almighty and our responsibility is overwhelming.

If perfect love has cast out fear, this view of the Father's perpetual presence will overwhelm us with joy rather than with fear.

## EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA. NO. VIII.

WE return our sincere thanks to those friends of the Magazine who have contributed in any way during the past year to its interests, and who have helped to render it what it has been. In our own behalf, in behalf of the publisher, in behalf of our readers, we acknowledge their kindness gratefully, and shall rely on a continuance of it in future; not doubting that the Monthly will be cared for to whatever degree it is worthy of care.

It is our duty at present especially to record a list of such publications as we have received, within a few weeks, from authors, publishers and others. "A Discourse after the Sudden Death of Lowell M. Stone, Esq., by A. B. Muzzey, Pastor of the Lee Street Church, Cambridge,"—preached at East Cambridge where Mr. Stone had resided,—is a faithful and affectionate memorial of one good man by another,—such an one as a minister must always feel it to be a great privilege to render, honestly and cordially, and such as the bereaved must find it consoling to receive.—"A Sermon, preached at the Ordination of Rev. F. R. Newell, as an Evangelist, at Cambridgeport; By Rev. R. P. Stebbins of Meadville, Penn.," exhibits the action of a mind thoroughly in earnest, settled in its convictions, and devoted to the utterance of those convictions with a hearty and fearless good-will. There is not much waste about the Sermon. It sets forth the business of a preacher, and is itself a creditable illustration of the nature of that business. It belongs to the only class of sermons worth printing.—Precisely the same may be said of a Discourse entitled, "Jesus the best Teacher of his Religion," delivered before the Graduating Class of the Cambridge Theological School in July," by Rev. Samuel J. May, an indefatigable laborer for the causes of humane Reform and Liberal Christianity, who has the secret of so blending meekness and persistency as to speak unwelcome words without offence. And yet there is ample room in the class of sermons worth printing, for some of a different style, as we rejoice to believe, and as we are reminded on reading a "Sermon preached at the Ordination of Rev. G. M. Bartol, in Lancaster," by Rev. Cyrus A. Bartol of Boston, on "Christ the Way." In the calm, condensed, yet imaginative and richly suggestive train of thought so habitual with him, the preacher exhibits four prevalent substitutions for Christ, namely: The Church, A Theological Creed, Philosophy, and Reform. In reading the Discourse one is as often reminded of the presence of the intellectual writer, as of the Evangelical doctrine.—"The Death of Little Children," a Sermon by Rev. F. A. Whitney of Brighton, is a carefully-written consolatory discourse, adapted, by its simple and touching beauty of language, and the timeliness of the considerations it presents, not only to comfort but to sanctify; to strengthen faith and hope; to incite all parents to fidelity, and to bring peace to such as mourn.—"The Annual Report of the Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Indians and others in North America; 1847,"—prepared with the good taste and thoroughness of manner that mark all such documents from the accomplished Secretary, Dr. Parkman, and affording ample proofs of the usefulness and prosperity of this ancient Society.—"The Unitarian Congregational Register, for 1847; Crosby & Nichols;" containing the appropriate statistical matter, an Almanac, miscellaneous extracts, and Statements of Doctrine selected from Unitarian Authors.—"Fifth Report of the Middlesex Sunday School Society," made by Rev. Jason Whitman, a pamphlet indicating a more

active and scrupulous attention to the important subject it treats than obtains in too many quarters, and suggesting some inquiries relating to the Sunday School system which we have no space to pursue.—“Christian Tracts,”—a series of essays and discourses designed to illustrate the views of the *Christians* on practical and doctrinal subjects pertaining to Christianity; a volume that gives pleasing evidence of a sincere and inquiring spirit among the large and worthy and zealous body that is kindred to our own, and also leaving the impression that in the department of theological literature, its members have occasion for diligent study and renewed culture,—a need which they share, however, in common with many other denominations, while in respect to devotion and goodness, we fully believe they have less deficiency than most of their sister sects.—“Narrative of William W. Brown, A Fugitive Slave, Written by himself,”—one of the sad, straightforward stories that, to us, form stronger appeals against the atrocious abomination of American Slavery, rude and ungraceful as they are, than all the eloquence of Conventions, or the imprecations of party zeal.—“The True Position of the Church in Relation to the Age,”—Rev. R. C. Waterston's Discourse at the Dedication of the Church of the Saviour.” We have already expressed our interest in the occasion when this Sermon was preached. The Discourse has met with deserved commendation from other journals, secular as well as religious. It was effective in the delivery, and in spirit carries that air of sincerity and feeling which is sure to gain any performance respect and favor.—“The Gospel of To-Day,”—a Sermon by Rev. W. H. Channing, and other exercises at the ordination of Rev. Mr. Higginson in Newburyport. The Charge of Rev. Mr. Clarke, the Right Hand of Fellowship of Rev. Mr. Stone, and the Address to the People of Rev. Mr. Fox, are performances well worthy of their respective authors, and filled with the very spirit of the Gospel which is not of to-day, but is from everlasting to everlasting. If Mr. Channing means that the Gospel of to-day is in any sense different from the Gospel of Jesus Christ, we object to his title as false. If he does not mean this, the title is affected and insignificant. If the discourse did not assume to be what it is not, we should have nothing to say of it but praise, although it is not exactly a model for an ordination sermon. As a production of surpassing eloquence and ability, as revealing a very rare power of thinking and stating thought, and as the cordial utterance of one of the largest hearted men amongst us, we honor it and give it welcome.—“Two New Scholars,” a collection of engaging and profitable stories, well adapted to children.—“A Plea for Amusements,”—by Frederic W. Sawyer.” Mr. Sawyer takes a rational view of an important subject, brings together a considerable amount of interesting information, and resists successfully, we think, some narrow and untenable notions, still somewhat prevalent in a portion of the community. The question to us seems to amount to this:—Amusements being in some sense neutral ground,—Shall Christianity occupy it, or the devil? We notice that one of the Orthodox papers of this city considers the book as morally injurious, and the other commends it, adding that it is the work of a member of an Orthodox church in good standing. This fact is probably mentioned to attract confidence, and help the volume to a sale. We hope this purpose will be answered, for the sentiments inculcated are more needed probably in Orthodox churches than anywhere else.—“Naomi,” by Mrs. Lee, is one of the books of the season that will be caught at with avidi-

ty, and will be read by everybody. It is peculiarly fortunate, therefore, that it is instructive and pure, as well as delightfully entertaining. It is founded on historical facts, and the scene is laid in Boston.—“Christian Nurture—by Rev. Horace Bushnell.” We have already made two brief notices of Mr. Bushnell and his writings, and this fact happens to render us only the more desirous to notice them again. Shortly after the first publication of the two “discourses,” by the unfortunate Sabbath School Society, we presented in our Magazine a brief and hasty commendation of them,—alluding at the same time to a want either of consistency in the argument, or of that very rare degree of independence and impartiality which raises a man altogether above sectarian prejudices. We alluded to what we thought an attempt to reconcile the author's views of Human Nature and Christian Training, with the received Calvinistic dogmas of Total, Native Depravity, and the necessity of Instantaneous Conversion. Such an attempt we thought we detected,—in a first hasty perusal of the Treatise,—for we were only able to borrow a copy of it for an hour or two. Since the reappearance of the Treatise, however, incorporated in this volume with other matters, we have given the whole argument a more thorough examination, reading first the other portions, and especially the sermon on the Organic Unity of the Family, and then recurring to the Treatise. Approaching the latter in the light thrown from the former, we gain a clearer apprehension of the author's whole meaning. And as we hold it no disgrace to retract an error or to confess a fault, we readily do him the justice,—an act more important to ourself, perhaps, than to him,—to admit that we cannot fairly find him in the dilemma above presented. His reasoning now appears to us consistent and sound, and the manliness of his spirit without a flaw. Indeed we have found his work so much of a luxury every way, that we especially entreat all our readers who have not done so already, to read it through,—not so much on account of any position Mr. Bushnell may be supposed to hold in relation to us, as on account of his relation to the truth. If the doctrine developed clearly by him, and only passively and inertly and vaguely held by many Unitarians, could be brought into the vital convictions of parents and the community, a new epoch would open on the church without delay. We find ourselves possessed of a very strong desire to know more of this gentleman's theology, and especially his doctrine of the Atonement and the Trinity. We apprehend he will find in the latter the most obstinate point of difficulty in his favorite plan of so stating the opinions he holds as to make them acceptable to Unitarians. We might say a great deal of the subordinate merits of the work before us, were this the place. It is not often that we meet with writings in which the strength and tension of muscle are so well sustained, from which we derive so much of the impression of intellectual firmness, or in which the substance is in more generous proportion to the form. The general solidity of the author's matter heightens very much the effect of his infrequent exercises of the imagination, and imparts a poetic value to some passages that would be quite shorn of their lustre if the fancy were more exuberant or intrusive. We have heard the Sermon on the Pentecost designated by a good critic as the most important and central article in this volume. We must regard the Sermon already alluded to, on the Organic Unity of the Family as containing the kernel of the whole matter, while, in point of excellence as a piece of composition, the paper entitled “The Spiritual Economy of Revivals,” is superior to either.

## INTELLIGENCE.

**INSTALLATION AT EAST CAMBRIDGE, MASS.**—Rev. George G. Ingersoll, D. D., formerly of Burlington, Vt., was installed as Pastor of the Unitarian Society in East Cambridge, Sunday evening, December 5, 1847. Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Ware of Cambridgeport; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Newell of Cambridge; Prayer of Installation, by Rev. Dr. Walker of Harvard University; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Muzzey of Cambridge.

**DEDICATION AT FRAMINGHAM, MASS.**—The new and beautiful Gothic church recently erected by the Christian enterprise and public spirit of our Liberal friends in Framingham, on the site occupied by the old meeting-house, was dedicated to the worship of God on the first day of December, 1847. Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Bulfinch of Nashua, N. H.; Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Ware of Cambridgeport; Prayer of Dedication, by Rev. Mr. Allen of Northboro'; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Huntington of Boston; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Sanger of Dover.

**DEDICATION OF THE CHURCH ON INDIANA STREET, BOSTON.**—The building erected by the Society hitherto worshipping in the Warren Street Chapel, and under the pastoral charge of Rev. T. B. Fox, assisted by other friends of the movement to which the Society are earnestly devoted, was dedicated on the evening of Sunday, December 12, 1847, by appropriate services. If the number of persons who thronged the body, gallery, aisles, vestibule and threshold of the Church, — turning some hundreds away for want of room to stand in, — may be taken as any indication of interest in Mr. Fox's plan and purpose, then has he certainly abundant reason to be encouraged. We are rejoiced to learn, however, that his parish are receiving more substantial tokens of a friendly disposition towards their undertaking; and that although they have passed through many difficulties, the future promises to prove prosperous in proportion to their deservings. — The exercises at the Dedication were as follows: — Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Huntington of Boston; Reading Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Peabody of Boston; Prayer of Dedication, by Rev. Mr. Lothrop of Boston; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Fox, Minister of the Society; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Barnard of Boston.

This Church represents a distinct religious and ecclesiastical idea. We have long been wishing for an opportunity to express our sense of its truly Christian import. If ever a design was in complete harmony with the spirit of the Gospel, in its simplicity and holiness, we believe this is such a design. May God attend it with his favor! Had we room to enlarge, we should be glad to dwell on the truth and power of Mr. Fox's Sermon; a work that is unnecessary, however, as it is to be printed. The building itself in the interior is a model of simple, becoming architectural effect, and fitness to the destined use. We extend a cordial welcome to our new neighbor.

**OUR RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPERS.**—Our weekly journals give signs of being possessed with a noble emulation, "Striving together for the faith of the Gospel." Life seems to be born of competition. The "Register," recently so ably conducted by Rev. Mr. Morison, is now under the excellent and spirited management of Rev. Mr. Folsom, who shows a decided talent for editorial discussions. The Rev. Mr. Clarke has come to the rescue of the "World," bringing his eminent tact and scholarship and sincerity of faith, and a circle of good writers with him, so that this paper promises to grow more and more into the comprehensiveness of its title. And Rev. Mr. Bellows throws such strength into the "Inquirer," and goes so to the root of the matter in every number, that New York would appear to afford as genial an atmosphere for the growth of Liberal Christianity as New England.

**MASSACHUSETTS QUARTERLY.**—The appearance of this conspicuous journal is an event of some importance, particularly to our province of the theological world. The journal itself, however, does not propose to represent a province, but universal interests. If true to its high aim, it will prove a noble servant of Humanity and Progress. What especially delights us in the first number, is the almost entire absence of Dialism. We looked for a little more spiciness and acumen than we find in the critical department. But we do not apprehend any permanent defect in that direction. A perfectly free Quarterly will be refreshing.

**NEW STYLE OF ORDINATIONS AND INSTALLATIONS.**—The custom is becoming more and more prevalent, of establishing the relation between minister and people without the old fashioned, public week-day ceremony;—the minister conducting the occasional services himself, on the Sabbath. This is especially the case with the formation of second relations, or installations. For obvious reasons, we find it rather perplexing to present any complete record of such occasions, and perhaps it is not of great consequence that we should do so. We would only say that our rule will be to publish gladly any intelligence that may be communicated to us of this sort, by either of the parties concerned. But if it is not forwarded by those most interested, we shall hardly be able to search it out.

**AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.**—Rev. F. W. Holland of Rochester, N. Y., has received from the Executive Committee of the American Unitarian Association the appointment of Secretary, and will enter upon the duties of the office January 1st, 1848.—Rev. Charles Briggs will continue to discharge the duties usually assigned to a Home Secretary.

**LAMENTATIONS.**—The Portland Argus, speaking of Rev. Mr. Judd, the Unitarian clergyman at Augusta, Me., says, that on Thanksgiving day, "when he came to deliver his sermon, without explaining himself to his people at all, or making any apologies for his course, he opened the Bible, and read the whole *Book of Lamentations* instead!—every chapter of its wallings!!!"

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## DUTY OF UTTERANCE.

BY REV. E. B. HALL.

It cannot be said of man, that he is a silent being ; but it must be said, that he strangely forgets or perverts the power of speech. Of this power as a gift, its distinction in man, its inestimable value and varied capacity both for good and evil, we are not now to treat in a general way. We have a definite object ; viz., to consider the *duty* of speech. The power, the mode, the right and the wrong use, the blessing and the injury of which speech may be and often is the instrument, have been often considered. But not so often, perhaps, the specific duty of speaking, wherever silence is likely to be construed for evil, and utterance sure to prevent the evil, and possibly accomplish great good.

When a wise man of old attempted to show, not without success in the extent of enumeration, that there is "a time to every purpose under the heaven," he did not omit "a time to keep silence, and a time to speak." The first is obvious, and will be neither denied or forgotten in anything we may say of the last. That men often speak when they should not, that silence is sometimes a positive duty, and has power equal to any speech, that as a general truth mankind talk too much and hear and think too little, are familiar and important facts, but not at all inconsistent with that which we wish to present. The exercise of common sense is presupposed. A regard to time, place, and all circumstances, is a part not only of wisdom but also of religion. And this very principle we are willing



to accept, as at once the basis and the vindication of all we assert for the duty of utterance. That duty is to be determined by a religious regard to time and place, and all the circumstances of our condition ; but when it is determined, it is to be viewed as strictly a duty ; and one to be as sacredly regarded, and as faithfully performed, as any duty to society or Christianity. This is the point to which we speak. And this, we maintain, is overlooked, if it be not questioned. We doubt, indeed, whether it is distinctly recognized, or generally admitted. Men are slow to admit, they act as if they did not believe, that it is often, if ever, a positive duty to speak. A power, a privilege, a pleasure, it is, and one that they value. The loss of an opportunity to use it, they may regret. The utter loss of the faculty they would deplore as one of the greatest calamities. But the use of it they regard as wholly optional, and the disuse or neglect, in any given case, is at the worst quite venial. The idea of obligation does not belong to it. The thought of duty does not arise.

Nor is it wise, many will say, to put it on the ground of duty. To urge anything only or chiefly as duty, is becoming distasteful, and is said to be very unphilosophical. It may be. We profess to know very little about the philosophy of duty. The philosophy of history, of language, of life, means something, it is to be hoped, because the words are so often used. But when we speak of duty, we are apt to think of religion ; in our own case, of the religion of Christ. And if the religion of Christ makes anything clear and indisputable, it is that duty is measured by power and opportunity. The opportunity of usefulness, the power of doing right and doing good, or of preventing wrong and evil, create obligation. The single question then as to the obligation of speech, is a question as to the moral power of speech ; its certain or probable influence at any time or place. This influence it is, which men are prone to doubt. Yet no kind of influence is more natural or sure. In all early impression, on individual character and public opinion, on the institutions of a country and the aspect of the age, the power of uttered thought is positive and incalculable. In truth it may be, and often it is, the concentration of all other power, intellectual and moral. The mind, the heart, the character, *speak*. True, they may speak without words. But

true also is it, that when they use words, they can make themselves more surely heard and more widely felt. The silent influence of a man's life may be very great. But it is the life, and not the silence, that exerts the influence. Would it be less, would it not ordinarily be much greater, should the same life use the power of words, throw itself out in distinct and audible language? Let us see.

Take the family. Here are two men of the same principles and purposes, alike good, alike religious if you will. But one of them never speaks of religion, never utters a word for it in the hearing of his children, never confers with wife or friends or pastor upon its truths, institutions, or obligations. He says nothing against these, he pays them the respect of outward observance and inward reverence. But he says nothing in their behalf, nothing of duty or destiny, nothing, at any season or in any experience, of the motives of the Gospel, the power of faith, the hope of immortality. No, not even in the sickness or death of those dear to him, not even in his own decline and approaching dissolution, not when the hour of departure comes, though it find him with unclouded mind and unfettered tongue, does he utter a word in regard to the busy thoughts within or the weeping friends around. It is not indifference, it is not fear, but habit only — the habit of perpetual silence on all spiritual themes, trust, truth, death, or eternal life. Various may be the motive for this silence, perhaps no distinct motive. It is not of motive or moral character, that we inquire. We have supposed this to be a good man, and we will never suffer ourselves to doubt a man's goodness or faith, on this account alone. We have known some true and happy believers thus to live and die. And where it is a case of natural and unalterable temperament, there is nothing to be said. Only this — we have still to ask, whether, in this or in any case, there can be a question, as to the comparative influence of such a character, and another equally good with the added power of utterance. The latter, without effort, without obtrusion or the least ostentation, gives *expression* to the deepest concern of his soul. He makes religion a subject of familiar conversation in his family. Not religion by name or in form, but religious truth, moral conviction, duty, responsibility, as they pertain to the relations of life, the interests of the present

and the future. He speaks of these, as one who thinks of them earnestly and habitually. His children know that he thinks of them. They do not infer or hope, they know. He leaves them no room for doubt, as to his interest or his opinion. They know that he has an opinion on every question of truth or right, and that he never fears to express it. They know that he cares for their own opinion and probable action, their faith, their principles. For nothing does he evince more solicitude. On nothing does he give more earnest counsel. He does not talk always of the wind and never of the mind, always of stocks and never of character. He does not leave character to chance, or to other teachers. He is a teacher himself, by the life and the voice. With him the voice is a part of the life, and he will not withhold it in any connection, on any subject, where silence would imply indecision or unconcern. If he can leave to his wife and children nothing else, he will leave them his avowed, unequivocal, emphatic testimony in behalf of truth and righteousness, of the power of faith in life and hope in death.

There can be no question as to the desirableness of these opposite habits, or their influence. And if not, we simply suggest the inquiry as to the *duty* of utterance, with a view to the habit itself. Supposing it merely a matter of habit, and not of character, is it not a duty, to form and cherish those habits, which will give to character the best influence, and to principle the greatest power? Is there not a duty, and a personal responsibility, in regard to all habits; not least this, which is so sure to act upon itself, and act upon others, and aid every good purpose? Every one knows, that utterance helps ourselves as well as others. Utterance to God, though He needs it not, deepens our sense of his presence and love. Let there be that utterance at the family-altar, will any one doubt its efficacy in direct influence, as well as expected blessing? Let it be wanting, something is lost to the best life. And so of every other utterance in the sanctuary of home, in the communion of kindred hearts and common hopes.

Take the Church. Suppose a similar difference in the habit of different members of a religious society. There is this difference in all societies. Raising no question of merit or demerit, the fact is universal, that some men express what

others only feel, or are supposed to feel. Some declare their faith, others conceal it. These speak of religion, and for religion, at times, if not often; those, never. These talk with their minister, of his duties and difficulties, of their own hopes and fears, of their readiness to co-operate in every good work; and if the duty of such utterance may be determined by the effect on the minister, and thus on his mission, there is no difficulty in settling the question. With those who never speak to him on religious subjects, but always avoid them, discouraging every effort he may make to learn even their desires or their doubts, there can be little co-operation. They may give him their presence in the temple, and he may thank them — though not if they give it only for him. They may give a good example to the world, in all moral deportment — it is well, and infinitely better than would be the best speech with an inconsistent life. But why not the life and the speech both? Does not the Church need both? Does not religion deserve and demand both? Will not every faint worshipper or wavering believer be confirmed by the manly utterance of a full heart? If it be full, will it be always mute? No. The world responds to the truth of the Saviour's declaration — "Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh."

The spirit and intent of these remarks, we believe to be applicable to all duty and influence in the Church — not least, to that which is technically called "joining the church," or "making a profession." We like not these terms, but we think most of that which they denote. We assume not any separation between church and congregation, as a moral or religious distinction. It does not exist. The church neither contains all the saints, nor excludes all the sinners. Many good men, we all know, remain out of the nominal communion, refusing, or neglecting, through the whole of life, to make any profession of their faith in Christ. We say *any* profession; because, however it should be, nothing is considered a profession except the becoming an open communicant. And this indicates the question to be here raised: viz., whether the fact, that this is the only established and accepted mode of a distinct confession of faith, does not make it obligatory on all who have faith, and are willing to own it? Or, to take higher and broader ground, whether all who desire to give

their faith its utmost power and influence, are not bound thus to avow it? Do any ask for the proof, that this will give it such influence? There are two kinds of proof, to name no other. One is found in the fact, which all will allow, that the better a man is, the greater will be the effect of his taking an open, decided stand for religion. So that the common remark, that there are as good men out of the church as in it, takes away none of the obligation to enter it; it being still true, that these same good men will have still greater influence in the church, while their remaining out of it will be to many minds an intimation either of the weakness of their faith, or their little regard for the ordinances of religion. The other proof may be best shown by supposing a case. Suppose *all* the members of a religious society to confess Christ before men—every man, every woman, publicly avowing their faith in Christianity, their gratitude for its blessings, their allegiance to its authority, with their earnest desire and purpose to become wholly its disciples. This is the individual and unanimous declaration of the whole society. Will it have no effect? It is not easy to imagine any outward act, that would have greater effect. In such an utterance, with no reason to doubt its sincerity, there would be a moral force not often known. Its absence and loss are to be deplored. The utter silence of the great body of Christian worshippers in all temples, may involve a more serious accountableness than they are apt to think. They may call it negative, but it is not. Silence like this is positive as speech. It is virtual denial. It is the deliberate omission of duty. It is at best the throwing away, or refusing to employ a moral power of indefinite extent and sure blessing. Every Christian, every man who would become a Christian in character and influence, is bound to consider this. It is not merely the use or neglect of a form. It is not the old question about the perpetuity and necessity of the ordinance. It is the far older and larger question—How can I best serve my God, increase my faith, enlarge and put forth my moral power? How am I to confess Christ, and extend the sway of his kingdom? By absolute silence in regard to him? or, a cordial and faithful utterance of my determined devotion to his cause? The question answers itself. Nature, experience, reason, revelation, agree in

the answer, and demonstrate both the power and the duty. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth, confession is made unto salvation."

Again, take society at large. And, to limit the view, take the evils that afflict society or retard its progress—and ask, how the Christian is to bear himself in regard to them? That he feels and laments them, is implied in calling them evils, and supposing him a Christian. But is he accountable for them? If he causes or promotes them, of course he is accountable. And this, we add, is not the only condition. If he uses not the power, and all the power, which God and Christianity have given him, to suppress or check these evils, he is accountable. Does he use all the power, if he never speaks of them, never so much as utters his remonstrance, or declares his conviction? It may be, that this is his only power in reference to them. Is it therefore the less, or the more important and imperative, that he exercise the power? Much of the evil of society, much of the sin of the world, lies in corrupt sentiment, in lax public opinion. And what is public opinion, but the *voice* of a people? What constitutes it, what can change or control it, if not the voices of the many? Every man is one of the many. Every voice is a part of the whole, and to continue or change it, will affect the whole. No man speaks for the right, wholly in vain. No man remains silent when wrong is done, without impliedly consenting to the wrong. This is the rule, with whatever exceptions. This is the principle, qualify it as you may. See if it be not so in common relations, and admitted by all.

In the associations of men for business, for trade, commerce, bank or rail-road, every member of a company is held accountable for the fair dealings of the whole. If the company commit a fraud, it is no excuse for any one of them, that he did not plan or execute the fraud. Enough that he knew it, and did not prevent it. Prove that he did all he could to prevent it, and he may be held innocent. Show that he did nothing, that he remained utterly silent and passive with a full knowledge of the transaction, he is as guilty as the most guilty among them, though he may not have raised a hand or said a word in favor. In that very silence and inaction lies his guilt, and every man will hold him accountable for all the conse-

quences. In the judgment of God and the Christian law, he would be held accountable, though all men acquitted him.

Is this true in a company of ten, and not true in a company of a hundred? Is it admitted in a board of directors, and denied in an assembly of legislators? Does it bind every man and every measure in a business-firm, and no man or measure in a city-corporation? May a state or a nation act in total disregard and flagrant violation of this law, and be guiltless? The man who dares assert this in words, is seldom found. In deeds, it is asserted every day. Cities, states and nations commit deeds, or sanction deeds, which in an individual all would condemn, and yet no individual is held accountable. This too—here is the point now—this in relations and cases, where the humblest individual has a voice, and can make that voice heard; nay, in relations and cases, where it is well known that a few voices, sometimes a single strong voice, one right word uttered at the right moment, would prevent the iniquity. Are we to be told that there is no duty of utterance there, or no guilt in silence? A state repudiates its just debts. Ten righteous men could prevent the fraud, and save the state from dishonor. The righteous men are there, but not one of them speaks. The deed is done—and is not every silent man a partaker of the sin? The congress of a nation declare war, and sustain it—a war of invasion, conquest, and all possible evil. There are men in that congress, whose decided voice could have prevented the war at first, or can stay its ravages afterward. They are silent, and it goes on. And every man of them is guilty—before God, before the world, he is guilty, if he do not at least *speak*. Though his power were nothing, this were his clear duty. He cannot know that his power will be nothing, he may know that it is great. Great or small, he is to use it; and the neglect alone is guilt. He holds precisely the same power that committed the wrong. A voice perpetrated, and a voice could have prevented. And clear is it as the light, sure as the word of God, that for all the evil which we could have prevented, or can at any time prevent, by the use of any power given us, we are singly and solemnly responsible. It is so with every legislator and ruler, it is so with every citizen. Especially if his voice has helped to make the legislators and rulers, and does help to sustain them, and

could help to control or remove them, and still that voice is not uttered when they do wrong, but keeps silent through all wrong, aggravated and perpetrated as it may be — that citizen is a doer of the wrong, and will be so judged, if not on earth, surely in the decision of the Christian's Lord, and the retributions of a holy God. "To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin."

## TRIAL, AN ELEMENT OF THE SOUL'S GROWTH IN HOLINESS.

THERE is no period when the power of Christianity is more fully felt, or when the words of Jesus come home to the soul with a more divine and life-sustaining power, than in those hours when all seems dark to the outward eye, when strong temptation tries the spirit, or when desolation and bereavement are around the earthly home. Then, and not until then, can we fully realize the Saviour's parting blessing, and possess that peace which filled his own spirit, which the world cannot give, and knows not of. The worldly eye may indeed look upon us with pity or cold indifference; but such a spirit knows little of the blessing of trial, or of its divine efficacy in the formation of character. It cannot pierce beneath the surface and behold the purifying, the sanctifying influence of sorrow, the aspirations for a holier, purer life, the striving against the bonds of worldliness and indifference, and the unfolding of the highest sympathies and warmest affections of our nature. We say not that such is necessarily the effect of trial, but are not these results its design and purpose? Is not trial the very element of the soul's growth and progress? Such we find to be the case in the physical and intellectual world; why then should the spiritual be regarded as an exception? Why should we expect the highest part of our nature to be developed and cultivated with the least effort? We anticipate trial and shrink from it, as if it were sent by some malignant being, who delighted in the frustration of our plans and fondest hopes; but does Christianity teach this? Is such the faith which a firm belief in the overruling fatherly Providence of God inculcates? Our Saviour indeed said, "In the world ye shall have



tribulation," but likewise added the blessed assurance, "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." As we hope for immortality, we must likewise overcome; shrink as we may, it is the very law and order of our being, and if we truly believe in the perfect goodness and wisdom of our Heavenly Father, why refuse to take the mingled cup of joy and of sorrow? Why should we for one moment doubt, not only that all is ordered by infinite goodness and love, but that even in the midst of the heaviest grief and bereavement, we also possess *every possible blessing* that is consistent with our highest good?

And are not those trials to which all are subject, which form apparently a necessary part of our earthly existence, the parting with the well-beloved, the cherished of the domestic circle, are not even these consecrated ministers of love and of mercy? The world has but few consolations to fill the aching void, to calm the troubled spirit, but to the Christian mourner there are words and soothing influences breathed in upon the spirit, unheard indeed by the outward ear, but felt and acknowledged in the inmost recesses of the soul. The outward form has been borne to its last quiet resting-place; the accustomed seat is vacant; the voice of love is hushed and still; the eye no longer beams with gentleness and affection; the earthly home is made desolate. Yet there are forms which the outward eye sees not, voices which the outward ear hears not, whispering amid the calm hours of solitude and twilight, or perchance amid the deeper solitudes of the night,—gentle voices which breathe the tones of the spirit-land, and urge the spirit to strive amid trial and temptation, to unfold its wings and to seek even higher and yet higher flights of progress and improvement.

Who that has not stood by the bedside of one near and dear, and watched the last faint struggles of the departing spirit,—who that has not seen the calmness, the hope of that spirit, leaving all that was loved and cherished on earth, with a firm and glad faith in an immortal existence, who but such an one, can truly feel and cherish those tones of gentleness and rebuke, of soothing sweetness and purity, that come over the soul with a holy power, and that make the wilderness and the desolate place to bloom and blossom as the rose?

In how many an unbroken household is there not one, yea, many dead; immortal spirits bound in death's dark chains of

selfishness and indifference? But blessed be God! in how many a divided and desolate earthly home, are the chains of love yet bright, the living and the departed yet one in spiritual love and effort. Death has been but the messenger of peace, the precursor of life, and the clear pages of memory's tablets are the torch of hope and love to those who yet must pass the "narrow stream."

Seneca remarks, "that the consent of all mankind in their hopes and fears of a future life, is of no small weight in determining the immortality of the soul." To him, an hereafter was hoped for;—to us, it is known. An eternal existence commencing here, and never terminating; powers and affections which can never grow old or decay but through our own fault; in a word, immortality lifting its glorious curtains to us, its light beaming through every part of the universe, the hand of omnipotent love drawing aside the veil, bidding the dark phantoms of fear and death to vanish, revealing to the eye of the soul the far and unsearchable depths of the spirit-land— with this, what is life? A scene merely of temptation and trial? O no! for there is a deep and holy meaning in its every event, whether of joy or of sorrow; a purpose not to be seen by the outward eye, but to be pierced only by the glance of faith, guided by the light of immortality and love.

The past, with all its records of good and ill, of happiness and grief, with its pleasant recollections and its painful remembrances, has indeed forever gone from us. The present only is ours; but with that present, the whole future is to be mingled. Every thing here commenced is for eternity; we cannot pause, if we would; we cannot rest; and when we see what is ours to attain, we would not, for Progress is the watchword now, and forever, — continual, eternal progress.

That glorious and shining place, now occupied by the purest angel near the throne of the Most High, is ours to gain; there we may indeed fold our wings, but only to unfold them for higher and yet higher flights of progress and advancement. If we thus endeavored to mingle the future with the present, to look upon all the trials and sorrows of life from a spiritual point of view, to feel that all are sent from a Father's hand, and blessed by a Father's love, should we look upon any trial or any bereavement as being without its appointed blessing, or

rather as not being in itself our highest, most needed blessing ? There are thoughts and feelings in every soul, that by their strength could crush mountains, exalt valleys, pierce through rocks of adamant, and scale the very heights of heaven.

To guide, direct, control these mighty energies, is to be the work of life, of immortality. And is it not in seasons of trial that we become most conscious of these very powers ; that we learn that there is a divine faculty within us which can triumph over the force of circumstances, and render them conducive to our highest and best good ?

Let us then no longer shrink from trial, or from any discipline that our Father may see best for us ; we know that "He doeth all things well," — let us seek not only to believe but to *feel* this truth, and with the trusting confidence of the little child, cast ourselves and all dear to us unreservedly upon his care and love. And when darkness gathers over our path, let us still remember that there is ever a silvery lining to the cloud, and though our faith be but dim, let us thankfully bless God, for the home here, and the home *there*. Then, though the heaviest trials may be appointed us, though we may be called to experience often the chastening hand of our Father, yet we need not fear, for beneath us will be the Rock of ages, around us the arms of everlasting love, and beyond us immortal existence.

H. M.

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 HYMN.

FEED me to-night with lofty thoughts,  
 Oh Thou Most Great, Most High !  
 Give me to feel with solemn awe  
 Thy sacred majesty,  
 To tread with awe the soundless shore  
 Of Immortality !

Fill me with thoughts of beauty, Thou  
 Giver of every good !  
 By whose kind hand the heavenly bow  
 Is bent o'er every cloud,  
 The radiance of whose loving smile  
 Fills ocean, sky and wood.

Fill me for aye with holy thoughts —  
 With thoughts of love and prayer ;  
 To tread the paths my Saviour trod,  
 And meet his presence there,  
 To feel thy Spirit, Father, Friend,  
 Around me everywhere !

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## INFLUENCE OF CHARACTER, WITH PORTRAITS.

SOME one has said that "the simplest deed, if perfectly pure in its source, may have infinite results." It is a very comforting thing to one discouraged by seeing no fruit from a long period of disinterested labor, but it becomes a very solemn one when considered in reference to the influence we might exert, or may neglect to exert over those around us. We cannot know the final result of our actions good or bad; they are going on indefinitely. Most of our readers will remember Milton's description of the fall of Mulciber, expelled from heaven by Jove, according to the poet's account :

"From morn  
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve, —  
A summer's day; and with the setting sun  
Dropped from the zenith, like a falling star."

It seemed so vivid an idea of height and distance, we wearied to think of the still "falling," "falling," "falling." Even as noiseless and sure is the falling of our deeds, but on, on, *forever*, — one influence linked to another, through a chain, the final link of which no eye but the Infinite can reach, but which in its course may bring to many a one an eternity of joy or sorrow. We take no heed of this. We forbear the fitting word, we say the careless one, with equal thoughtlessness as to the good we might do, or the evil prevent, and the opportunity is past; but not so passes our accountability. We cannot be attaching too much importance to trifles. The sunbeam is composed of an infinite host of particles of light, "the waters wear the stone," "drops swell the stream," and all history and experience teach the infinite results springing from simple causes. These would argue, then, that we must not keep back any word or thought, however simple, if it be true, from any mistrust of our own power or influence; but quietly "sowing by many waters," go on our way, trusting that some flower may spring from the seed, worthy to bloom in the "garden of the Lord." Even these seemingly desultory words may arrest a careless eye, may rouse a frivolous heart to earnestness, a heedless one to seriousness.

The publication of the *Life of Madame Guion* is a forcible

illustration of the power exerted by a true expression of faith perfected in character, long after the being who uttered the one, and displayed the other, has passed to her home on high. There was a young person, who, looking round upon the world, asked the question with heart-earnestness, What do we live for? We "live to God," was the response. Then, asking, How, most acceptably? there came to her the words of entire self-sacrifice, self-renunciation, "My son, give me thy heart;" words of entire, simple, and childlike dependence upon God, of entire and true and unquestioning happiness in His love, guarding and guiding every hour, governing every impulse, gilding every hope, uplifting from every earthly sin and weariness. It was a beautiful thought of beginning here a heavenly life, of going on to perfection. There was no doubt of its possibility, propriety, perfect harmony; but of all who called themselves Christians, there were but two or three but deemed her an enthusiast and said it could not be,—that while the earth was the abiding place, its influences were the most powerful, its ties the most influential in the formation of character. The heart, they said, claimed human ties, was formed for human dependence, could not live without human sympathy. It was acknowledged that all the relations God has given us are beautiful and true; but is any earthly dependence essential to a life of the spirit? Those earthly ties go not with us into eternity; if essential here, how shall we live without them there and be happy? The fulness of our joy *there* should be, that we are with God; why may it not be *here* that He is with us? If the example of Christ were pleaded, who was all alone, yet "not alone because the Father was with him," it was said, in his humanity he was yet above it, and received supernatural aid;—why may not we too? The mind wandered in doubt. There was no satisfying happiness in what the world offered. He that made us was certainly sufficient unto us; and had not His promise past, that "His grace was sufficient unto us"? When the purely spiritual life of Madame Guion was revealed in all its force and life and truth it was an answer to all questioning doubts. There was one, a woman of bright mind, powerful intellect, warm heart, putting away wealth, home, children, refusing the ties that every woman is taught from her childhood she cannot

live without, laying them all upon the altar of her God, determined to live for Him in entire self-consecration. Henceforth, no will but His, no hope, no wish, no desire apart from His service, no happiness but in devotion to Him. She lived and labored and suffered and died, happy, inexpressibly happy in the faith she had chosen — to have no idols, to worship God alone. What one has done, another can do in the same strength, was the thought of one reader; how many more it may influence to hope and happiness, it may be her reward in her heavenly home to know; for reward it certainly would be to have revealed to her how in the lengthening chain of years one young spirit in a land afar from her own, of a faith the very opposite of her own, is confirmed, encouraged in its purpose of self-sacrifice by the words she uttered and the life she lived. None can tell how much farther the chain of influences shall be lengthened.

Let us illustrate this power of character, as influencing *our* destiny and those around us by a few sketches. The reader may find their aim, and may ask, "What shall the end be?"

One crosseth our path in the spring time of life, rejoicing in the ties that a maiden loves to form, as bringing the purest earthly happiness for time; but alas for her selfish devotion, alas for the perversion of one of God's most precious gifts! The maiden's heart, through winter's chill blast and summer's sultry heat, amid the spring's opening buds and the autumn's fading beauty, has but one thought, she lives but for him she loves, the rest of her existence is a blank. Father, mother, brother, sister, must take care of themselves; her own heart's happiness is her earliest, her latest, her sole consideration. What shall be her lot when earthly ties fail her? What the fate of the so selfishly happy? It need not be so, we know, but how many such are in our daily paths! That earthly happiness maketh us selfish, has passed into a proverb.

There cometh another; a beautiful home, a kind, devoted husband, lovely children, a well filled purse.—sources and resources for happiness and goodness,—but, the wife, the mother, the ornament of society, the friend, the companion, the benefactor to the poor, all, all lost in the housekeeper! No time for intellectual culture, scarce time for social converse; her house, her servants, the care of her wardrobe, is all.

From morning till night, from week to week, from month to month, she getteth no farther on. What shall be her soul's occupation when the earthly habitation passeth away? What her place in a sphere where the spiritual culture is the only happiness? Are there not too many "Marthas" amid the matrons of our land, who give to domestic cares more than their due?

There cometh yet another; her dwelling is the costly home of wealth and taste; she is young, she is beautiful, she is the idolized wife, and cherished child, and flattered belle; scarce twenty summers have passed over her, but she is marked for the grave. "Her glances shine too brightly to shine long." And what is the record of the life of fashion's devotee? In the dance her step was light and fleet, but her thoughts cannot mount upwards so easily whither her spirit soon will go. Where will her place be on high? If not too sick and weak to think of spiritual things, the subject is put far away for fear of bringing hopelessness and gloom; and well might they fear it would. And yet you are told there is no harm in a life of frivolity and thoughtlessness, for no deeper sin lies at that young creature's door. If the spiritual world be a reality, the heart must sadden to think of her.

We will go now to see one whose dwelling is called "the Poor House." Her step is slow and painful, for she is old and crippled with the rheumatism. She was born a slave, she is free now in the highest sense, for Christ has made her free. As you enter the room you are repelled and would fain raise the window, but the window-seat is full of every thing, and you think it is never opened. Three cots beside her own fill the moderate-sized room. On one now is lying a dying child; it takes no notice when you speak; its eyes look, as Mr. Burritt said the poor starved children in Ireland did, "as if they would look through their sufferings into heaven." There are wicked women all around; but the one we visit is a saint, — and she misses "her retired place," for she is never alone. You carry a bunch of grasses, a peach, or an apple. You would be as warmly welcomed if you carried only a kind word. You draw your chair up to her and talk awhile, and your heart is moved to hear the victim of disease, painful and protracted, the subject of public charity, tell you how grateful she is; to hear her "bless the Lord for his goodness." When

you part, she bids you with warm pressure and streaming eyes "to remember her when you pray," and "if we meet not here again, we shall meet, up there." Can you go from such a presence and not realize the beauty of holiness, and not exclaim, "Up *there*" it

"Shall put a wreath of glory on  
The spirit of lowliness"?

And now rejoice with me in the embodiment of a true woman. The wife, the mother, in her single-hearted devotion, in her entire unselfishness, in her unwearied benevolence, she "liveth to God," and without her questioning what her influence shall be, in self-forgetfulness, how does it press us upon every side. It is only when "the shell her spirit wears" that she remembers there is any limit to her labors of love. Her step, her voice, her pen, her needle, cease from their chosen service only during the hours of sleep; and yet there is no bustle; she is noiseless as the dew, and as refreshing. Her home is her happiest place, but from it ray out deeds of light and love cheering many another household. She has a ready ear for all sorrow, a ready hand to aid it; it is only when you tell her of sin that her brow saddens and her spirit droops. She is ready for serious converse, or the merry jest, each in its time. She is lovely, she is Christ-like; and it all comes from unwearied, patient discipline and self-sacrifice, communion with God and Jesus. Will it not be said unto her, "Friend, go up higher"? Intelligence, cultivation, loveliness and goodness, potent spells to win all hearts to God.

We tell you of but one more, and you will love her, and long to be like her. She is young. A strong will subdued to gentleness, a hasty temper in entire control, a cold, reserved, exclusive nature changed to a gushing tenderness towards every thing that God has made. Sorrow has pressed heavily upon her, disappointment her bitter portion, early trial her lot, but she is always cheerful, serene, and self-possessed,—hopeful, trustful, and loving. Hour linked to hour, through the livelong day, by deeds of love and mercy, yet "when the night wind shuts the flower," she mourns because she has not labored to the extent of her energies; she tells you she wishes the Sabbath would come twice a week, there is such a sabbath in her heart when she can think of God alone.



She is very beautiful and commands homage ; she forbids you to bring her idle compliment ; but if you tell her she has won love, if but from a child, her bright eye glistens, for to love she says is a blessed privilege, though it be but a bird or flower. She is intellectual and cultivated, she loveth books, but hour after hour she will ply the needle for those who cannot ply it for themselves. She is bright, she is ever ready to answer to a merry mood, her keenest sorrow is that she cannot make every suffering creature happy, and moral evil grieves her heart most deeply. Every day her prejudices go away more and more ; every day her sympathies and interests grow larger and wider ; every day she seems to grow more like her great Exemplar. Would you not say of her, that she had begun her spiritual existence, that heart to heart as lute to lute, her spirit was in harmony with her Saviour? Her happiness cannot be affected by outward circumstances ; it is like the gushing waters of a fountain ; from the deep sources in her heart it wellet up perpetually. Reader, these are no fancy sketches ; they are drawn from the life ; you could probably remember many more. Which of them will you resemble ? What shall be *your* influence ?

A.

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 INVOCATION.

Come to me, happy angels,  
 On bright seraphic wings ;  
 Come, charm temptation's power away  
 With your sweet warblings,  
 And raise my care-worn soul above  
 Earth's transitory things.

Come to me, Holy Spirit !  
 Blest Comforter of Love !  
 And every vexing earthly thought,  
 Each idle fear remove,  
 Till I can feel thy influence  
 O'er all my spirit move !

Come to me, gentle Saviour !  
 Oh, never more depart ;  
 But let thy white-winged dove of peace  
 Hover around my heart,  
 Till I, in perfect purity  
 Shall see thee as thou art.

Come to me, Blessed Father !  
 In majesty and power ;  
 Fill me with strength and joy and hope  
 That I may doubt no more ;  
 And overflow my spirit's depths  
 With love for evermore !

N.

## A LESSON OF HOPE FOR MAN FROM NATURE.

BY MRS. C. W. H. DALL.

"AND man? He awakes gradually to consciousness, as from a dream."

"Who has not heard how the veil of the temple was rent in twain at the hour of the great sacrifice? Now can the pious soul look into the holy of holies, and it is the duty of the artist to reveal God again and again to the world."

*Frederika Bremer.*

NEVER spoke the sweet voice of the Swedish authoress a truer word. Lift thyself up, oh thou who despairest, who standest aside from thy brother, refusing to act with him, to live by him, or die for him, because all are so unworthy and in all thy trust so shaken. Lift thyself up, I say, and with thy face turned full upon the Infinite, strive to recover thy departed faith. True is it indeed, that many an irreverent foot, many an impious prophet, has stood within the Holy of Holies, since, in the wisdom of Christ, the veil that divided man from his Father was rent in twain. True is it, also, that many who went to scoff, remained to pray, and those who had full faith in their own power, while they stood without, have been baffled and blinded by the sudden light that beamed upon them from within. The historian who has meddled with the past, has had little need of a loving penetration, of divine justice, of a wise criticism, compared with him who shall come after us. As there rose to his memory the incidents of the world's infant history, or the drama of its childhood passed act by act before him, a simple narrative might satisfy its claims, and write his name among those of wise men; but, released from its swaddling bands, history has now a higher work to do, and he who writes of the present, should be wise unto salvation, should be able to unfold the chaos of noble impulses, of divine suggestions, of great strivings after ultimate truth which bewilder the minds of its noblest sons. Above all, he must see clearly that the present is a *hopeful* time. With an undimmed eye must he walk among men. His arm must be strong that he may uplift the drunkard. His heart must be great that he may pray for the slave. His spirit must be meek that he may hold back thousands from war. His whole nature must be loving, that he may not de-

spise her who gave herself as a bride for bread, nor crush beneath his foot him who stole from her the birthright of her beauty in her despair; but whether he stand before the dram-shop, or the slave-market, the reeking battle-field, or the house of sin, he must still feel that man is the child of God, and however dark the night, must see with his steady eye that it is permeate with rays of Infinite Love, which pass like electric flashes, unseen oftentimes of the busy crowd below. And why is the present a hopeful time? I went out but lately beneath the autumn sun. Like cunning work of the artificer, hung trembling the golden leaves of the birch, upon their silver stem. The mellow sun-light passed down to the earth, through canopies of scarlet oak, and crimson maple, deep purple sumach, and the yellow blossoms, unfolding as if in early spring, from the bare branches of the witch-hazel. Beneath my feet was a soft carpet of the ground-pine, and thousands of mosses lent fragrance to the air, while colonies of many colored fungi drank its poisonous exhalations, and prepared at once wholesome food, valuable medicines, and brilliant dyes for the children of men. While I paused, awe-struck and joyous, bright colors streamed upon me, as from the glorious windows of some ancient cathedral, whose fitting pillars were the arching pines, whose organ the melodious voice of the deep forest, whose choir, innumerable birds, resting beneath the hallowed fane, ere they departed to their winter homes. Yielding myself up to its peace-giving power, I passed on to its high altar. Pile upon pile rose a gigantic rock, which, ambitious of heavenly influences, at last uplifted itself far above the soaring branches of the highest trees. For miles and miles, its gray head is visible, and, mounted on its summit, one may gaze over forest and lake, over river and glen for the space of twenty miles. Far to the west rose bold Wachusett, not yet released from his morning robe of bluish cloud. Before me, lay the heights of Waltham, and the blue hills of Milton. Only a clear sunlight filled the air, and gave additional depth to the sapphire overhead. To the east, lay a dim, scarce-visible cloud of murky smoke, which told that, beneath, it sheltered the greatness and the littleness, the wonders and the want, of my dear native city. I had come to this place with an aching heart. Filled with a sense

of the calamities of the time, powerless to avert them, and loathing from my soul the din of politics which filled our little town, I had forgotten for a while the superintending Providence. Now while I rested on the summit of the rock, and gazed far away into the distance,—wide as was the space that the eye swept over, not more than twenty dwellings met my sight. Yet here and there among them, rose the pleasant spires, telling that in his rude way, man ever must acknowledge and worship God. More frequent still were the tiny schoolhouses, which dotted the landscape with cheerful prophecies of the future. While I felt my heart lightened by the influences of outward nature, I cast one downward glance upon the massive rock on which I sat. There within a few feet I saw the great process going on, which prepares the soil for the future occupancy of the forest. Beneath me, lay the broad, slow growing lichens, the products, doubtless, of centuries. On one side the gray sheets of the reindeer moss, so beautifully provided for the nourishment of that animal, and flourishing even beneath the snow; on the other, the deep brown, fleshy-looking layers of the tripe de roche, which saved a score of men from death by famine, in the prosecution of the Northwest passage, with its under side of laminated black. From among them all, the delicate “shields” started forth, bearing their burden of life-gums; and, contrasting prettily with their dead colors, some green mosses pushed up their little arms, the models, doubtless, of the vessels borne in the festal processions of Greece and Rome. As I tore these humble plants away from the rock, I saw how, with the oxalic acid furnished by their growth, they were digging their own graves in the solid wall, and in the tiny hollows, so excavated, the autumnal rains had gathered and were waiting till the frost should help them to rive the rock. But this work was not now commencing for the first time. But a short distance beneath me, a higher vegetation had taken root among the fragments of fallen stone. Beautiful ferns unfolded their broad leaves, and the tall and flowering *Osmunda* presented their vase-like forms. On the ashes of a thousand ferns rose, still lower, close thickets of birch, alder, and flowering shrubs,—the dogbane and the elder; while beneath their feet, and towering above them, were the stout trunks of

the cedar and the pine. "Poor little lichen," I thought, "if in the infancy of the world's being the Creator had unfolded to thee the vision of Nature,—if thou hadst seen tall forests towering over the face of the earth, and hadst been commanded to go forth over the solid rock, and render it soft and porous, to the grasp of the tender spongioles, soon to become the tough and gnarled roots, who would have wondered to see thee shrink from thy task?"

If thou couldst have comprehended the harmonies of Creation, and seen the coming mercies of God, how weak, how insignificant thou wouldst have thought thyself, how powerless in the great work! Nevertheless, thou knewest little, but thou wert full of faith. Thinking only to provide a bed for thy wasted form, or a tiny reservoir to refresh thy desiccated substance, thou hast taken successfully the first great steps towards thy Creator's end. Alas for man, if he will not learn of thee! what if thousands of generations are born and die, to prepare the land for the coming of the righteous? That coming is never hopeless, while the humblest individuals are true to duty, and in their own spheres, labor faithfully on in quiet, obedient love. Every man, who loves God and his neighbor, and speaks honestly the truth that is in him, helps in his full measure to bring down heaven upon earth." As I paused for a moment on this 'mount of blessing,' I saw that, whereas in the woods I had been encircled by a halo of gay colors, which the streaming sun had given out from the leaves, yet now as I stood above them, I could see that the heavy frosts had already robbed the foliage of its richness, and that oak and sumach and maple were mingled in masses of indistinguishable brown. "Behold another lesson, oh man!" I exclaimed, "the humblest walker on the face of the earth, who *looketh through* the dark dealings of men, and the shadows of affliction and sin to the glorious Sun of Righteousness, will find them still traversed by veins of liquid light and love, still in a measure answering to the life of God. What wonder that when man looks down upon his brother, and, refusing to help, seeks only to criticize and arbitrate, he forgets the Divine Presence and mourns uncomforted over sin and sorrow and pain? Look up, oh man! and if thou must stumble on this earth, let it at least be because thou art watching the stars

of heaven ! ” Once again, why is the present a hopeful time ? Because the church and the school do a great work, daily and without compulsion. Because men hesitate not to rebuke both church and school, if they find them untrue or insufficient. Because more and more man turns to the Book of Nature as the only authorized commentary on the Book of Scripture, and because from the pages of both, the light of love beams ever more steadily forth. Because principle more than property now agitates the spirit of the age. Because, if it were always better to starve, than to die useless to man, so now this truth is acknowledged and glorified. Because God has never forsaken the world, and moves in it visibly, of these latter days.

He does a great work who reveals to man the intricacies of that which we call, — presumptuous that we are, — the lowest kingdom of nature. It is no fable that the unfolding flower gives forth, while its oxygen is changing to carbonic acid, both heat and light. The unfolding of the moral power, God watches with peculiar care. Far dearer to him is its healthy growth in the lowest man, than the developing beauty of the whole vegetating kingdoms of his uncounted worlds. Who then shall dare to doubt that under *all* circumstances, to his infinite love this is still possible, and that the feeblest effort of the individual, smiled upon by Him, really imparts light and warmth to the world ?

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### THE STORM AT SEA.

THE fearful gloom of gathering clouds  
 Broods o'er the ocean wide,  
 While mournfully through swaying shrouds  
 The winds in whispers glide.

Two hundred leagues from land we sail ;  
 The sun hath sunk to sleep,  
 Lulled by the moanings of the gale :  
 God love us on the deep !

Nor moon nor star keeps vigil now  
 Over the dismal hours ;

No splendor gemmed on an angel's brow  
Can shed a beam on ours.

The ship begins to pitch and roll,  
Straining from truck to keel,  
And furious, from the helm's control  
Staggers with drunken reel.

Like sentinels in spectral camp,  
Or monks in murky aisle,  
The muffled crew their quarters tramp  
With boding looks the while.

About the bows the surges break,  
Sheeted with pale blue light,  
And meet and boil upon the wake  
With a rushing sound of might.

Watch after watch — ay, bell by bell  
The tempest gathers rage ;  
The winds have caught the thunder's spell,  
And roaring battle wage.

So goes the night of loneliness  
And undissembled dread ;  
There 's no escape from dreariness,  
No rest for weary head.

But morning wakes — and timidly  
Looks forth upon the storm,  
Who walks the sea and lifts on high  
Through heaven his threatening form.

There 's magic in her gentle glance,  
And the lustre streaming o'er her,  
For the clouds pause in a sullen trance,  
And turn and fly before her.

The waves run high, — but loosen sail !  
Fair winds the spray-jets sweep ;  
And sea-birds, wheeling on the gale,  
Seem guides across the deep.

## MUTUAL DEPENDENCE AND HELP.

A SERMON, BY REV. A. R. POPE.

PSALM cxlii. 4. I looked on my right hand, and beheld, but there was no man that would know me; refuge failed me; no man cared for my soul.

THE principle of mutual dependence, which seems to be involved in such words as these, constitutes a fundamental idea of Christian life. Whether considered with reference to the personal advantage which accrues from its obedience, or abstractly as one of the most positive of moral obligations, this principle is of primary importance. The regard which is due to a neighbor, "the suffering man, though at the farther pole," is second in order only to the reverence and obedience due from man to God.

It is exceedingly difficult and dangerous to endeavor to limit the application of general principles by the considerations which a selfish policy is always too ready to urge. In the subject before us, it is vastly better to look at the most exalted idea of the duty involved, and to remember that man owes to man, however fallen and abandoned, a treatment different in kind and character from that which he owes to any other order of creation. Indeed, in man, however so degraded by vice, or debased by sensuality, we are to recognize the capacity for rising, under suitable influences, and by the application of judicious means, from the deepest moral darkness and the vilest pollution: then we shall be ready to admit the duty of succoring the falling, and of uplifting the abject.

We cannot withdraw ourselves from the human life by which we are surrounded. The daughter of pride and vanity may gather up her garments, lest in her way through the rough passages of social life, they should come in contact with the desolate and forlorn objects that dwell among us; she may foolishly give utterance to vaunting thoughts which always bear their own condemnation and shame in the very utterance; but nevertheless, the lowest object of scorn and derision wears traces of humanity, above which the highest effort of aspiring ambition cannot hope to rise.

The conditions of human life establish the law of mutual dependence; by conformity to this law are the grandest re-



sults of life to be achieved. It would be vastly better for human interests, and more in accordance with the requirements of our natures, not to speak of the higher thought of consonance with God's will and design, if mutual jealousies and heart-burnings were overcome ; and if men would acquire the habit of associating more closely as men, on the ground of a common nature, and with less reference to the external matters and topics which break up our social life into clans and parties. A social organization constructed upon artificial relations, upon the establishment, as in Europe, of privileged orders and hereditary distinctions, or upon conditions somewhat analogous to these, as in this country, is not such a life as Christianity embraces in its fullest and heartiest development. Society, strictly speaking, has no right thus to divide itself into sects, parties and coteries, and hold such division as paramount to the natural laws of human existence. It cannot be right that we should maintain companionship with those only who sympathize with us ; for while we may thus fill up a measure of taste, reference is yet due to the only legitimate determining law of intercourse, the moral benefit to be received or imparted. In any general neglect of this law, it may be continually ascertained, that many a man, in the depths of his experience, and while surrounded by multitudes of friends, as the world calls his companions, the centre, it may be, of a gratified and fascinated circle of associates, may pine for spiritual assistance and religious sympathy ; and may utter David's words with a pathos of meaning which we are little likely to anticipate. We lose inwardly when we cut ourselves off by the exclusiveness which looks upward or downward for its object of derision ; and we are false to the law of mutual assistance when we forget the claims of our kind.

Every man is allied to other men, either by his own or by their physical, mental and spiritual wants. Never before in any age of the world, when we except a brief period after Christian truth and love had been declared to the world, has this principle been so extensively as now acknowledged. Philanthropy has spread wide its arms of fraternal interest, and erected asylums for the diseased, retreats for those bereft of reason, with homes and schools for the speechless and the sightless. The crowning act of all these munificent and no-

ble enterprises would be, the completion of a hospital, as it were, for the restoration of the morally infirm, and the spiritually wretched.

Let me not seem to underrate generous public enterprises of reform and charity, enterprises which are characteristic of a better life than is ordinarily displayed in the world, in turning from them to press for a more purely individual work, the application of the principle which is their fundamental idea. Passing by all wider specifications of the duty of mutual assistance, a mutual duty because it is based upon mutual wants, I inquire, Is there not a voice coming to us from the disjointed and faithless lives we witness, from the wreck of character which excess has occasioned, and from the prostrate weakness of long continued vicious indulgence, saying, "No man cared for my soul?" "no arm was outstretched to stay my fall, no hand extended to guide my wanderings, no voice now counsels me into the path of duty and peace, and no words of sympathy or offer of assistance encourage me to strive to regain the lost state of manhood?"

I cast no general censure. But in the conversation and common intercourse of life, even where the most trusting, friendly relations guarantee a kind reception, how seldom is uttered the still, true voice of admonition, or the gentle, persuasive accents of love, in behalf of reform and purity, to restrain and to guide. In the spirit of outward fidelity to the duty here implied, Ministers to the Poor, God's chosen messengers of glad tidings to many of the needy, go into the purlieus of our large cities, with the words and in the spirit, we can believe, of the Master. But the ragged and wretched sons and daughters of stern poverty are not the only outcasts, who need the 'ministry of reconciliation,' a warm heart uttering from its fulness words of kind Christian counsel!

Do not men give with utmost willingness such advice as they can, although at risk of its being spurned, in all matters of personal worldly interest? Do they not owe this yet more to the higher interests of life? In the record of sin's overthrow of human hopes and lives, the power of human love over human hearts stands arraigned for its faithlessness to this great duty! We can summon the long, dark catalogue of sin and misery, all of which might have been prevented by indi-

vidual fidelity, by the power of truth uttered from a true affection, with reiterated speech, "line upon line and precept upon precept," to bear witness to this unfaithfulness! Oh! say not that man cannot overcome the sinfulness of man! There is never a time when love will not work its miracles, if it always work in love's own gentle way. But there was a time when the giant power of an unregulated propensity was the tender nursling of a first indulgence. Why was no preventive employed then? Answer it, ye who now mourn the apparent loss of power over faithless friends and associates. Were ye faithful at the outset?

Whence comes this almost universal shrinking from the duty of counselling one who wanders from the way of right? It seems an exceedingly strange custom, when we remember how much of the misery and wretchedness of evil doing falls heavily upon the hearts that suffer much because they love much. If we put out of view as constituting no very just exception to the statement, mere homilies upon duty and religion in general, and the querulous complaints which oftener alienate than win, seldom restrain and never restore, I venture to assert, that there may be found in every common sized congregation those, whose offences are well known to their friends, and who, as they have never seen or heard any direct intimation to contradict the feeling, hope and believe that an impenetrable veil has been hung by efforts at concealment between their lives and their associates. One word might have saved them from a life of ignominy and woe, or stayed them in its course; and why has that word never been uttered? How closely are other hearts allied to theirs! how much solicitude has been daily and hourly expended upon the health of their bodies! how much care bestowed to save all the parties from the publicity of the sin! and yet, judging by the manifestations, they can say, I will not declare with how much truth, "No one has cared for my soul!"

The highest interests of immortal man are too sacred for human invasion, but not too sacred to be preserved. We know some of the reasons which are urged for the silence that destroys. We know that it is said, that there is an appearance of an assumed superiority of heart and life, whenever an admonition or the gentlest warning is addressed to the way-

ward ; and especially, when with a beam in his own eye, any one desires to remove the mote from another's eye. We know that it is also said, that there is an obstacle to approaching topics so interesting, so intimately connected with individual well-being, while men so hide their souls from human observation, that though the symptoms may be known, the seat of the disease, and the nature of the best remedy are not discernible ; and affection fears its inability to do that well which it feels ought not otherwise to be done at all !

All such reasons as these operate to a certain degree and in a certain manner. It will scarcely be worth while to consider them. There is one thought, however, which may be urged. No individual can ever hold the position which implies inferiority to another, when sinfulness can be traced in that other's life or character. The drivelling idiot and the lunatic excepted, whoever believes that a neighbor is turning to the left when he should pass to the right, is his natural counsellor. If the beam in his own eye do not prevent him from discovering and successfully removing the mote in his brother's eye, he may even then discharge his neighborly obligation to assist the suffering. Blind age, though bent nearly double with the weight of well-earned experience, may be safely guided by the clear-sighted child.

But I would not seem to argue this point. When questions of duty are before us, we manifest no reverence for goodness, to argue against the positions at all times urged in the way of excusing or palliating neglect.

And yet we have the fact, that hundreds are wasting their energies, moral and religious, entirely uncounselled. They move in circles which are resonant at times with all other kinds of advice but that most needed. Their hearts are bleeding at every pore from the effects of evil ; but who comes forward in the spirit of Christian generosity to administer an antidote ? The dark, deep sea of iniquity into which they have recklessly plunged or heedlessly fallen, is settling over them ; while its shores are lined with saddened spectators of the sickening scene, and no effort is made to extend succor. Would it be so, were the impending destruction only threatened for the physical life ? And why is the soul accounted of so much less importance than the body, that the former

receives so little attention, while the latter is so carefully guarded, and so sedulously protected? "Am I my brother's keeper?" is the reiterated voice of human conduct. And man must suffer, he may pine and perish, if he cannot escape unaided the dangers of evil, or if no Providence of God brings home to his heart its stern admonitions.

But is this the worst view which we might take of our treatment of the offender? The world does something more fatal to amendment than treat with neglect its wandering children. It visits in hot displeasure those who are "overtaken in a fault." Virtue, or that which untempted has never fallen, untried has never yielded, holds itself unwisely aloof from the child of sin and sin's sufferings, either because it has a consciousness of a superiority which the Master had no disposition thus to manifest, or because it feels its weakness, and rightly fears the contamination of contact. O how many first missteps have been visited with a censure, cruelly administered, that has hurried headlong the sad object of human scorn on the way of sin to its dreaded destruction! How many penitents have been thwarted in the best aspirations and ruined in life by severity, for whom Christ will plead against these depressing circumstances, when flesh and spirit have been sundered! How many who might have been saved by a brother's kindness, have been rendered outcasts from a Father's house by the spirit of him who "was angry and would not go in" to the merry-making at the return of the repentant transgressor from his prodigal wanderings!

It is impossible for us to determine by any previous experience, the reception which a word spoken in kindness shall now exert upon a heart. We cannot argue, I mean, to its rejection from any remembrance of what has been the case even under the same circumstances, to all appearance. It sometimes happens that we seem to become, under God, the very instruments or agents of His power, sent just at the right moment by circumstances over which no control could be exercised, to accomplish an errand worthy of an angel from heaven. And who shall say that there are not men standing now just at the threshold of reformation, earnestly desiring and yet fearing greatly to take one step forward! He who could do for such ones the heavenly office of encouragement,

who could influence them to enter at the door of duty to a Father's peaceful home, would fulfil one of the truest relations of a disciple of Christ.

I have often thought that we are likely to become too unmindful of opportunities like this, and thus to neglect the welfare, and help to compass the ruin of many who have become the slaves of sin. We know, for our own experience has taught us so much, that a single word, or even a slight glance of kindness, may often help to build a brother up in virtue; we also know that that word unspoken, or that glance ungiven, may determine his downward race to ruin! The simple prompting to do so good a work for an offender might be regarded without much superstition as generally suggesting an opportunity which must not be forfeited by the doubtings of expediency; the condemnation of those doubts we may read in the continuance in evil of him whom we might have saved, yes, really and truly saved, but for the weakness of our faith, the selfishness of our love, or the indolence of our moral natures!

God is continually requiring a fidelity to such duties, or applications of principle, as the circumstances and time admit or demand. In the matter now considered, does not God oftener than we wish to acknowledge, in our very desire "work in us both to will and to do?" while his Providence at the same instant has entered into a heart, ploughed it deeply by the earnestness of remorse, and prepared it by a new experience for the reception of the good seed a human agent is to sow there. It is then that the issue becomes so momentous. Life and death hang upon the question of fidelity. If no hand supply the good influence, and no voice speak words of tender and true counsel, the wanderer passes on his sinful way once more; his open heart and tender conscience become the prey of noxious thoughts, feeding like rank weeds upon the strength that ought to have nourished the healthiest growth of goodness.

We must not shield, however, the offender from all participation in the responsibility; it rests in a measure with him to make the first approaches, to offer some advances towards a righteous life, or to indicate in a suitable way his willingness to return to allegiance to God and duty. The particular treatment which I am urging hardly applies to his continued

residence in a "far country." Before ever he has wandered so from man and God, while he lingers at our door, anxiously desiring a favorable reception which he has not confidence to ask, we have a duty to discharge. The strides in wickedness which are now daily exhibited in the community, and which call for bolts and bars, chains and prisons, would never have been taken, if friends had always been early faithful with the voice of gentle reproof, and ready at the first departure from rectitude with the kindest words of counsel. The little one would hardly have become a thousand, but for the security of neglect, and the encouragement of silence.

Then look at the condition of him who is striving to rise from sinful habits. With a heart crushed by the deep shame and misery of conscious iniquity, the strength destroyed by constant surrender of the energies to the sway of evil, the spirit of enterprise forfeited in the same way, and with a blindness of moral apprehension which always seizes upon the victims of indulgence, how think you that the sinner can escape? Will light stream across his path from his own beclouded mind? or strength and encouragement and enterprise have power in themselves to shake off the palsy which has settled over the moral nature? Do not hope it! If one little prompting to good for a moment gain ascendancy over the desires, and one slight effort for holiness be made in consequence, these will avail him little while the world looks with coldness upon his wish to be restored, and his friends keep aloof, and words of encouragement, sympathy and counsel are unspoken. Without this kind of support he will fall back; and the bitterness of his heart will find no language fitter than David's for its expression:—"I looked on my right hand, and beheld, but there was no man that would know me; refuge failed me; no man cared for my soul."

Oh! it is a burning shame that any man can say such as this with any pretensions to truth; or rather, that friends and associates should allow themselves to be so unfaithful to any demand of duty; that men are falling uncounselled, and striving to rise, and receiving little or no encouragement.

It is true that we cannot determine with mathematical certainty the precise time to counsel a wanderer. Why not, then, counsel such an one at all times, or whenever an opportunity

offers? It is not very probable that we shall ever come to any clearer knowledge than the present, in the premises. And if we cannot decide so important a case, if we cannot tell the right time to labor, would it not be the lesson of prudence to attempt at all times the accomplishment of so divine a work as the restoration of a sinning soul to the life of goodness? Supine waiting will bring no better opportunity; and this hour of influence being allowed to pass away, tomorrow the voice of the outcast, speeding on his way of sinful indulgence, till sin and death seem striving for the mastery of his soul, feeling the neglect, and looking in vain for succor, may leave as the inheritance of his woe the bitter words of reproof, "No man cared for my soul."

All honor to the philanthropy which is seeking to teach us the way in which to treat him who has violated the commandments of God, and broken the statutes of the Commonwealth. Theirs is a noble work, that of enlisting human sympathy in behalf of the inmates of our prison-houses: men and women who are often more securely bolted and barred from social life by unchristian and inhuman treatment after their release than while incarcerated in gloomy cells. It would be a blessed result of their labors if those inmates could be returned to the society from which they are separated, by being first restored to themselves and to God; angels and men might exult over such an accession of moral power to the influence of the world.

But there is a duty for us to discharge before even this good work; before the claim is made on public charity for the means of advancing great public interests; before the public measures of reform are required, or in place; before the erection of the prison, or the judicious appointment of those who are well fitted to direct its affairs; that nearer duty is to many a more difficult one than the contribution of pecuniary means to carry forward the other; it consists in speaking words of counsel, reproof and encouragement within your own circle of associates and acquaintances; in checking the first tendency to evil, a tendency which is developed in private, long years, it may be, before it meets the stern censures of the world, is found guilty in the courts of law, and is sent to expiate its transgressions in the penitentiary. We may be nursing in ourselves or in others an evil hereafter to



become more evidently but no more really hideous than now. It may be a difficult and delicate work to do, to reclaim an erring child or brother or companion. But how unspeakably important is a mission that enters into the spiritual interests of an immortality!

My friends, there is an evil which is to be remedied in our treatment of offenders. Who has given to us the right to be silent and unreprieving with a dear friend's sin continually in view? Are we to be forever prevented from doing the Christian duty now indicated, by the spirit of unbelief, or by the doubt which dishonors God as the Author of truth, and ourselves in its profession? What though we cannot do in a moment, in an hour, or in a day, the work which it may take years of time to complete; let us remember that it is our office to commence it; that it is our duty to do something, to do what we can, be it much or little, for man's deliverance from his captivity. Why leave a single effort untried to win the wanderer! Why count the sacrifices of convenience, interest or feeling, when a brother's woe and misery is the consequence of supineness! There is one recompense for all that man can do, for all labor, and for every sacrifice, when that brother shall "come to himself;" then let the garments of ignominy and ruin be stripped from him, "bring forth the best robe, and put it on him," and let there be joy on earth as there is "joy in heaven, over one sinner that repenteth."

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#### LINES SUNG AT THE ANNUAL CLOSING OF A SUNDAY SCHOOL.

HARK! the gentle Shepherd's voice!

"Little children, come to me."

"In that word our souls rejoice,  
And we give our hearts to thee."

"Take my yoke, and of me learn;  
I will show you what is good."

"Saviour! yes, to thee we turn,  
Feed our minds with heavenly food."

"None can to the Father come  
But by me—the Living Way."

"Saviour! guide us to our home,  
And the Father's love display."

"I was once like you a child,  
And a child's subjection knew."

"Teach us, Saviour! to be mild,  
Kind, obedient and true."

"Cup, and cross, and thorny crown  
Tell what sorrows I have known."

"Saviour! send thy spirit down,  
Make thy fortitude our own."

"Though in death's repose I lay,  
"I've ascended to the skies."

"Saviour! thou hast led the way,  
Teach our spirits how to rise."

W. P. L.

## THE CROSS.

BY REV. T. B. FOX.

WHILST the Roman Church was the only church in the world, the cross was universally and profusely employed as its principal emblem, became connected with many superstitions and corruptions, and so was misunderstood and abused. The Protestant Church, especially the Puritan portion of it, endeavoring to get away as far as possible from every thing connected with popery, abandoned among other rites and ceremonies the use of the cross, even as a symbol. But, within a few years, owing to the revival of the Gothic style in architecture and other causes, the cross has been once more placed as an appropriate and significant ornament, in and upon many of the churches belonging to various denominations. This, we think, is well and proper. It seems to us peculiarly right for Christians of every name to give to the cross a place in their houses of worship, as a most comprehensive, suggestive and fitting sign of their belief and their hope. This is our view ; a matter of feeling or of taste perhaps, but still a view for which, with entire respect for those who may entertain the opposite opinion, we imagine good and sufficient reasons may be urged. Some of these reasons are worth giving, because through them may be set forth the unearthly beauty, the transcendent worth, the divine origin of our religion.

We claim to be Christians, believers in him who was crucified on Calvary. Why then should we take the cross as our emblem ? If there were no prejudices in the way, if there had never been divisions and sects and parties, with all their attendant rivalries and contentions, in the Church, who would not at once express surprise at the question, put in this form ; who would not instantly feel that it ought to be changed, and ask why should *not* all disciples of Jesus of Nazareth take the cross as an emblem ? Yes ! why should not this cross be a sacred symbol with all who accept Christ's Gospel and reverence Christ who taught and lived and died to seal with his heart's blood the truth of that Gospel ? Setting aside all local feelings or peculiar notions engendered by controversy, it would be difficult to answer that question. For, what is there

as an outward sign, which represents the belief of the Christian better than the cross? What is there which shows forth the design of any Christian temple more distinctly than the cross? With many believers, it is significant of the sum and substance, the essential and all important fact in their religion. Christ's death, according to their creeds, literally purchased their salvation. Their whole hope is in an atonement, for the offences of the world, made by the shedding of Christ's blood. The mystery of the crucifixion, its efficacy in obtaining the redemption of man from death in trespasses and sins, is the chief feature in their faith. With them the death of Christ is, we may almost say, the whole of Christianity. Certainly, to such the cross ought to be an intensely significant symbol; one they should be glad to keep ever in sight, as the representative of the doctrine they hold most dear, the doctrine on which they rest all their hopes.

But the worth of the cross, as an emblem, is not to be confined to those who hold peculiar opinions as to the distinctive and special efficacy of the Saviour's death, a sacrifice for sin. It ought to be of equal worth to such as believe that the force of truth and the power and persuasiveness of love are in the teachings, the example, the life of Jesus, as well and as much as in his death. Wherever it stands, whenever he sees it, the cross may inspire a thoughtful Christian with strength, encouragement, hope, consolation; not superstitiously, but rationally, he may look upon it as the fitting origin of all which he holds most dear: and there is no good reason why, in any case, he should deprive himself of an emblem so suggestive of his true faith: on the contrary, as already intimated, there are many and weighty considerations to persuade him to cling to this sign, to assert his right to employ it, and to set it up in the temple where as a believer in Christ he goes to worship the Father whom Christ revealed.

In the first place, then, all Christians may use the cross as an emblem or symbol, because in itself it is an evidence of the truth of our religion. It offers a kind of proof not to be found in the books written in defence of Christianity, but which makes an appeal, when clearly understood, not easily resisted. Think of the history of the cross, the history of the material thing itself, the instrument, the piece of wood of

which it was composed ; think of the history of the cross, and the remarkable change wrought in the sentiment of the world in regard to it, as going to prove and prove conclusively, that some great and thrilling event must have happened to make the cross the sacred thing it is, instead of the loathsome thing it was. A great revolution has taken place in men's associations with this instrument of death, since it bore the body of Jesus. Before that time it was held in detestation. It was kept for the execution of the worst and vilest criminals. Cicero said, "the cross ought to be removed from the sight, the ears, the very thoughts of men." It was the hated and horrid weapon of torture, coupled with infamy. So men regarded the cross *before* the scene on Calvary. How differently men regard it now. It offends none, it is revered by millions, it has been almost worshipped. None associate it now with the axe, the cord, the dungeon or the scaffold. Far otherwise, it is worn as a jewel, it is put up on our temples as an architectural ornament, it speaks of liberty and holiness and love, it teaches truth, it beams with hope, it offers mercy, it points to heaven, it is hallowed by the best and holiest affections. Now we ask whether this revolution in the ideas and convictions and feelings connected with the cross does not mean something, does not mean a great deal. Certain it is that up to the hour when the Son of man died upon it, the cross was held in greater detestation than we now hold the gallows ; certain it is also, that from that hour a change began in men's feelings towards the cross, and that change has been going on, until that detested instrument of death has come to be cherished as a thing of beauty, a holy symbol, a venerated emblem. For this transformation, this wonderful revolution in the feelings of men with regard to the cross, which we know to be a matter of fact, must there not have been an adequate cause ? We shall feel the force of this question if we ask ourselves what would be required to revolutionize all the sentiments and associations now connected with the gallows. What must take place before we could see without a shudder and with emotions of reverence, the gallows on the spire of our churches, the gallows on our altars, nay, less than that, the gallows as an ornament in our parlors, or worn on our persons as a decoration ; what must take place

before we could see this without a shudder and with emotions of reverence ; what must take place before such a tremendous change could be brought about ? Something must occur, all would say, little short of a miracle : some victim of world-wide reputation for perfect virtue, at least, must suffer on the gallows, before men could come to regard the detested thing as an object of beauty, worthy of love and veneration. Now what we thus imagine with respect to the gallows, is an undeniable historical fact in relation to the cross. That once *accursed tree*, is now a sacred emblem. Wherever we see it, there is it not an evidence, beyond the reach of scepticism, an evidence which has come down through the ages, bearing its testimony from century to century, through the best affections of the human heart, to the truth of the main events recorded in the Gospels, to the truth that Christ came and lived and died and rose from the dead, — to the truth in a word of our religion ? If then there were none other, would not this alone be a sufficient reason for holding fast to the cross and placing it on all our churches, as a symbol of our faith ? Wherever it stands, is it not a steady and trustworthy, though silent witness to the truth ?

But there are other reasons still for thus holding fast to the cross. It should be kept in sight as indicating the hope of the world. We need not here argue, what all admit, that since the coming of Christ there has been a new spirit and a new life on earth ; and that to these we owe directly or indirectly the progress of society. Even as Christian philanthropy, or Christian love, has gained a place among men and been spreading its benign influences abroad, even so has the aspect of things been changing for the better. You might have travelled two thousand years ago over all the territory known to the ancients and searched in vain for a single institution of charity, a single asylum for the unfortunate. Superstition and selfishness then looked upon the diseased as punished for their sins. The insane wandered among tombs, and the masses were kept in slavery and ignorance. It would have been a useless task to look for any teacher of the people, declaring the Fatherhood of God, or the brotherhood of man, or bestowing benedictions upon the peacemaker, or offering the bliss of heaven to humble virtue. There was little or nothing of a doctrine so humane

and divine then prevalent. The law of love had not yet been promulgated in all its breadth. What is now the law of love had not then been exemplified, incarnated, made visible in a life and death of perfect disinterestedness. To Christ's teaching the honor due to all men, to Christ revealing the impartial and paternal providence of God, to Christ treating with compassion the most sinful, to Christ seeking and saving the lost, to Christ promoting peace and good will, to Christ setting forth the infinite superiority of virtue over all earthly gains and outward greatness and titled rank and gilded honors, to Christ's coming not to be ministered unto but to minister, to Christ's giving his life for the salvation of the world and the establishment of the kingdom of God on earth, we must go back to find, if not the origin, at least the new and effective impulse given to that moral power which is to work out the regeneration of the race, which is to enlarge the dominion of justice, freedom, equality and virtue, which is to overcome evil institutions, evil customs, evil passions, and gain the victory over selfishness in all its forms and under all disguises. To Christ we must go back to find this. At this very moment whatever hope is entertained for the advancement and improvement of men, finds its support in the belief, that the truths and principles set forth by Christ, either with or without his name connected with them, are the truths and principles which must become vital and governing upon earth. Now of these truths and principles is not the cross the significant emblem, the emblem of faithfulness to duty, submission to God, disinterested love for man? And if that emblem has been falsely used for cruel and wicked purposes, if it has been worn by priestly tyrants, if it has been employed to serve the cause of superstition, if it has been carried in the processions that have led martyrs to the stake, if it has been borne on the standards of armies going forth to the foul work of conquest and murder, if hypocrisy and oppression and selfishness and lust for power have endeavored to hide their deformities behind its sacred form, is it not time gently and peacefully to rescue it, and place it before the world as what it is, the emblem of pure Christianity, the world's best friend and the world's surest hope?

We would justify the use of the cross as an emblem, again, because it points out the sources of comfort to the afflicted.

Take as bright and hopeful views as we may of life, explain as clearly and satisfactorily as we can all its darker and more trying passages, still it will not do to leave out or endeavor to make little account of that solemn *fact* of sorrow which lies like a broad shadow, sooner or later, at some point on every pathway. There is nothing to prevent the coming of death, and nothing to prevent the pain that must attend the separations death causes. The fear of the grave is and always must be a fear to be overcome. The gay and sinful, or believing and good, among the multitude that throng the streets, each and all of them are, in the very nature of things, to meet with the trials of parting, to be among those who mourn. The tomb has always been, to some extent must always continue to be, a sad and mysterious reality: and it is difficult to conceive that man will ever here reach an elevation of knowledge that shall deliver him from the need of trusting faith as a comforter. Not in vain therefore did Christ come as a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief: for it is in his sympathy with human griefs, we find one of his strongest claims to our confidence and love. Christ the Consoler, Christ the resurrection and the life, Christ drinking the bitter cup, Christ praying "Not my will, but Thine be done," this is the Christ who makes, in the season of sorrow, sweet appeals to the stricken in heart. Now, of this Christ the cross speaks to us at once. It brings up the lesson, and what is better still, the example of resignation. But it does more than this. It points directly to that *broken* sepulchre, which to the eye of faith is now an open portal to the spiritual world. So then the cross speaks ever to man of that greatest of truths, so full of motive to virtue and comfort under afflictions, his immortality. And should not the emblem which suggests this truth, be ever visible? Should it not at least have a prominent place in the temples of those who believe that "as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive"?

We have merely glanced at some of the reasons why, by all believers the cross should be retained and used as the common emblem of a common faith. Let us add that there is a use which every individual may and ought to make of the cross when it meets his eye or as he keeps its image enshrined in his bosom. Superstitiously, as if the material thing itself had miraculous power, have the living and dying gazed on the

cross. But what multitudes have thus done in ignorance, the most intelligent and rational may well do thoughtfully. Earnest meditation on the cross of Christ, allowing it to become in imagination written all over with the truths it suggests, allowing it to bring home its lessons of hope and love, to point out the path of duty,—such earnest meditation can do no harm, but may do good to those who believe that he who hung upon the cross, is the way, the truth and the life. No man need fear to be like the apostle to the gentiles, and humbly glory in “the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.”

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### LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

WASHINGTON, JANUARY, 1848.

ALMOST everybody knows something of this city of magnificent distances, at least of what is passing here in the winter season: and most persons are satisfied with the hasty first impression of a stranger's view of it, or else with the rapid generalization which knows only two things in it, politics and slavery. And yet there is no place, perhaps, where for justice' sake this first impression more needs to be corrected by a better acquaintance, and the kindlier feeling that grows up with it. To illustrate this, I copy two short descriptions of its outward appearance simply, written, one on a transient visit, the other after a somewhat better knowledge.

“A tolerable description of Washington is contained in the celebrated definition of *network*: ‘A thing reticulated or decussated at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections.’ This is especially true of the interstices which are nothing less than stupendous. The map of the city shows a series of ornamental open-work in imaginary lines. Such is theory. Practical experience discovers a few rows of very ordinary brick houses, immense wastes of avenues faintly marked with borders of young trees, hideous platforms of sand at the ‘intersections’ of the same, and here and there a few public buildings, some of them truly magnificent, at least to my unpractised eye. Especially in and about the capitol I was surprised at a neatness, beauty and completeness very different from what I expected, and in most favorable contrast



to the greater part of the city. A rapid glance at the public buildings gives one some tolerable conception of the ponderous machinery of government. It strikes an unsophisticated person with a sort of awe, to look at the huge mechanism, and these signs of almost unlimited power. And, except a certain shabbiness and want of finish here and there, these buildings, planted at random about the immense area of the city, have an aspect of stateliness and magnificence far beyond what, with our republican eyes, we are accustomed to see and look for. They seem strewn about here almost wantonly."

So much for first impressions. The other reads a little more cheerfully. "Washington I find, even on this short acquaintance and in the season of its dulness, a very pleasant abode. Let me enumerate some of its material advantages. Plenty of room, plenty of air and light, plenty of trees, (half-grown,) excellent water, a dry and clean soil, never very muddy and not yet seriously dusty,\* (except in the extremities of weather,) spacious sidewalks, tolerably smooth and substantial, reaching to an astonishing extent; pleasant prospects, on every side, of country or river; fine views, here and there, of the noble public buildings; a delightfully fresh and healthy atmosphere, with the few exceptions you already know, — the amplest, cleanest and quietest of cities. Even the unique and vexing intersection of streets and avenues, at angles amazingly acute, (so that one crossing on Pennsylvania Avenue is about a sixth of a mile,) is not without some advantages. There is room enough and to spare; and when the sharp points are suitably railed in, (as they are abundantly railed at already,) and decorated with trees, if there is ever wealth enough here to do it, they will be very decidedly ornamental." †

In a place of such miscellaneous population as this, and so wanting in substantial wealth, there is no little suffering among the poorer classes, as may be supposed, and at times considerable street beggary, which the laws are not effectual to prevent.

\* The celebrated Washington dust, opaque as Scotch mist, arose from the Macadamizing of the Avenue, which is now replaced by good hard pavement.

† Some French letter writer says the population of Washington is about six or eight thousand, and that it would require thirty to fill the space it occupies. The fact is, there are near thirty-five thousand, while the city is calculated half a million at least.

The colored people help one another, and I believe are never known as common beggars. The poor whites, (who seem to find it much harder than the blacks to find employment,) make large claims upon the humanity of those in better circumstances. And I do not believe there is a place anywhere, where their claims are more faithfully attended to, so far as individual benevolent action is concerned. Not only are several charitable associations kept on foot and supported by the labor of the ladies of the city, but a very thorough system of visiting is carried on, showing surprising assiduity and tact among the visitors. If a family or person applies to us for help, we are sure to find that they are already known to one or more of these ladies; and if one comes as a common beggar, we are sure to hear presently that he has already exhausted their sympathy by idleness and misconduct. Nothing less than such vigilance as this would subdue the tendency of such a place, where strangers so constantly throng, from hosts of mendicants. Persons have assured us, on their own authority, that the condition of every poor family in the whole extent of the city was properly understood, and, where the funds allow, properly attended to. One is perpetually hearing of a fair or tea-party (sometimes quite splendidly got up) for some benevolent purpose. The churches of the colored people are charitable institutions for mutual support, as well as religious assemblies; and fairs and parties on a humbler scale are set a-going perpetually among them, for some such object as to purchase one's liberty, or to give aid in some other way.

The condition of the free colored people, as might be supposed, is somewhat anomalous. This city has been often called the paradise of the free blacks; and the laws of the District, being comparatively merciful towards them, have enticed a great many of the class from neighboring States, to make their abode here. They are on the whole a handy, thrifty, intelligent race—at least the respectable and established among them—whatever the statistics of crime may show as to others. They are a very numerous class; with a good deal of mutual support and common understanding among them, and nearly monopolizing the ordinary manual and domestic labor. To check their increase, a law was passed about twenty years ago, and has been attempted several times to be

enforced, compelling them, unless natives or residents of twenty years, to find every year several white freeholders as bondsmen in the sum of one thousand dollars to secure the city against any charge from their pauperism or misconduct. This law, as may be supposed, creates a most uncomfortable and even distressing state of things among the colored population, and seems to be far from popular among the better class of whites. It has almost always lain a mere dead letter, only brought up now and then, so as to cause no little annoyance and alarm among the subjects of it. The haunting vigilance of the police, which always keeps an ominous eye upon this class, is another peculiar thing in this latitude, very strange and vexing to a Northern eye.

As for slavery, (which will be the first point of many persons' inquiry,) we hardly see more of it than you in New England — perhaps not so much. At least persons have lived here thirty or forty years without once seeing the marts or coffers of slaves,\* so visible to the keener vision of many eyes at the North. I do not mean that the existence or the heinousness of these things is denied. But they are out of sight, and without particular attention one would never know of them. And in appearance, there is far from being the marked distinction from a Northern state of society which might be supposed. The difference is to be seen mainly in the statute-book and in laws like the one I have spoken of, which few persons know or mind. It is only at very rare intervals that one comes to be aware of single cases of slave-ironing. These few cases certainly indicate a condition of things very different from yours; and it is not to be denied that the same difference is seen, in a measure, in the tone of ordinary conversation on the subject. Still, in a place where every section of country and every order of mind is represented, it would be impossible, with any justice, to characterize the community by any one epithet; a description of single incidents will serve to illustrate

\* A petition, with about a dozen names attached, has been lately sent to Congress from the city, praying for the abolition of this infamous traffic. Let it not be supposed that this is a measure of the feeling or interest on the subject existing here. Very few persons knew of that petition till it appeared in the papers; and I have been assured that it would have been easy to obtain several signatures to it, if properly attended to.

special points; and this is all that one can give. The following is an instance of what perhaps is not very unusual here.

A poor little pale-faced girl came one morning to the door, in great distress, begging to be employed as chambermaid, as cook, as anything that would give her shelter. So the lady of the house called her in, gave her a breakfast, and left her playing with the children, with whom she presently became quite attached and handy. To make the story short, it was found after some weeks that she was one of a family of eight, who with the mother had been seized for debt and put in a Virginia jail, all but this child, who had been with her aunt. The mother had been liberated years before, (as she supposed,) had come to this city, married and brought up these children by the work of her hands. But the master had previously given the title in her for some debt; and now she was seized with her family to be sold to the South West. The family being interested in the child, would have gone to considerable expense in testing the case in court; and several persons would have been ready to aid them. But the case was too clear, and mother and family must be sold. Then, to their infinite gratitude, the child was purchased, registered free at a certain age, her wages meanwhile going towards the partial payment of the sum; the same thing being done by others, for some of the other children. And the result was, that she grew up a free woman, and brought up a family of her own under the roof where she found her first hospitable shelter. They were sufficiently numerous to make a very creditable little primary school in the parlor.

Indeed, as for personal kindness and benevolence, extending even to considerable sacrifices in behalf of these people, the community here is far from being deficient. It is needless to say that such action only reaches special cases; but is not the whole bulk of American slavery made up of special cases? One does not feel any less the wrong or the harm of the institution, which makes it needed. "This national *injustice* is in part to be paid for by private *charity*; and poor Mr. A. with a clerk's salary is undergoing the effects of causes which the whole nation is setting to work." And when one takes into account the vexatious and oppressive laws, just spoken of, and others, unhappily too notorious to need mention, one

sees how the haunting presence of slavery, with its perpetual suspicions and active injustice, tends to affect the whole thought and feeling of a community where it exists. One knows not how to escape from the vicious circle. That once granted, these are its corollaries. And how create the sounder principle, or the moral courage and faith, that will lift men above the level of their specious and spell-bound reasonings?

An effort has been making of late to establish Primary Schools and introduce a more complete system of public education. I think the later statistics show, that of about seven thousand children in the city between the ages of four and sixteen, schools are provided for less than three thousand, leaving the remainder destitute of any means of education. The city appropriates about \$4,000 a year for public schools,\* and at least \$50,000, I am told, is expended for private instruction. So that there seem to be ample means, if properly distributed, to give the nucleus of an education to all; while at the same time one would not do anything to hurt the private schools or higher seminaries here, which maintain a very good character. But hitherto, the effort to make a more complete system of public instruction, has failed in every shape. The excuse is, that out of the revenue raised from taxes and licenses, (about a hundred thousand dollars,) fifty-six thousand are already appropriated as a sinking fund to pay off a heavy debt; and the rapid settlement of remote sections of the city makes the expense very great of laying out the broad streets and avenues. The city invested a million of dollars in the Cumberland Canal, which is not yet complete; and undertaking to build the City Hall by lottery, was cheated by the manager, who lost or carried off the proceeds, leaving the prizes to be paid by the discomfited corporation, and the Hall in its present unique and deplorable condition—a standing admonition against lottery-dealing. So the pressure of poverty keeps down the schools, and four thousand children get their education in the street;—our government, as it would seem, not having estimated the comparative cost of schools and jails, or reflected how far each may be a check upon the other.

J. H. A.

\* Roxbury, with less than half the population, spends about \$25,000.

## EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA. NO. IX.

FROM Munroe & Co., we have received the new volume of Mr. Martineau's remarkable Sermons, Dr. Ware's Progress of the Christian Character, and Rev. J. F. W. Ware's American Edition of Dr. Sadler's Silent Pastor. This latter volume is admirably adapted to the uses of the sick-room, and to the consolation of the bereaved. The principal article of the English edition of Dr. Sadler contains many striking suggestions on the subjects of death and the future life, and breathes a truly Christian spirit, while Mr. Ware's additions are made with excellent taste and judgment, both as regards their literary and poetical merit, and their spiritual influence.—Dr. Ware's 'Formation of the Christian Character,' with the high and uniform reputation it has attained in all denominations should of itself ensure a cordial reception to this fragmentary continuation of it. But the Sequel has abundant claims of its own to a wide circulation and a careful reading. It seems to us to be written with even more vivacity of style and illustration than the 'Formation.' Had the author lived to complete it, he would have given our religious community a rare and much needed work, and the publication of the unfinished MS. adds another to the numberless regrets that furnish a perpetual tribute to his memory. We are indebted to Rev. Mr. Robbins's careful hand for the editing.—No one, we suppose, reads Mr. Martineau's writings without feeling himself to be in the presence of a commanding genius. His discourses are perfectly inimitable, and it is well they are so, for any attempt to copy their style must be wretched and ridiculous. Composing always under an unflagging afflatus, in an intense and highly wrought frame, the author strides on with gigantic steps from his text to the conclusion,—often across rather than through his subject,—treading often on the very verge of taste and propriety, never letting our wonder drop, except by some more delicate touch of imagination, or some simple but tender appeal to our sensibility,—till all at once he leaves us at the end in a strange maze of admiration for the intellect of the man, and reverence for the loftiest spiritual realities with which he has lifted us into communion. We have no space for a critique or analysis. The preface contains the author's views of preaching, and a justification of his mode.

From Crosby & Nichols we have Rev. Mr. Sullivan's interesting volume on "Christian Communion," containing thirty-one Sermons by living ministers. Representing a distinct idea of the office of the Christian pulpit, and offering many suggestions to the preacher as well as a various presentation of the highest spiritual truths to all readers, this book deserves a far more extended notice than we are able to give it here. It is destined to a large sale in the parishes. The same publishers have "How to Spoil a Good Citizen, and other Stories," full of the purest Christian lessons, and narrated with spirit and tact by a capital and successful writer for children, one of our valued contributors,

To their authors we owe our thanks for a Sermon on "The Four Anniversaries," by Rev. Mr. Livermore, turning four neighboring occasions into skilful use as a theme for an impressive discourse; and for a manly, honest, plain-spoken and admirably written discourse on "The Public Man," preached in Washington,—just after the death of Hon. John Fairfield,—by Rev. Joseph Henry Allen, Minister of the Unitarian Church in that city.

## INTELLIGENCE.

INSTALLATION AT NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—Rev. John Weiss, recently of Watertown, was installed over the Unitarian Church in New Bedford, December 29, 1847. The services were the following:—Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Brown of New Bedford; Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Dawes of Fairhaven; Prayer of Installation, by Rev. Dr. Putnam of Roxbury; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Peabody of Boston; Address to the Society, by Rev. Mr. Morison of Milton.

**ORDINATION AT JAMAICA PLAIN, (ROXBURY,) MASS.**—Mr. Grindall Reynolds, recently of the Theological School in Cambridge, was ordained over the Unitarian Church in Jamaica Plain, January 12, 1848. The exercises were in the following order:—Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Stone of Sherburne; Selections from the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Morison of Milton; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Coolidge of Boston; Prayer of Ordination, by Rev. Dr. Gannett of Boston; Charge, by Rev. Mr. Robbins of Boston; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Alger of Roxbury; Address to the Society, by Rev. Mr. Hall of Dorchester; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Clapp of Spring Street, Roxbury.

#### FOREIGN.

THE principal topics of interest in the English papers for the last few weeks have been the Parliamentary proceedings with respect to the removal of Jewish Disabilities,—in the course of which Lord John Russell made an able and effective speech, quite worthy of the man and his position, on the liberal side of the question,—and the nomination of Rev. Dr. Hampden to the vacant bishopric of Hereford. In this latter case too Lord John Russell has shown a noble superiority to prejudice and ecclesiastical interference. The Queen has sanctioned the nomination. Twelve bishops of the Establishment hotly protested. The Premier very coolly told them it made no difference. One ground for the opposition of the High Church clergy to the measure may be found in the fact that Dr. Hampden, as Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford, assigned the following proposition as the subject of an exercise for a Tractarian student: "The Church of England does not teach, nor can it be proved from Scripture, that any change takes place in the elements at consecration in the Lord's Supper,"—which proposition the student refused to maintain,—afterwards going over to Rome. Other grounds may be discovered in the following extract from Dr. Hampden's writings:

"We may perceive a necessary distinction (which, however, has been plainly lost sight of in practice) between religion and theological opinion. Religion consists of those truths which are simply contained in Divine revelation, with the affections, dispositions and actions suggested by them. Theological opinion is the various result of the necessary action of our minds on the truths made known to us by the Divine Word. I say *necessary* action of our minds, because, as I observe, it seems practically impossible to check the tendency of the mind to speculate on such subjects, however theoretically unsound such speculations may be.—But the distinction has been lost sight of in practice. In religion, properly so called, few Christians, if any—I speak, of course, of pious minds—really differ. All acknowledge, with nearly unanimous consent, I believe, the great original facts of the Bible. They may not be conscious, perhaps, that they do so far agree, and the reason of this is clear,—viz., that they judge of their religion from their theological opinions, and reflect back on the one simple invariable truth of God the various lights of some speculative system of doctrines, the mere conclusions of their own reason. I would take the extreme case of the Unitarians; and I would say to them, 'Why do you take such pains to convince the world that you do not agree with the mass of professing Christians in believing the same sense, "One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all?" Is it not that you identify your religion with your dogmas, that you transfer the natural partiality of your own minds for certain principles to the broad outlines of Scripture truth, and depart from your brethren in the faith because they will not assent to your metaphysical conclusions?' For when I look at the reception by the Unitarians both of the Old and New Testament, I cannot, for my part, strongly as I dislike their theology, deny to those who acknowledge this basis of divine fact the name of Christians. Who, indeed, is justified in denying the title to any one who professes to love Christ in sincerity?"

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## NORTON ON THE GENUINENESS OF THE GOS- PELS.\*

It may be thought a rash undertaking for one unskilled in the logic of the schools, and making but humble pretensions to an acquaintance with theological speculations, to advance anything by way of criticism, concerning the work here designated; a work bearing the stamp of profound learning and mature thought, and, considering the source from which it proceeds, and the place it has found among those of a similar character, calculated to have no little influence in forming the opinions of some of our most prominent theologians, more especially of the younger portion of them, and of course affecting in some degree the character of our theology. It is an encouraging thought, however, that there is no monopoly of truth; that the earnest seeker, even though illiterate, is sometimes made the recipient of her revelations, as well as the gifted, the possessors of learning or genius. Of the main portion of this work, indeed, it is not our purpose to speak. Probably no praises of ours could add to its already extended reputation. Our business is with the Note on the Old Testament appended to the second volume; and even of this Note our limits will compel us to speak in general terms rather than enter into a thorough review of all its contents. In this volume, viz. the second, Mr. Norton, the author of the work

\*We feel deeply indebted to the author of this article for a view of the Pentateuch which, whether correct or otherwise, will probably commend itself to many of our readers rather than Mr. Norton's. We value it, out of respect for free discussion.



before us, treats largely of the opinions of the Gnostics, and among other things of the peculiar manner in which they regarded the books of the Old Testament. The conclusion to which he arrives is this, that "the fundamental difference between the Gnostics and the Catholic Christians, consisted in their different views of Judaism, and of the author of the Jewish dispensation." This suggests the inquiry, "In what manner should the Jewish dispensation and the Books of the Old Testament be regarded?"

To answer this question seems to have been the object of the Note to which we have already referred. The two points which Mr. Norton endeavors to establish are, First, that the Jewish religion was from God; that Moses was an inspired person and commissioned of God to communicate important religious truth to the Jews. Second, that Moses was not the author of the Pentateuch. Such at least appears to be his object. In regard to the first proposition, he says, "Such is the connexion between Christianity and the Jewish religion, that the divine origin of the former implies the divine origin of the latter. Christianity, if I may so speak, has made itself responsible for the fact that the Jewish religion, like itself, proceeded immediately from God."

Again, in Section II., "The belief that Moses was an inspired messenger of God, follows from our belief in the divine origin of Christianity. He was, we suppose, miraculously commissioned to give to the Jews a knowledge of God as the Maker and Governor of all things, and such other just conceptions of him as they were capable of receiving; and to teach them to regard themselves as having been separated from the rest of men, by having been called in a peculiar manner to worship and serve him."

Thus much for the first proposition. With reference to the second, he speaks at the close of Section II. as follows: "To maintain that Moses is a minister of God is one thing, and to maintain that he was the author of the Pentateuch is another. So far is the truth of either proposition from being involved in that of the other, that in order to render it evident that Moses was from God, it may be necessary to prove that the books which profess to contain a history of his ministry, were not written by him and do not contain an authentic account of it.

Whether this be so or not, may appear in some degree from what follows, in which I shall examine the probability of the supposition that these books were written by Moses."

In the first of these propositions we readily concur, with some qualification; for though we all may admit that revelations were made to the Patriarchs, it seems quite probable that whatever knowledge had been derived from those sources, was, at the time when Moses received his commission, either lost, or had degenerated into superstition, so that another revelation had become necessary.

To the truth of the second proposition, viz., That Moses was not the author of the Pentateuch, and that it does not contain an authentic account of his ministry, we are by no means ready to subscribe. It may indeed be true that he was not its author in precisely the form in which it has come down to us; whether he were so or not is a question which requires for its full elucidation more leisure, learning and research than we make any pretence to; but we can see no good reason, notwithstanding, why its accounts are not to be relied upon. If Mr. Norton, in the course of his investigation, had not called in question the truth of these narratives, we should have had nothing to say; but having always believed them to be substantially true, and not as we suppose without some good reasons, it is difficult to see doubt and uncertainty thrown around portions of them, their credibility denied even, without offering something in their defence. But this was his very object; he must prove that Moses was not the author of the Pentateuch, and that it does not contain an authentic account of his ministry, because no divinely inspired person could relate such incredible accounts, or give such representations of the Divine character. As our chief objections are to the method in which he attempts to prove his second proposition, we must enter somewhat into detail.

Let it be remembered however that what we claim for the Pentateuch, is not that it is all the work of Moses as it now stands, but that it is, for anything that can be shown to the contrary, a true history. This, as we conceive, it claims to be; and if the claim is false, how can the record deserve our confidence or respect? The difference between Mr. Norton and ourselves amounts to this: he supposes that the Penta-

teuch contains much that is not true, partaking probably of the nature of fable or superstition or mistake, or all of these combined, and also many unworthy representations of the Divine character. On the contrary, we suppose that the history is true, and that the representations spoken of are capable of satisfactory explanations, whether *we* may be able to explain them or not.

One great obstacle presents itself at the outset, namely, the difficulty of finding common ground on which to discuss the question. From the very nature of the case our materials for external proof on any point are scanty, and if they should be brought forward they would be passed over, perhaps, with the sweeping remark that the writer knew not what he was saying, or that the book contains incredible stories and is not worthy of confidence. For instance, there is mention made, in the book of Joshua, of the Book of the Law of Moses. But we are told that this should have no weight with us; that the book of Joshua is liable to so many objections similar to those that lie against the Pentateuch that its authority must stand or fall with that. In some such manner is almost everything explained away which interferes at all with Mr. Norton's theory. We shall be pardoned, therefore, if through inadvertence we make use of arguments which are not thought available by persons of this way of thinking. But to return.

In Section III. Mr. Norton treats of the Historical evidence respecting the authority of the Pentateuch. Of this he finds none tending to show that Moses was the author, previous to the captivity, nor indeed until some time afterwards, though there is mention made of the Law of Moses in the book of Joshua. It is not surprising that he is unwilling to receive the testimony of this book. The allusions in it to the laws and commandments of Moses, to the ark, the tabernacle, the priests, and to the Levitical Law in general, are so frequent that it seems impossible for any one to avoid adopting one of two conclusions; either that the whole book is sheer fabrication, or that these references mean something. The former conclusion few, it is to be hoped, are prepared to adopt or defend; and if so, it must be acknowledged that the latter is the true hypothesis; that, even if it contains much that is fabulous, such a train of references must have some truth for

their foundation ; in short, that Moses must have written somewhat, — a code of laws or something of the kind, called the Law of Moses. But observe the way in which this book is disposed of. Mr. Norton says that these references, “when taken together, are of such a character as rather to throw discredit on the work in which they are found than to serve to confirm the credit of any other.” In illustration of this remark, he notices the account in the eighth chapter, in which it is said that Joshua erected an altar in Mount Ebal according to the directions in the Book of the Law of Moses.

But we must quote his own words. “The directions referred to are in the 27th chap. of Deut. The narrative immediately goes on to say (verses 32, 34, 35) that Joshua wrote on the stones of the altar, in the presence of the children of Israel, a copy of the law of Moses, and afterwards read all the words of the law, the blessings and the cursings, according to all that is written in the Book of the law. There was not a word of all that Moses commanded which Joshua read not before the congregation of Israel. Here, as it is incredible that Joshua should have engraved or written the whole Pentateuch on the altar, it has been imagined by some that only the Book of Deut. was intended, but this is also incredible. Others therefore have supposed that the Law of Moses here means only the blessings and cursings recorded in the 27th and 28th chapters of Deut. But this is inconsistent with the use of the term, not merely elsewhere, but as we have seen in this account itself. These blessings and cursings are nowhere else called the Law of Moses, nor could they be so with propriety. They were the sanctions of the law, and not the law itself.”

Now even admitting that the blessings and cursings here mentioned are not all which it was intended should be written on the altar, (which however is far from being proved,) as it seems to us there is nothing incredible in the narrative. If we turn to the 12th chapter of Deuteronomy, we find it begins thus: “These are the statutes and judgments which ye shall observe and do in the land which the Lord God of thy fathers giveth thee to possess all the days that ye live upon the earth.” These statutes occupy fourteen chapters, and the 27th chapter contains the directions for having them written on the altar spoken of above. Can it be reasonably supposed that it was

intended that anything more than the contents of *these chapters* should be written on the altar? We think not. Considering then the small space these laws occupy in our common Bibles, and the ample dimensions of some of the ancient altars, how is it *incredible* that they should be so written as the narrative states? This seems to be the only objection brought forward by Mr. Norton against the Book of Joshua. Whether he has many others equally valid, or whether this is considered decisive of its claims to credibility, we are not informed. We pass on however to farther notices.

With the Book of Samuel, we are told, the history assumes a much more authentic character than it had before borne. Whether it is because it contains less that is contrary to a favorite theory we are not at liberty to judge. Be the cause, however, what it may, the fact is admitted that it contains no reference to a Book of the Law ascribed to Moses. There are in it, however, detached passages of some importance, to which we shall have occasion to advert hereafter.

With regard to the remark that the Prophets contain no references to such a Book, it may be observed that it was not so much the work of the Prophets to enforce the literal observance of the Jewish ritual, as to rebuke and counteract the spirit of formalism which was so prevalent, and to lead the minds of men to more spiritual conceptions. It is evident enough from the whole strain of their teaching, (that of some of them at least,) that the ritual was well understood and in some measure observed. Men had become so attached to this, so occupied with forms and ceremonies, and so accustomed to regard them as all-important, that they were in danger of forgetting their obligations to practise those nobler but severer virtues for the sake of which all forms are instituted. The very fact that the Jewish nation were addressed by the Prophets as well instructed in their duty, shows plainly enough that the people had other means of instruction than tradition; that they must have had written documents of some kind containing important religious truth divinely communicated. Mr. Norton admits that the book found in the temple in the reign of Josiah might have been the book of Deuteronomy; if so it contained the record of a revelation: and yet none of the Prophets who wrote after that time mention such a book.

Of course the silence does not prove that such a book was not extant.

Take another view of the case. In the eighth chapter of the first Book of Kings, there is a description of the manner in which the ark was placed in the temple. It closes as follows: "And they drew out the staves, that the ends of the staves were seen out in the holy place before the oracle, and they were not seen without, and there they are unto this day." We take this as conclusive evidence that the history was brought down to this period at least; that is, to the building of this temple, previous to the captivity. If the words quoted were written after that time, the last clause could not have been true, as it is well known that at the time of the captivity the temple was destroyed. No one having the least claim to credit would make such a statement if it were false. Such an open violation of the truth would be enough to destroy all confidence in any one who should be guilty of it. Indeed, it is in the highest degree improbable. The narrative bears all the marks of simplicity and truth, and any argument to prove it so, seems superfluous. But it is related in the second chapter of this same Book of Kings, of course at an earlier period of the history, that Solomon received a charge from David "to walk in the ways of the Lord, to keep his statutes, and commandments, and judgments, and his testimonies as it is written in the Law of Moses." Here it seems that the Jews possessed a "Book of the Law of Moses" before David's time, and containing statutes, commandments, judgments, and testimonies. Indeed it would be the greatest absurdity to suppose that such a Book should be in existence, without its containing the revelation made through Moses, whatever else might be in it. If the foregoing statements are correct, it is plain that during the period of the Kings, the Jews possessed a Book of the Law containing a revelation made by Moses. The prophets appeared, some of them, during this very period, and some of them during, or after, the captivity. Certainly they must have known of the Book alluded to; but, whether they knew of it or not, the fact that they make no mention of it is no proof that it was not extant; since by evidence independent of them we are assured of its existence. Besides, if it is argued that the silence of the prophets touching a book of the Law of Moses

is evidence that there was no such book, with equal propriety might it be said that their silence respecting a *revelation* by Moses, is evidence that there was no such revelation. The argument therefore destroys itself. If it proves anything, it proves too much.

Mr. Norton appears to be quite skeptical with regard to the account of the Book found in the temple by Hilkiah the priest. From his manner of speaking of it, it is difficult to discover what part of the account he believes, or whether he believes any of it. We conceive, however, that what he finds most difficult of credence, is the statement that a book written by Moses should have been so neglected that but for the providential discovery of a copy in the temple it would have been lost. The account, it is granted, at first view seems somewhat strange; still, may it not be capable of satisfactory explanation? It should be remembered that for a long time before the reign of Josiah, the Jewish kings had been great idolaters. Religion had become greatly corrupted, and probably many copies of the Law were destroyed, so that there were but few remaining; the account does not say that there was but one. Perhaps the better sort of the priests had preserved one or more of them in the temple, secretly, for fear of their utter destruction. It is related of Josiah, in Chronicles, that in the eighth year of his reign he began to seek after the God of his fathers, and in the twelfth year he began to purge Judah and Jerusalem of the high places, and in the eighteenth to repair the temple. Now, why is it not reasonable to suppose that some one, having secreted a copy of the Law, was unwilling to reveal its existence until he was sure the king would receive it gladly? Satisfied, when he had begun to repair the temple, of the sincerity of his intentions, the book was produced. Or, may we not suppose, as has been suggested by another, that a copy of the Law was secreted by some one who died without revealing the place of its concealment, and that its discovery was accidental or providential, as we may choose to regard it? By adopting either supposition, the account is natural and intelligible.

But, supposing the Law of Moses had fallen into such disrepute that there was but a single copy remaining in the temple, and perhaps here and there one among the people; would

even this be more strange, than that the record of the life of one greater than Moses, and containing within its leaves the charter of sublimer hopes than ever filled the thought of the most aspiring Jew, sealed too and sanctioned by the blood of apostles and martyrs; is it more strange, than that such a record should be almost unnoticed, shut up within the walls of monasteries, covered with the dust of ages, and that the only hope of its ever being brought out into the world again, should rest upon its chance discovery (if we may so call it) by a restless monk weary of his confinement, and searching for new objects of interest among the relics of antiquity? Or can we suppose the wonder and consternation of the Jewish king to have been greater, on hearing the words of that dread law, than the joyful surprise of the great Reformer, when he first caught up the words uttered by Jesus, and slaked his burning thirst at that fountain of spiritual truth? Let any candid mind draw a parallel between these two cases, and we have no fears for the result. If one is true, the other certainly may be so.

The latter part of the section on which we have been remarking, is taken up with an attempt to make it appear that no argument can be drawn in favor of the Levitical Law having been derived from Moses, from the fact that it was regularly observed by the Jewish nation from his time. Mr. Norton contends that it was not observed: and of course no such argument can be brought to bear upon the question.

Now, admitting that it was not strictly observed in all its parts, still the numerous allusions to it in the books which follow the Pentateuch are enough, it would seem, to make it extremely probable, to say the least, that it came from Moses. These allusions, many of them indirect it is true, are so frequent, that we should perhaps weary the patience of a reader in pointing them out. We shall only mention a few that happen to occur to us. In the book of Judges, where the story of Micah is related, he is represented as congratulating himself on having a Levite for his priest. Whatever may be thought of the story itself, the casual way in which this circumstance is mentioned, shows that the Levites were, at an early period, set apart for the priesthood and the services appertaining to it. If such was the case, it would be natural to suppose that some



provision should have been made for their maintenance. This appears, not only from the Law itself, but from a passage in Samuel, where the priests are represented as being very corrupt and departing widely from the regulations provided for their support. In the same book the mother of Samuel is said to have gone up to the yearly sacrifice, doubtless the Passover; showing that this was celebrated at that time. And in Kings we are told that "Solomon offered burnt offerings and peace offerings three times a year upon the altar which he built unto the Lord," referring evidently, as it seems, to the three principal feasts of the Jews. Here are references to priests, sacrifices, and feasts, the basis of the ceremonial law; and many other passages might be adduced, relating to its various parts, extending also so far back into the earlier periods of the Jewish history that we almost of necessity refer it to Moses. And it should be remembered that this evidence is of a peculiar kind. It is incidental, casual, not given to make out a case, and therefore all the more valuable. Take the instance, last mentioned, of the sacrifices; if the writer had been anxious to make his account conform to the requirements in the Pentateuch, he would have been much more particular. As it is, the evidence is distinct but impartial. It is of the same kind indeed with that so much used by Paley in his celebrated *Horæ Paulinæ*. But we are not attempting to prove that the Levitical Law was *strictly* kept from the time of Moses. So far from it, there is good reason to suppose that the people would be a long time in observing to perfection even its ceremonial, much more its more spiritual, portions. If Moses was the distinguished prophet we suppose him to have been, he could not have confined himself to the then present religious wants of his people. He was to provide for them a religious system, suited in some respects to his time, in others looking forward for ages to come. Compare the religion of Moses with that of Christ in this respect, and see if the argument holds. Would it be called sound reasoning to say, that because the Christian religion was not practised in its purity in the dark ages, therefore it was not from Christ? The religion of Moses might be called a religion of forms, since the great spiritual truths which it contained, were to be impressed upon human hearts principally through that medium. Those truths, once heartily re-

ceived, the form became useless, and a new dispensation was needed to lead men into wider fields of moral and religious truth, and to a more glorious religious liberty. That dispensation came ; and even now its requirements are but imperfectly understood, and still more imperfectly practised.

But as this is a matter of some importance we shall be pardoned for dwelling upon it a little longer ; because, if it can be made to appear that Moses was the author of the Levitical Law, or "the origin of its communication," the truth of this part of the history at least is established, even if the objections that are urged against it remain unanswered. We wish to present some considerations which seem to make it probable that "the Law came by Moses ;" referring on this branch of our subject more particularly to the ritual. But we have reached our limits, and must defer the prosecution of the subject to another number.

E. N. N.

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### VISIT TO A CAMP MEETING.

IN the summer of 183—, while visiting some friends in the pretty town of B—, it was rumored that a camp meeting was being held on the opposite side of the Lake, at a little distance from Port—. Having heard much and read much about these singular convocations, I was seized with a desire to witness it, and gladly joined a party who proposed going to gratify their curiosity on this occasion. We accordingly took our places on the deck of a little steamer which plied regularly across the Lake twice every day, and on particular occasions, like the present, redoubled its trips for the public accommodation. Its speed, however, was not so accommodating, and we certainly had no reason to apprehend an explosion from high pressure ; for the crowded boat moved through the water like a huge mud-turtle, and we were at least two hours in making a distance of ten miles.

When we landed at Port—, the usually quiet village was in a state of unwonted excitement. It was thronged with visitors of every description and from every section of the country, all crowding to the camp meeting, which was located about a mile distant. Such a motley set of people as were assembled

at this place my eyes never before rested upon. Men, women and children, extreme old age and helpless infancy, with every intermediate stage of existence, — eating, drinking and smoking, crying, laughing and talking, — Babel itself must have been a most harmonious concert, compared with this seeming outpost to the encampment.

We did not require a guide, for the way was marked out by troops of people hastening to the scene of attraction, some on foot, some on horseback, and whole families piled into carts, wagons, and nameless vehicles, of such odd and clumsy forms as the convenience or ingenuity of our forefathers might have devised. We walked about half a mile, through a pretty thick wood, pleasant and shady over head, but the deep sandy soil was completely ploughed up by the unwonted travelling, and the fine dust, kept constantly in motion, so blinded our eyes, that we were continually stumbling over the stumps of trees, which seemed left to garnish this primitive highway.

At last we reached the farthest verge of the woods, and a general halt intimated that we were near the scene of expectation. The vehicles were driven into convenient resting places, and men, women and children alighted; the bits were slipped from the horses' mouths, and the animals left to enjoy their provender, appended to the luggage, or to graze at leisure, on the tempting herbage. Every voice was dropped to a mysterious whisper, as we emerged from the shadow of the wood; and a new scene burst upon our view, of the most wild and fanciful description.

Before us lay an elevated plain, thickly shaded by a grove of native poplars, whose tapering trunks, rising to a noble height, stood, like graceful colonnades, the frame-work for this singular temple of fanatic worship. The light and quivering foliage of these beautiful trees was interwoven overhead, forming a natural canopy or roof of leafy fretwork, through which the brilliant sunbeams, only partially admitted, "stole softly in," and (to reverse the poet's words) "taught the *day* to counterfeit the *night*." A circuit of nearly half a mile in circumference was enclosed by a slight railing, and within it benches were placed, in rows, to accommodate the principal actors of the scene. They were filled with persons of every age, but chiefly of the lower orders; and the men and women

were seated on opposite sides, and kept rigidly apart. Without this prescribed circle, stretching to a great distance, and still within the precincts of that magnificent wood, innumerable tents were pitched, dotting the green sward with their snowy canvass, and resembling, indeed, a prodigious encampment, something like what the imagination may picture of an Eastern caravan. So far as the eye could reach, crowds were still approaching towards this grand focus from every possible avenue and through paths which seemed impassable, and breaking on the view like the famed bands of Robin Hood, which started from the green shelter of their sylvan haunts at the magic blast of their renowned leader's bugle.

In front of the area a platform was erected about twenty feet from the ground, covered with boards to exclude the sun, and also screened by the branches of two large trees, whose trunks formed its support. In this capacious pulpit, fifteen or twenty preachers were collected, who alternately harangued the assembly with wonderful strength of lungs and untiring perseverance, during the week in which the singular convocation was held. The Stentorian voice of one of these preachers sounded in our ears long before we reached the place from whence it proceeded; it was wafted on the clear air, above the heads of that vast and incongruous multitude, and they seemed moved as with one impulse of devout enthusiasm. His voice was uncommonly clear and flexible, and, it seemed to us, modulated with extreme art,—now raised to the highest pitch, then softened to a whisper; and through every cadence he was answered by his hearers with groans of despair or exclamations of rapture. But his language was coarse and verbose in the extreme, and the ill-strung or disconnected sentences, loaded with the most awful denunciations of Scripture, were strangely interlarded with familiar remarks and ridiculous anecdotes. In short it was complete ranting, alike revolting to good taste and genuine piety, but the effect on that infatuated audience was truly wonderful; and groans, sobs and exclamations were wrung from every soul in the assembly.

One must witness such a scene to realize that the human mind can be so wrought upon by external impressions,—so prostrated by fanatical and mental terror. I know not whether we felt most of pity, or disgust, as we looked on and listened;

the distorted countenances, the frightful groans, the agonized convulsions, — was this the voluntary worship of rational and intelligent beings, — the grateful homage of children, to the beneficent Parent of all?

Several persons were carried from the field in strong hysteric convulsions; others, entirely exhausted by excitement, fell down, as dead: one young woman near us, in strong paroxysms required three to support her; her eyes were rolled up frightfully, her hands firmly clenched, and at one moment she would utter the most piercing screams of distress, — the next, triumphantly exclaim, "Glory, glory," with other ejaculations which we could not comprehend. Nor was this exaggerated feeling, confined to the weaker sex. A stout young man stood near us, who seemed striving with all his might to work up his feelings to an acceptable pitch of extravagance. His gestures and attitudes, his puffings and contortions, were too exquisitely ludicrous to be viewed unmoved; but apparently his sensibilities were of the obtuse order, and not easily swayed by the preacher's rhetoric, and the discourse drew to a conclusion, before his sensations reached the altitude of fanaticism.

We kept close to the railing which separated the "elect" from the "world's people," that we might have a good view of what was passing; and a young lady of our party, who had naturally a nervous temperament, and was now much fatigued, became so restless and uneasy that she attracted much attention from those within the enclosure. The "sisters" looked at her and at each other significantly; and probably believing that her heart was touched by the preacher's words, at last invited her to take a seat with them, and she gladly accepted the offer. From that moment we were amused to see her constantly watched by one of the ministers, a handsome young man, to do him justice, though his roguish black eyes contradicted the sanctity of his lengthened visage: and he probably counted her as an incipient convert, who might soon require the aid of his experienced counsel.

After the first discourse was ended, and the concluding prayer, which might literally be styled "a wrestling with the Lord," so peculiarly colloquial and interrogatory was its phraseology, the whole assembly burst forth into a psalm of praise, which startled the echoes of the ancient woods, and

rang triumphantly among the lofty pillars of that wide-spread temple of devotion. It was one of those fervent old psalms peculiar to the sect, a wild, irregular metre, with corresponding music, according well with the occasion and the place, while the uncommon sweetness of the female voices, and the richness of the deeper tones, amply compensated for any deficiency of scientific skill. The effect of such music, in such a place, was indeed wonderful, and it must have thrilled every heart, even when no other chord of sympathy was touched. It strongly reminded us of the ancient assemblies of the Covenanters, who, so often, when congregated in the deep forest glens of their native land to enjoy their interdicted worship, broke forth in songs of triumph, almost beneath the blades of their relentless persecutors.

We left that singular field of fanaticism more deeply impressed with the beauty of our own simple and enlightened faith, and with the value of our higher Christian privileges. But we also believed that the voice of God, which to us was inaudible in the "whirlwind" of passion and excitement, had still been discerned by those who in the sincerity of their hearts worshipped as circumstances, or education, or the wants of their own minds led them to believe was right. And while we felt, with increased gratitude, that to us the "still, small voice" of reason and conscience revealed a better way, we were not disposed to cavil at the doctrines or the practice of others, but rather to commend the zeal of their devotion and to imitate, as far as possible, their indomitable perseverance and generous self-sacrifice, which has so long identified them with the untiring missionaries of humanity.

Having still some leisure at our disposal before the evening boat left for B., we returned to the inn and partook of some refreshments; when we mounted a tall covered wagon, dignified with the name of carriage, which was to convey us three miles, to visit the curious and extensive iron-works lately established at K. It was fortunate that we were closely packed into this antediluvian machine, otherwise we might have received severe contusions, as we were whirled over a road which was literally a continuation of stumps, relieved occasionally by a dreary sand-plain, where the wheels constantly reeled from side to side, like the rockers of an old-fashioned cradle.

But as we had passed the blissful days of infant ignorance, and could discern good from evil, this sort of lullaby was not at all composing to our nerves.

Our route also lay through an immense burning wood, and the appearance it presented was truly sublime. Many of the tallest trees were enveloped in flames, which ran up their trunks with the rapidity of lightning, while the low underbrush was a sheet of fire, and dense columns of smoke rolled off, in vast waves, lurid with the bright illumination. For about half a mile, the sun was entirely obscured; we experienced a suffocating sensation, and at times the heat was perfectly oppressive. But these inconveniences were fully compensated by the pleasure of witnessing such a novel exhibition.

The neighboring camp meeting had drawn away most of the operatives employed in the iron works at K., but the overseer obligingly had the machinery put in motion, to gratify our curiosity; and Dr. ——'s intelligent and intelligible explanations enabled us to comprehend more clearly than my simple brains, at least, ever did before, such complex affairs. Though not very partial to steam-engines and factories, which, to say the least, always destroy the picturesque effect of a fine landscape, I could not but look with amazement, quite amounting to admiration, on those enormous forges. I almost fancied myself transported to the cave of Cyclops, and I am sure poor Vulcan would have been saved a world of trouble had he possessed a moiety of modern invention, and instead of hammering out Jupiter's thunderbolts in the old-fashioned way, had employed his wits in constructing a wheel, which could have moved the whole machinery without an effort.

After leaving this place, on our return we rode round by the camp ground, to take another look at what was passing on there. We arrived during an interval of preaching; the seats were all deserted, and those lately so engrossed by spiritual things, were now busily engaged in satisfying the wants of the body. Each family was collected within its own tent, or gathered under the shade of a friendly tree, or seated in covered or open wagons, indulging heartily in the good things of this life. Fires were kindled all about, to boil the tea-kettles, and tables spread, here and there, for the evening repast, covered with an endless variety of very substantial eatables.

The scene, though widely different from that which the morning presented, was equally picturesque, and, on the whole, our last impression of the camp meeting was not the least agreeable. We continued to gaze at it as we retired, till the scattered groups and the blazing fires were lost in the distance; our rumbling old carriage carried us again safely over the stumps, and at last deposited us on the shore of the beautiful lake, which lay calmly reposing in the soft twilight; and at the wharf waited the little ferry-boat, puffing off its steam, and ready to receive us.

H. V. C.

## FENELON.

SWEET Fenelon! to whose pure eye were given  
 "The brightest glimpses of futurity  
 To saints accorded in their mortal hour," —  
 So may I walk with thee, and feel the power  
 Of thy devotion, that my soul shall rise  
 Even to be one with thine, — one with the true  
 Of all past time, — and one with him, whose life  
 Shines a bright picture on the world's dark page,  
 That makes our highest deeds show poor and mean: —  
 Till, in the life of lofty souls enshrined,  
 My soul shall catch a kindred glow, and soar  
 Even to the presence of the Infinite!  
 And through life's path of strange vicissitude,  
 Possess itself in trust and sweet content,  
 Calmly reposing in a Father's arms.

H. W.

## TRIAL.

THE leaf when crushed breathes fragrance on the air;  
 'Tis from the bended bow the arrow flies;  
 Without the storm, the clouds no rainbow wear;  
 And beauteous stars gleam forth, amid night's shadowy skies; —  
 From stricken hearts, prayer's fragrant breath ascends;  
 The burdened soul speeds heavenward its flight;  
 With sorrow's tears, hope's rainbow beauty blends;  
 And faith's immortal star shines brightest in death's night.

H. W.



## A YEAR.

On the morning of the first day in the year, every man, pausing for a moment on one of those little eminences which rise at equal intervals along the plain of time, beholds, floating slowly towards him on the buoyant air, a vast and many-colored palace. Over the entrance is written, in letters of light, "This is thine." Reading the inscription, he enters, the door closes behind him, and no mortal power can release him from his kingly residence for one instant until the year is at an end.

Within this palace, plane stretches above plane till twelve floors are passed ; and the whole is domed over with a concave of ethereal blue spanned from side to side by a glorious rainbow athwart whose arch of gorgeous colors shimmer and flit the witcheries of beauty. In each of its twelve stories there are thirty royal rooms. Every story is strikingly distinguished from every other one by innumerable differences. And every room, too, is wonderfully various, unlike, and distinct from every other, in appearance, in ornaments and in contents. From floor to floor, from chamber to chamber, there is no repetition, scarcely similarity. The choicest and most costly possessions are crowded together, and yet no one can weary because everything is forever new.

In every room of this splendid palace, fit for the residence of the noblest king, fit for the dwelling of a God, for in every respect it perfectly adapts and conforms itself and its contents to the character of its inhabitant, be he seraph or brute — in each one of these rooms every man is obliged to pass twenty-four hours of his life. Every chamber is filled with a marvelous variety of the most beautiful and useful objects. There is to be found everything which can in any way minister to the enjoyment or to the nobility of the immortal being who inhabits it for a day during his journey from the Seen to the Unseen. Its walls are hung all around with pictures drawn with exquisite art and tinted with inimitable hues. On every side streams of inimitable music flow from invisible instruments. There are thrown together, in lavish profusion, the most brilliant and indestructible pleasures of every kind. There are all the teachers that Nature and Providence and Experience

can afford, constantly, and in the most striking and various ways, inculcating ever new and still profounder lessons of wisdom, virtue and love.

Now it is in the power of him who occupies this mysterious palace, during the twenty-four hours which he is compelled to spend in each room, to learn, and to fix in his own experience, every lesson it can teach. He can also appropriate to himself every beautiful and valuable thing it contains, and so make them his own that they can never be taken from him again. Or, on the other hand, he can shut his eyes and ears to the glories and beauties that surround him, sink himself in selfishness and sloth, refuse to heed the significance constantly going on before him, murder by waste the heavy-laden hours as they fly, and, when Time forcibly carries him from chamber to chamber, leave behind him, useless and untouched, the rare costliness of privilege and the precious gems of opportunity they afforded him for acquiring exhaustless wealth and eternal joy. When the former has gone the round of the mansion, he is loaded with the inestimable fruits it has yielded him to bloom forever through heaven's happy life. When the latter finishes his sojourn, he is as poor and miserable as when he entered, only more deeply stained with guilt and more inextricably entangled with folly and ignorance; and he has acted like a beggar perishing from want, who should stumble upon a mass of native gold, refuse to touch it, and stagger on and starve.

At eve on the last day of the year every man steps out of his palace upon the eminence next farther on from the one on which he stood before. If he has been faithful and has made himself master of all its contents, as he sees his sometime dwelling floating from him, he is satisfied with the present, hopeful for the future, and only feels in remembering the days that are gone, a kind of mild and pleasant sadness that he shall not see again the beautiful abode in which he has been so happy, and from which he has derived so much. And then it fades slowly away, and finally disappears in music along the dim distance of the past. But if he has been neglectful of its instruction and its warning, if he has failed to hoard up its treasures in his soul, he leaves it with bitter remorse and with stinging shame that all those prizes, of such inexpressible worth,

are now irrevocably snatched from his fool's grasp. And then, from the palace doors and windows voices of infernal malice ring jeeringly and thick hands of mockery beckon; and once the setting sun streams its golden glories upon it and it goes down in darkness forever. It has gone. He cannot go into it again, save in thought pinioned between freezing memory and burning remorse. He cannot recall, or live over again, one of the misspent hours he madly flung away within it.

That palace is a year of human life. Its twelve stories are months. Every room is a day. No two of these are alike, but each one is full of infinite beauty, inexhaustible meaning and endless use. Once in a twelve-month these time-palaces come and go. Every one *has* his palace in which to dwell. Each is ever fitted to the capabilities of its occupant so that no two are just alike, either to the same persons or to different ones. It depends upon us whether each successive one shall surpass its predecessor in the outward beauty it shows and in the inward profit it yields, or not.

This is no exaggeration of the grandeur and the momentous contingency of our life. It is but a faint picture, a poor, unworthy picture of the reality. Would that it might arouse us from our selfishness, from our moral slumber, to the great spiritual realities which demand our loyalty and obedience, teaching us that to lose a day is to be "like the base Indian who flung away a pearl richer than all his tribe." Would that a revelation might be made to our souls of the sublime laws which contain us and all things and are bearing us on to our destiny, that we might feel the actual presence of the living God in our midst and tremble before the mighty consequences which hang on our fidelity to the duties of the passing hour. The overwhelming magnificence of God's truth, the beauty and august glory of the soul's possibilities, are such as no eye hath seen nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, for the most winged imagination cannot grapple with them without falling back from the attempt with a painful sense of inadequacy. Let us feel this and heed it well, that life may become what it ought to be, an industrious pursuit of the highest ends. It will not make us sad to think that our past days are gone, if we fathom their meaning and drain them of their treasures as they pass. If we would

rise to our proper dignity and be satisfied, we must be the intelligent overseers of our own lives, comprehending and mastering whatever affects us. Thus filling each present hour with the nobility of conscious and eternal experience, our life will be noble enough and long enough. For it is the triviality and nothingness of our moments that make the shortness and poverty of our years. Only crowd the fleeting minutes with spiritual wealth and the slow years will be rich beyond compare. Resolve we to strive with unwearying patience for true and endless aims, and God will surely smile on us and help us. Each day will prepare us for the next. And when our sand is running low, the thousand meshes which old custom weaves to bind us earthward shall be gradually sundered. No images of sin and remorse shall look sadly on us through the mist of guilty years. But sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust we shall approach our graves,

"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

W. R. A.

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## THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

BY MRS. S. B. DANA.

At a certain southern village there lived a venerable clergyman. I call him venerable, not so much because his life had extended to any particular number of years, as because that life had been spent so well. He had been emphatically a man of faith, a man of prayer, a man of *work*. They called him, when they spoke of him, "That man of God." With all his faith, and prayer, and work, he was buoyant and joyous, and simple as a little child. I do believe the Master would have said of him, as he did of the children who were brought to him for his blessing, "Of *such* is the kingdom of heaven." Men did say of him continually, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile."

"That life is long which answers life's great end,"

and therefore, though he of whom I write had not lived out his threescore years and ten, though the frosts of time had

scarcely begun to whiten his noble head, though his eye was as bright and his step as firm as ever, and he still preserved his uncommon physical and mental elasticity, I am right to call him venerable. Still, he was nearly sixty-seven years of age, and at this age some men are very old. But, though our clergyman possessed naturally a feeble constitution, and had broken down several years before in the service of one of the largest churches in a southern metropolis, he seemed very young for one of his years, and we could never think of him as old. It was the active, living, thankful *spirit within*, which gave him that immortal youthfulness: and, ere he lost it, ere physical old age had triumphed over him, he was translated to that healthful atmosphere where no decay can ever enter.

He was at the head of a small, though happy family. Seven, out of his nine children, had gone to Heaven before him. Of these, some died in infancy, and some after having reached maturity. And now, with his valued wife, and widowed daughter, — the other daughter being married, and elsewhere settled — he had retired to the peaceful village in which he died, to spend the remnant of his days. Here they had been living about two years. It seemed to all observers that the good man bid fair still to live a long and useful life, and he had already succeeded in gaining the hearts of all — old and young, rich and poor, bond and free. Though not settled as a pastor, he preached almost every Sabbath, and men hung upon his lips with an interest quite unusual.

Summer had come, and the daughter's health grew feeble. Her doting parents watched her with anxiety; there were but three of the family who could be together, and it was hard to think of losing one of them. Something must be done — she must have a change of climate. Accordingly, after much persuasion, and with decided reluctance, she bade her parents farewell, and started for a northern city. How little did she dream what was to befall her before she should again reach her home!

Two months passed away, and now October had arrived. Oh joy! they would soon be reunited!

"Come, mom Tenah," said Mrs. — to the old woman who attended to the garden, "your young mistress will soon

be at home, and what do you think she will say if you do n't have those beds all ready for her? "

"Young Missis comin? Ki! Bless de Farrer! he shall hab ebery bit he bed ready. When you yerry from um, Missis?"

"Just got a letter from the office, mom Tenah," was the reply, "and she will be here by the last of the month."

"Bless de Lord!" exclaimed old Tenah, "I glad for true!"

"Well now," said Mrs. —, "do n't let your young missis be disappointed about her garden; now mind, mom Tenah."

"Don't you fret, ole Missis," said Tenah, "he shant be 'spine'ted."

— It was Sunday morning, and Dr. — had been invited to preach in the Methodist church. There was an unusually large congregation. His text was, "Run, speak to that young man." Seven young men of the village were that week to leave home for the purpose of entering college, and the sermon was preached mainly for them. In itself, the occasion was an unusually interesting one, and there was an adaptation of the services to the circumstances of the audience which produced an immense effect. But it was remarked by all that the good old Doctor seemed feeble, and that his deep-toned voice perceptibly trembled. He coughed, too, considerably; but as the influenza was generally prevailing, people, when they shook hands with him at the church door, told him he was only in the fashion.

When Monday came, his cold was worse, and he consented to have a physician. Dr. E. loved the good old minister as if he had been his own father; indeed, he had been often heard to say he was the only father he ever knew, his own having died in his infancy. It was a very severe cold, the Dr. said; in fact, it was the influenza itself; but it would undoubtedly yield to energetic and judicious treatment. And so they went to work. In a day or two the wife was also taken sick, and was obliged to give up, and go to bed. Hers was a violent attack of neuralgic headache, to which she had long been subject.

"Now here 's a pretty sight," said the physician when he came on Friday evening, and saw them both in bed together; "could n't one wait till the other got well?"

"My wife is proving herself an apt scholar, Doctor," said

the clergyman; "she has been scolding me all this time for grunting, and I think she rather outrunts me."

"Never mind," replied the Dr., "I'll give you both an anodyne, "and you'll soon grunt yourselves to sleep."

"Dat you, massa," said old Tenah, who was standing at the foot of the bed, "gib um de nandine, and mek um go sleep. Dat de bes' ting for um." So the "nandine" was given, and the Dr. took his leave.

Dr. — had been reading several hydropathic works, and it was not strange that, under the influence of the opiate which had been given, and not completely master of himself, he arose before daylight, and, after sponging his head and shoulders, drank several tumblers of cold water. Alas! this proceeding probably sent the cold touch of death to the very seat of vitality. On Saturday morning the Dr. found him in a strong chill, which appeared, however, soon to yield to vigorous remedies, and he sank into what seemed a comfortable, though somewhat heavy sleep. This continued pretty much all day, Mrs. — also sleeping soundly from the effect of her anodyne. But towards evening the physician began to look unusually anxious, often feeling the pulse of the sleeping man, and occasionally rousing him to take something. At length, turning as pale as death, he said to a grandson of the sick man, who stood beside him, "I'm afraid he is sinking."

"What!" exclaimed the thunderstruck young man, "you do n't mean to say he's *dying*!"

"I am afraid so," was the reply.

The news flew through the village like wildfire, and in an incredibly short space of time the house was crowded. Consternation and dismay sat upon every countenance, and strong men, who were not often seen to weep, buried their faces in their handkerchiefs, while tears rained down their cheeks. Oh, the wonderful power of goodness! As for old Tenah, she went up and down the house, wringing her hands, and moaning as if her heart was breaking.

"You must not let him die, Dr.," said one and another, "we cannot spare him."

"It is too late," said the Dr. with a groan.

And it *was* too late. The good man gradually breathed away his life, sinking gently into the arms of death, like an

infant sleeping in its mother's arms. Those who had flocked from all quarters to hear his dying testimony, heard not one word from those pale lips, but what of that? Was it not better that he should be translated into Heaven without the consciousness of dying — without the final, mortal struggle — without the pain of parting — without one groan, one dying sigh? Was it not better to *fall asleep* in Jesus?

“Nor bear a single pang at parting,  
 Nor see the tear of sorrow starting,  
 Nor hear the quiv’ring lips that bless’d him,  
 Nor feel the hands of love that press’d him,  
 Nor the frame, with mortal terror shaking,  
 Nor the heart, where love’s soft bands were breaking —  
 All bliss, without a pang to cloud it,  
 All joy, without a pain to shroud it,  
 Not slain, but caught up, as it were,  
 To meet the Saviour in the air!  
 Oh how bright  
 Were the realms of light  
 Bursting at once upon his sight!  
 Even so,  
 ’Tis best to go,  
 Those parting hours, how sad and slow!”

And thus he fell asleep. The only change that those who crowded around him could perceive, was, that a heavenly smile illumined his features as the spirit left its mortal habitation.

Mrs. — had been persuaded to remove into another room only a few hours before. This was effected while she was in a state of partial unconsciousness. The physician undertook to make her acquainted with what had taken place, but she was either stunned by the shock, or too much under the influence of her anodyne to understand what he told her. Oh! that village was a solemn place on that memorable Saturday evening, and in that house there was a solemn scene.

Poor old Tenah’s grief, though boisterous, was deep and unaffected: “Oh God! my massa gone! my massa gone!” she constantly exclaimed, “who guine to talk to me ’bout Jesus, and gib me ’bacca? Oh! my massa gone! my massa gone!”

Sunday was likewise a day long to be remembered. The house was crowded from morning till night, and many insisted upon staying all night. The people could not be kept away.



It was most affecting to see the negroes. They came in groups, and stood around the smiling corpse, ever and anon sending forth their earnest ejaculations, brushing away their flowing tears, and giving vent to deep, spasmodic sighs. They had lost a friend indeed, and they knew and felt it.

On Monday came the funeral service, for by this time the members of the family who were within the reach of express had arrived. It seemed strange where so many people came from. Men of business closed their stores, mechanics left their work, and all came to render the last tribute to departed excellence. There was one poor, degraded man who seldom ventured into such company as he found beneath that roof; yes, even he, the drunkard of the village, *par excellence*, was there; he was one of the crowd which filled the piazza, and he wept like a very child. "Oh," said he, to one who stood near him, "I have lost almost the only friend I had in the world." Then taking from his bosom a soiled and tattered letter, he said, "Strange as it may seem, the dear old Dr. wrote this letter to me; yes, to *me*; I'll treasure it as long as I live." He had been once a man of standing and education.

The corpse was to be conveyed to the railroad, to be taken to the city for interment in the family burying ground attached to the church of which he had for so many years been pastor. The gentlemen expressed an earnest wish to carry the precious remains with their own hands to the railroad, though it was at some distance, but the hearse stood ready at the gate, and this kind wish was overruled. The solemn procession moved slowly along through the main street of the village, and waited at the depot for the arrival of the cars. Few who were privileged to be there will ever forget the solemn hour. Among all that living breathing crowd, made up of men and boys, of masters and servants, not one loud word was spoken. A holy spell seemed to have fallen upon the people. The melancholy autumn wind sighed and moaned through the sturdy forest trees, making most appropriate and dirge-like music, while at intervals a smothered groan or sigh came bursting forth from some overcharged bosom. And yet all felt that the victor had been crowned, the good and faithful servant rewarded; and that the weary was at rest. It was not for him they groaned and sighed. Alas! it was for themselves and for their

children; it was because they had lost a treasure—a true friend; for they almost forgot, in the extremity of their grief, that a good man does not die, essentially, when he leaves this world.

Let us now go back a little, and tell how the news of his death was received in the city, and especially in the church where he had ministered so long. The news arrived on Sunday, the day after his death. It was totally unexpected, and produced a great sensation. But when the event was announced from the very pulpit from whence, for three and twenty years, he had dispensed the word of life, an electric shock seemed to agitate the entire congregation. In an instant all heads were bowed, and many a stifled sob broke the awful stillness of the place. In the gallery appropriated to the negroes, it seemed as if a mower's scythe had felled the people to the ground, for he whose death they mourned was emphatically the negroes' friend.

Then came the funeral services after the corpse reached the city. Twenty-one clergymen—and the city was not a large one—met at the house of the deceased clergyman's daughter, and went with the great procession to the grave. Arrived there, they found so dense a throng of negroes crowding round the open grave, that it was difficult to effect a passage even for the mourners. The simple creatures, unaccustomed to restrain their feelings, moaned and sobbed as if their hearts were breaking, and when the coffin was lowered into the grave, they pressed convulsively round, and leaned over it, as if to catch the last glimpse of what was now to be hidden from their sight forever.

But another funeral followed soon. The good minister's widow soon joined him in his glorious abode, passing away from earth precisely as he did. In just another week, that is, on the succeeding Saturday, gently and peacefully she too fell asleep. This was as it should be, and every one recognized the kindness of the dispensation. Even they whose hearts were almost crushed by the double bereavement, were filled with gratitude to God for the mercy he had mingled in the cup of sorrow. They had lived so long together that a separation would have been most agonizing, and the Infinite Father called them both at once from earth to heaven. And

while the survivors mourn the loss of a father and mother in Israel, their sorrow is mingled with gratitude and hope.

Who that has perused the foregoing sketch, which is strictly true, will not be ready to exclaim, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

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TO MY MOTHER.

My mother, I could envy thee  
 Those fading eyes ;  
 What, though their lustre, day by day, ]  
 Like deep'ning twilight, steals away ?  
 Lo, gifted with undying light,  
 Soon on their wondering orbs shall rise  
 The azure of celestial skies ;  
 The mysteries of Eternity.

That aged, bent and trembling form,  
 It yields at last !  
 Cast early on tempestuous seas,  
 How nobly hath it braved the storm !  
 But mother dear, ere long shalt thou  
 Behold those blooming valleys where  
 Storms cannot rend the tranquil air ;  
 And clad in wisdom, love and truth,  
 The raiment of immortal youth,  
 Thy soul shall rest in peace.

Those feet, those weary, weary feet ;  
 They falter now !  
 But like the Patriarch's they stand  
 On thy fair verge, oh promised land !  
 Where, soon, with heavenly sandals ahod,  
 Full in the presence of thy God,  
 While angel voices hail and bless,  
 To blissful measures, they shall press  
 The morning hills of Paradise.

Those snowy locks, I would not change  
 Their reverend hue !  
 Even for those far-famed curls of gold,  
 That decked the Eastern queen of old ;  
 For oh, each silvery thread foretells  
 How soon that honored head shall rest  
 In glory on thy Saviour's breast,  
 Crowned with eternal life !

E. D. H.

*Lawrence, January 10.*

## THE RELIGIOUS AND THE SOCIAL LIFE; OR, ABRAHAM BEFORE THE SONS OF HETH.

A SERMON, BY REV. FRANCIS PARKMAN, D. D.

GENESIS xlii. 2—7. And Sarah died: and Abraham stood up from before his dead, and spake unto the sons of Heth, saying, I am a stranger and a sojourner with you: give me a possession of a burying-place with you, that I may bury my dead out of my sight.

And the children of Heth answered Abraham, saying unto him, Hear us, my lord; thou art a mighty prince among us; in the choice of our sepulchres bury thy dead. None of us shall withhold from thee his sepulchre, but that thou mayest bury thy dead.

And Abraham stood up, and bowed himself to the people of the land, even to the children of Heth.

THERE are few incidents recorded of the life of Abraham, in which his domestic and social character is presented in a more graceful or instructive light than in the record just read. In every part of his history, and wherever we meet him he appears worthy of our veneration and esteem. We see him forsaking his country, and his kindred, and his father's house at the call of God; resigning possessions and friendships that had become dear to his heart, and going forth a pilgrim to unknown lands. We see him maintaining his calmness, his kindness, his meek and gentle dignity, amidst perplexities well suited to try, as they too often prevail to subdue, the spirits even of good men. We mark the magnanimity and generosity of his deportment; his willingness to suffer wrong and to give place to inferiors rather than incur any sacrifice of domestic peace. "Let there be no strife, I pray you, between me and thee; for we are brethren. If thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou wilt depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left," was the language of his accommodating spirit to a brother's son, towards whom superior age and patriarchal authority might fully have justified the language of command. We see him at the word of God resigning his only son, the son of promise and of prayer, in whom were centred his most sacred hopes. And however we may interpret the nature of the demanded sacrifice, his example of submission, instant and unreserved submission to the

sovereign Disposer remains the same. We see the power of that faith which strengthened him "to hope even against hope" and to maintain an unshaken trust amidst all discouragements. This was the essential element of his character. This gave strength and consistency to all his other virtues. This was imputed to him for righteousness, and obtained for him the title of the father of the faithful and the friend of God.

But, as has been remarked by a wise expounder of my text, "That which chiefly renders the history of this patriarch instructive, is the exhibition it presents of private life, and the lessons of wisdom it furnishes under the most common circumstances and temptations of our being." Examples of greatness, moral and intellectual, shining from exalted stations, are certainly not without use. But the application of such is of necessity limited. Opportunities for heroic virtues or splendid deeds seldom occur, and these only to a few. But within the domestic and social scene to be uniformly kind, just, and generous; to be courteous and pitiful; to forbear and to forgive; to sacrifice personal tastes and convenience: to show piety at home and the meekness as well as the authority of wisdom; to be humble, pure, and disinterested — this, much as it includes, is within the power of all. Occasions for them continually arise. And when we see men in like conditions and like passions with ourselves, exemplifying these graces, uniting as did Abraham entire devotion to God with an hearty love to man, we see at once the sources and the influences of their virtues, and may be quickened to make them our own.

With this view, I invite you to consider the incidents in the life of Abraham, as they are exhibited in the history connected with the text; presenting, as they do, an attractive picture of the simplicity of patriarchal times; and supplying even in its incidental or subordinate circumstances some useful instruction.

1. We must first advert to the domestic event, which was the foundation of the whole transaction, the death of Sarah. The wife of his youth, the mother of his only son Isaac, whom he loved, is taken from him; and the ties which affection and advancing years and covenanted grace had strengthened and sanctified are broken. Death has destroyed the body; and an object once so dear to the heart of faithful Abraham must be removed to the narrow house that awaits us all. May it

please God, that when a like appointment shall be decreed to us ; and these bodies of our humiliation shall be dissolved, and even the friends that loved us must hasten to commit them to the dust ; when we must say to corruption, "Thou art my father," and to the worm, "Thou art my mother and my sister," — may it please God, that it shall be found concerning us, that we have cherished in our lives graces that cannot die ; that we have laid up in store a good foundation, an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled. In the mean time, it may rebuke the vanity of personal distinction, beauty and grace, to remember how soon and totally it shall perish. "As a flower of the field, so it flourisheth. The grace of the fashion thereof perisheth." The once beautiful wife of Abraham, the object of a fond admiration even to strangers, dies : and the word of Abraham himself is, "Bury my dead out of my sight."

2. And it was for this purpose, that after the customary solemnities of mourning were past, the venerable patriarch stood up before the children, or as it might be rendered, the governors of the people, amongst whom he was dwelling, and asked permission to purchase a burying-place for his dead, in other words to become a proprietor of a small portion of their land. And here, at the commencement of his address, remark, I pray you, the delicacy, and even modesty of his mind. Though he had been among them many years, he claimed no right as a native citizen. He seems not to have imagined for a moment, that his long residence conveyed any such rights. "I am a sojourner with you" ; and must rest upon your courtesy. A very different course, we cannot fail to observe in passing, from that of multitudes in these latter days, whom the sojourn of a few short weeks, aided by the questionable policy of the laws, shall be sufficient to invest with the highest privileges of citizens, even to the choosing of the rulers of the land, strangers who have scarcely found a dwelling on the soil, can pronounce scarcely a syllable of the language of the people, or comprehend either the nature or the conditions of our free institutions. "I am a stranger," said Abraham, as he bowed himself before the elders : and therefore thought it becoming to solicit as a favor what as a citizen would have been his right.

3. We observe, that he desired to *purchase* a portion of the

land, even of that very land of Canaan, for such it proved, which had been promised of Heaven to him and to his family forever. The fulfilment of this promise, he knew, was reserved for a time to come; and that for the present the only legitimate possession could be obtained by purchase or by gift. He respected the rights of property and the privileges of freemen. He would not avail himself of any authority, which his character, his wealth, or his well known commission from Heaven might be thought to convey. He would not plead, that he was a prince, and mighty, and must have the land. He could not imitate the rapacity and cruelty of that wicked monarch of Israel, who forcibly took possession of the vineyard of Naboth because it adjoined his own and he wanted it. Abraham neither sought or desired any thing else than a fair and honorable purchase.

4. For we observe, yet further, he was unwilling to accept a burying-place as a gift at the hands of strangers. The peculiarity and sacredness of the purpose for which he needed the land, allowed him to be satisfied with nothing else than a full, independent possession therein. He was not ignorant of the embarrassments which gifts involve. It comported with the wisdom and the dignity of his character to stand free from all such perplexities. "I have lifted up my hand unto the Lord, the most high God, the possessor of heaven and earth," said he in like wisdom on another occasion to the king of Sodom, "that I will not accept from thee any thing that is thine, lest thou shouldest say, 'I have made Abraham rich.'" Therefore it was here also, that courteously waving all proffers of a gift, he stood up before the people, and said, "If it be your mind, that I should bury my dead out of my sight, hear me, and entreat for me to Ephron, the son of Zohar; that he may give me the cave of Machpelah, which he hath, which is in the end of his field; for as much money as it is worth, he shall give it me for the possession of a burying place among you."

And here let us not overlook another trait in the character of the patriarch. He would not himself apply to the owner of the land. He was unwilling to make in person a request, which Ephron might not be disposed to grant, but which from de-

ference to the applicant, he might also be unwilling to refuse. Abraham, therefore, solicits the good offices in the matter of the rulers of Heth, partly that through their favoring influence he might obtain his desire, but partly also, that the owner might have opportunity of conferring with friends of his own choosing, and might through them without offence decline, if he saw fit, the request. Was it not in a like humility, though with far higher reason, (for a greater than Abraham was there,) that the Roman centurion, when he sought the healing power of Jesus, said, "I am not worthy that thou shouldst enter under my roof. Neither thought I myself worthy to come unto thee, but speak in a word, and my servant shall be healed." And the testimony which the Master uttered was, "I have not found such faith, no, not in Israel."

I need dwell no longer on the incidents of a history, related by the sacred historian with a beautiful simplicity; and have only to remark, that a transaction thus wisely and courteously commenced, was with like wisdom and integrity completed. After a few more words of compliment from the owner of the field, which whether designed as a renewed proffer of the land as a gift, or as an intimation, not wholly out of use with sellers of these latter days, of the exceedingly moderate price at which he held the land—an intimation, however, which seems to have made no impression on the mind of Abraham or diverted him for a moment from his purpose of conducting the whole as a regular contract—he weighed out to Ephron on the spot the silver that had been named in the audience of the sons of Heth, even four hundred shekels, current money with the merchants, and then, says the record, "the field of Ephron, which was in Machpelah, and the cave which was therein, and all the trees that were in the field and in all the borders that were round about, were made sure unto Abraham for a possession in the presence of the rulers of Heth before all that went in at the gate of the city. And after this, did Abraham bury Sarah, his wife; and the field and the cave that were therein were made sure unto Abraham for a possession of a burying-place."

Thus was conducted the first pecuniary transaction of which the history of the world, sacred or profane, affords an in-



stance.\* And, as it has priority in time, so also in the high and generous spirit, in which it was begun, continued and completed. It furnishes an example worthy to be imitated by all classes and conditions of men, in this and all coming times. Would to God, my brethren, that the fairness, the integrity and the courtesy, the wisdom also and prudence pervading this transaction were always maintained in the commerce of mankind: that they were at once the conditions and characteristics of human trade. This is the first reflection I deduce from the history of the text. The conduct of Abraham and of the sons of Heth sets in mournful contrast the principles and the practices which too often obtain in a commercial and enterprising and gain-loving world. Not that I would join in any vague and indiscriminate censures, sometimes uttered with more fervor than truth, against whole classes of men. Not that I can believe that the spirit of commerce is itself unfriendly to integrity, or to morality in its highest obligations. I am happy in the conviction, that in the uprightness with which wealth is often obtained, in the liberality and munificence with which we see it not seldom bestowed, our merchants are as princes and with the honorable of the earth. But amidst much that is noble and of good report, how much remains to be lamented, condemned, and reformed! How intense is the love of gain! and what costly sacrifices of honor and peace to obtain it! What eagerness to grasp at doubtful advantages, and as if gain were godliness, the one thing needful, to make merchandise of the ignorance or the weakness of a brother! "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer, but when he hath gone his way, then he boasteth." Let it be confessed, that there are sins among us, many and deplorable, against the great law of righteousness. Let no man forget, when he is tempted to covetousness, which the word of God denounces as idolatry; that he who hasteneth to be rich shall not be innocent; that of an inheritance gotten unrighteously, the end shall not be blest; that the

\* We find the above cited by Blackstone in his Commentaries as the earliest money transaction in the world's history. Before this period, and even long after, wealth was chiefly estimated by the number and quality of cattle; and cattle were the principal instruments of commerce. Thus, "the substance," or the wealth of Job is represented as consisting of seven thousand sheep, three thousand camels, and five hundred yoke of oxen.

little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked ; that of the curses denounced by heaven against all sin, some of the most fearful are against the oppressor of the poor and the robber of the fatherless ; that when it is predicted by the prophets that the earth shall be made waste and its inhabitants scattered, it is because the people have transgressed the law of righteousness and broken the everlasting covenant ; and therefore it is added, it shall be as with the buyer so with the seller, as with the lender so with the borrower, as with the taker of usury so with the giver. On the other hand, let it be remembered, that when prosperity and glory are predicted for a people, it is when "her merchandise is holiness unto the Lord."

2. We observe, in the second place, the just respect which Abraham entertained for the rights of property, exhibited, first, in his scrupulous regard for the claims of his neighbors, desiring nothing that was their own without their free consent, and the payment of an equivalent ; and, then, in his prudence in making sure to himself and to his family by all proper methods the purchased burying-place. Abraham well understood the relations of human society and the great principles at once of freedom and restraint, of liberty and order, by which alone it can be sustained. He knew that with the very existence of human society are inseparably connected diversities of human condition. He knew that by the ordinance of heaven the rich and the poor, the employer and employed meet together amidst mutual interests, obligations, and benefits, under one Lord and Maker of them all. He knew the dangers and temptations of civil society ; that he, who owns, must be protected in his possessions from him, who owning not, would take. He saw how much of security, harmony, and reciprocal benefit comes from the various conditions, in which God has set us ; how commanding are the motives to parents to provide by their industry and integrity an inheritance for their children, when they themselves are gone. He saw, that it is the prerogative of human law, a part of its glory and majesty, to protect the weak, to punish the evil-doer, and to maintain the rights of all. And therefore we may conceive with what disapprobation and contempt — though to the serene and gentle spirit of Abraham contempt perhaps were scarcely possible —

he would have regarded the vagaries of modern pretended reform.

3. We perceive, in the last place, how attractive and beautiful, how entirely compatible also and consistent are the highest attainments of the religious character with the highest graces of the social. And it is in this view that the example of Abraham shines with peculiar lustre. He was a true worshipper of God. He was called the friend of God. He prayed to him daily. He communed with him habitually; and God himself, in a gracious condescension to human modes of apprehension, is represented as admitting him to his councils. "Shall I hide from Abraham the thing that I will do? For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him to keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment." And distinguished as he was by the favor of Heaven, with what exactness and fidelity, with what uprightness, kindness and charity did he fulfil the obligations of the social life! There was an harmony and proportion in his character altogether worthy of our admiration. Religion was united to all social virtue. Abraham thought not that he could be just to God, and yet unjust to men. He maintained a sacred regard for the rights of all. He could appeal as did the venerable seer of Israel, when in his old age he said to the people, "I have walked before you from my childhood unto this day. Behold here I am: witness against me before the Lord. Whose ox have I taken? whose ass have I taken? and whom have I defrauded?" Abraham rendered to all their due: tribute to whom tribute; honor to whom honor. And as I see the princely form of the venerable patriarch, as he arose and bowed himself before the rulers of Heth, while he sought a favor at their hands, methinks I see also the grace that dwelt within him. I see a beautiful indication of the love of Christ Jesus, whose day father Abraham saw and was glad, and whose spirit was shadowed forth in his life.

Nor was the courtesy so beautifully exhibited by the patriarch a mere outward expression, or exterior grace. It dwelt within. It was a sentiment of the heart disposing to love unfeigned, and suggesting at once the most dignified and attractive demeanor. Well might it be in these days of boasted

refinement, if they of this generation would take example from patriarchal times, and instead of slighting or reviling one another, instead of seeking what is not their own and to their neighbor's hurt, they would learn to "consider one another," each other's wants, infirmities, temptations, and study to be kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God in Jesus Christ hath forgiven us.

Brethren, let us imitate faithful Abraham, the hero-patriarch of the Old Testament, the humble worshipper of his God, and a prince among men. We cannot with him be numbered with the princes or nobles of the earth. But we can all of us, the very humblest, number ourselves with the friends of God, with those whom the Father seeketh to worship him. But above all, let us learn of Christ Jesus, the noblest pattern of piety and charity that ever lived; who was the heir of all things, "had worlds at his disposal, angels for his servants, and the bosom of the Father for his abode, yet who became poor that we might be rich."

In the faith of his gospel may we live; in the hopes of his gospel may we die. Through the abounding grace of his God and our God may we be saved: and finally be counted worthy to sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom which Christ Jesus has revealed.

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## MEMORIAL OF REV. JASON WHITMAN.

BY REV. A. B. MUZZEY.

THE recent departure of a prominent contributor to this journal, and one who by his character and services filled a large place in our community, calls us to record, imperfectly though it must be, our sense of his labors and merits. The life of Mr. Whitman was not long, as most men estimate this life. He was born April 30, 1799, and departed therefore in the forty-ninth year of his age. In his early days his health was feeble, and it continued so until a few years before his death. On this account it was thought he could not devote himself to study, and he did not enter college until twenty-two years of age. After completing his studies at Cambridge, August, 1825, he spent some years in an academy at Billerica.

From that place he returned to Cambridge and spent the usual term in the Theological School. He was soon after this settled in the ministry at Saco, Maine, where he remained between three and four years, until invited to the office of Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, which place he occupied for one year. In 1835 he was installed over the Second Unitarian Society in Portland, Maine ; he continued there until 1845. Those ten years constituted perhaps the most important period of his life. They were filled up with devotedness to his people and to the interests of the town where he resided. The deep impression he left there was manifested by the kindness shown to him in his last sickness by his numerous friends in Portland. As if to set the seal to his ministry in that place, Providence called him to close there his mortal existence. Whatever might have been the feelings of any sect or individual towards him while in health, it is believed that when the hand of disease and death was laid upon him, all would have rejoiced to minister at his sick bed. The expression of sympathy was universal ; every one, when he had breathed his last, seemed touched by the event, and it must have been the secret prayer of many a heart, "Let my last end be like his."

Mr. Whitman was installed as Pastor of the First Congregational Society in Lexington, July 30, 1845, and continued there until his death, which took place January 25, 1848. When we see a life of such excellence brought to a close in its meridian, we feel the full value of many qualities we had hitherto failed to appreciate. Now that our friend is gone from us, we find we need not be generous to his memory ; simple justice requires us to think and speak of him as a devout and self-denying Christian, as an earnest and effective preacher, and a devoted pastor. We already miss on many occasions his suggestive mind and his wise and ingenuous counsels, and we shall more and more regret that a good man has fallen and a strong arm is taken from our side. He led a life of no ordinary vicissitudes and of numerous trials ; to say that he never felt or spoke of them would be untrue. His sensibility was too great for this ; but the starting tear was sure to be followed by an expression of trust in his God and Father. In the hope of inciting others to his zeal in duty and his sub-

mission under crosses and trials, I have ventured, at the suggestion of a few friends, to give to the public the following address made at his funeral, though prepared at short notice and inadequate in its terms.

"The melancholy occasion that has brought us together, my friends, is more eloquent in its silence than any words we can utter. Our brother being dead yet speaketh; called away from this earthly scene, he is bending, we may believe, from his home in the heavens, and ministering to our spirits. There would need no uttered language, could we but hear the voice that breaks to us from above.

His life has been suddenly terminated and his remains are before us to teach us — oh, how affectingly — that in the midst of life we are in death. That heart is stilled which but just now beat so warmly in the cause of God and humanity; the fond hopes he had cherished of addressing you once more from this desk, are blighted, and you are called by the event to sustain an irreparable loss.

But amid the gloom that has gathered round this spot, and surrounded as his dear relatives are by the shades of sorrow, we cannot fail to hear him whom we mourn saying to us, "Let not your hearts be troubled; believe in God, look unto Jesus, and you will find light and peace."

Our brother occupied a position in this place and in the community at large too prominent to allow this occasion to pass without a brief notice of his qualities as a Christian and as a public servant of God.

In the private relations of life he was marked by his truthfulness and sincerity; he had a crystal transparency in motive, speech and action. This rendered him a generous and faithful friend, manly and frank in the utterance of his opinions; and if he ever wounded for a moment by his fidelity, "he wounded but to heal." No one could become thoroughly acquainted with his purposes and feelings without deep respect for him and confidence in his character. The law of kindness was ever in his heart and on his lips. Those who enjoyed his intimacy feel that his place in their esteem and affection cannot easily be supplied. You will testify, my friends, that the spirit I have described accompanied your Pastor as he moved among you in the discharge of his daily duties. He was free in

manner, acceptable to you all, ready to minister to you in your doubts and perplexities, and to console you in affliction. His connection with you had not been of long duration, and yet it has witnessed many severe trials on your part. How deep has been his sympathy, how devoted his interest, how unceasing his labors for you through them all.

Our brother can no longer minister to you in the body. You, in common with all our churches, must mourn that his lips are forever closed. He was an earnest preacher; he spoke from the depths of his soul and in tones of peculiar sincerity. His sermons were clear, direct and practical. He did not shun the treatment of doctrines, but his fondest work was preaching to the daily wants, the ordinary experience, the spiritual calls of those he addressed. His style was simple, and his manner unaffected; love breathed through all he said; he seemed to forget himself, and hence to those who heard him his word was with power. His name will not soon be forgotten in any of our churches, and to you, while in the sanctuary, he will long appear in your thoughts and your hearts, an angel of light, a glorified minister.

But you, his parishioners, are not alone in your sorrow; a gloom is thrown over this whole place by the removal of one who has been emphatically a public benefactor. Other societies lament with you his loss; as they call to mind his catholic temper, his freedom from sectarianism, his piety unquestioned by any denomination his cordial intercourse with them all, they join in one heartfelt tribute to his memory. He was a useful citizen, no less than a devoted minister; his large soul refused to wear the trammels of sect or party. He went about everywhere doing good. His active temperament united with habits of industry, enabled him to accomplish much beyond the sphere of his own parish. Although his health was never firm, yet by an earnest, cheerful and persevering spirit, he has performed in various relations the labors of a long life.

He was a steadfast friend to the cause of Education. His interest in the young led him to foster early and late the Sunday School. He labored not only for the moral and spiritual culture of those in his immediate charge, but in the associations of this county and of the denomination at large. He was constant at our meetings, full of wise suggestions and fervent

exhortations. We are called this day to the grave of our children's friend. He was active in promoting the welfare of our Common Schools, doing his part zealously on Committees, giving instruction to parents, breathing life and energy into teachers, and imparting wisdom by public lectures, and by his untiring pen; always commending the good and inciting to the still higher and better.

He was a ready writer, and hence the amount of his productions in the cause of religion, learning and good morals was large. He was a contributor to nearly all the journals of our denomination; he wrote several of our larger and smaller tracts; he published many lectures upon Education; and added to all this, no less than seven volumes of Biographical Sketches, works for the young, and on personal religion. The tone of these writings was uniformly pure, and they were all practical. He wrote just as he spoke, right onward, not for rhetorical display, but in the plain terms of a working man. So is it that though his sun has set at noon day, he has left behind him a high moral twilight to illuminate us who remain and to compensate in part for his sad removal from our sight.

Philanthropy mourns in him the loss of a warm, unfaltering friend. Wherever he was found, North or South, in the city or the country, he gave his whole influence to the cause of humanity. You always found him, amid storm or calm, the firm supporter of the right, the defender of the oppressed, the advocate of Peace, Temperance, and Freedom; his sympathies were quick and always given to the poor, the unfortunate, and the fallen. He never turned away from the sufferer; he had a tear for others' woes, and a hand prompt to relieve them. The blessing of many who were ready to perish will rest upon him; and since, in the last day, they who have done good, ministered to the needy, comforted the stranger, visited the sick, and cared for the prisoner, are to be honored by our Saviour, to him we cannot doubt is given a high place in the kingdom of the Father.

To benevolence he joined a spiritual mind. Heaven was to him a reality; he seemed not only to believe in, but to feel the presence of God. This rendered him fervent in his devotions and consistent in his piety. The strongest desire and prayer of his heart evidently was to make men holy and good.



He cultivated in himself a uniform faith and a steady reference of his affairs to God. Follow him wherever you might, you saw that the fountain of devotion was kept full, and this made the streams rich and various. During his last sickness he said repeatedly, as hope and fear alternated through his case, "All will be right." His eye seemed fixed on the Father, and his heart was therefore tranquil.

The circumstances under which he was taken from us were striking and impressive. He left his home to attend the funeral obsequies of a brother ; but before that mournful hour he was himself assailed by a mortal disease, and prevented from uniting in that tribute. As he was confined in his sick chamber he meditated a discourse adapted to taking leave of this house.\* But that discourse was never to be uttered by his lips ; it must be preached from his home in Heaven. Another sermon also, suited to the approaching dedication of the new church, was passing through his mind ; "It will be," said he to a friend, "if I live to preach it, such a sermon, prepared here and now, as I never before preached." The text was, "Rejoice with trembling." Ah, how full of the past, and how prophetic of the future, were those few words. He had seen one temple at the very hour, as it were, appointed for its consecration, laid in ashes. And now, as he contemplates the new one, he is touched by the uncertain destiny of itself and of the pastor and his people, and he fitly takes as his theme, "Rejoice with trembling."

Not only his people, but his brethren in the ministry are called to deep grief by this event. They have lost one with whom they "took sweet counsel," whose judgment they respected and whose love crowned the wisdom of his words. Little did I imagine, when giving him the right hand of fraternal welcome to this place, that the present sad office would devolve upon me. May the Father help me to catch his spirit and so tread in his steps, that his angel hand shall at last reciprocate that fellowship in the unchanging world. Oh that his example may incite us all, brethren, to fulfil our ministry and to heed that solemn admonition, "The time is short."

His departure has left a dreary void in the circle of his kin-

\* His congregation, by the kindness of the Baptist Society, had worshipped  
v months with them.

dred and fireside. The devoted and beloved companion, the wise and kind father, the ever constant brother, the cheerful inmate, is gone. To whom can we direct these stricken spirits but to that ever merciful One to whom he, while yet in their midst, always pointed them for guidance and comfort? May they remember his counsels while living, and like him commune with the Father. Then shall they still see his face

“ whose heart was glad

Even to the latest pulse with that fond love,  
Home-nurtured and reciprocal, which girds  
And garners up in sorrow and in joy.”

We commend her who is deprived of her dearest earthly friend, and those who have lost the guide of their youth, to Him who is pledged to be the widow's God and the Father of the fatherless. In her loneliness may she be sustained by the thought that his memory is a precious legacy, and that she and her desolate little ones, if they walk in his steps, may hope soon to meet him in their eternal home.

Brethren of this Society, be not disheartened, we pray you, but have faith that the God of your fathers will be your God. Imprint on your minds all the good lessons of your departed pastor. Let his counsels be with you still; in death as in life, listen, I pray you, to his voice: follow him as your sainted shepherd. You will then receive power according to your needs, for he shall dwell in you and you in him. Imitate his example by casting your care, as he did, upon Him who will care for you. Preserve your unanimity, sacrifice every thing, as he did and still would, for the cause of Christ and his Church; and then out of darkness there shall spring up light, the waste places shall be repaired, and your Zion shall evermore prosper.

And now, brother, we bid you farewell; preach to us a last earthly discourse through these mute remains, and with that power which death alone can impart; if it be permitted you on high, visit us still with counsel and comfort; and stir us up to new diligence and to a fidelity to God and man that shall never fail.

“ Go to thy grave in all thy glorious prime:

In full activity of zeal and power;

Go to thy grave;—no; take thy seat above;

Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord.

Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,

And open vision for the written word.”

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR. NO. II.

WASHINGTON, FEBRUARY, 1848.

SINCE the date of my former letter,\* we have had several very good illustrations of a winter's residence in the metropolis. The first was the visit of Mr. Clay; and his address before the Colonization Society, January 18. An event of this sort calls out an eager crowd of listeners, and some of your readers, who would not scruple at a journey of ten or twenty miles to hear the voice of some less distinguished man, will not wonder that we were on our way betimes, and made part of the great throng besieging the doors and passages to the Hall of Representatives. The meeting was to commence at seven; and before five we were already at the door. This was closed, and would not be open until six; but we patiently took our station there to abide our time. By degrees a crowd began to gather behind us, pressing harder and harder at each new accession, till it was a matter of no small difficulty to defend a little space about the door. Still the pressure grew harder, and still the people continued to come; till, as we learned afterwards, the miscellaneous procession reached through the Rotunda, down the long flights of steps, across the Capitol yard; and even to the other side of the broad Avenue; and it was reported that near two thousand persons went back, unable even to reach the outer entrance of the building. All this, I imagine, was only a fair index of Mr. Clay's immense personal popularity, in this city, where he has been known so many years in private life. Men of grave years, and of sober reserve on other points, forget themselves in this, and speak of him with the enthusiasm of a boy. And it was no wonder that a prominent occasion like this, where the most popular speaker in the country, a man fifty years in public life, was once more to address a multitude at the Capitol, should be seized as it was, by thousands like ourselves, who felt it must probably be the last.

The siege of the Hall door was like a peaceful repetition of the storming of the Bastille. The pressure of the impatient and uncomfortable crowd grew more dense, and very tediously the minutes went on. At length, after more than an hour's waiting, two men in authority came thrusting themselves through the mass of people, and by dint of a severe struggle, succeeded in forcing open the door. Only ladies, it seemed, were to be admitted; and those of our company, being released one by one (like flies they said crawling out of your shut hand,) found themselves at large in the great empty Hall, and were saluted with loud cheer from the galleries already densely filled. But it was no easy matter to enforce the rule. With great difficulty the tide of men was withstood for a time, and one by one a few women, excited, sobbing and sadly terrified, succeeded in gaining admittance—the men storming every minute with fierce impetuosity. The three doorkeepers contended bravely. But the crowd rushed forward, seized the largest of them and bore him off bodily, lightly pushed the others aside, and poured in, carrying all before them.

One of the main points of interest at this anniversary, was the circumstance that Liberia within the past year has declared itself an independent state, so that this was the first birthday as it were of a new nation. What will be the result of withdrawing the government of the Parent Society, and committing the management of affairs wholly to the emancipated slaves, remains to be seen. To say the least, it is an experiment of very peculiar interest, one probably without any parallel in history. Most of these colonists have been emancipated, from benevolent feelings, unquestionably, on the express condi-

\*I notice two or three slight errors in that letter. The only one worth remarking, is where I am made to speak of slave-ironing, which suggests images of manacles and chains as no very unusual sight. I said, "It is only at rare intervals that one comes to be aware of single cases of *slave-owning*:" (page 98) I suppose the number in the city is about two thousand. I also said, "poor Mr. A. with a clerk's salary is *undoing* the 'effects of causes,'" &c. (page 91) that is, by advancing money to liberate a family, and accepting in return the mother's services, as a domestic, at a high nominal rate, until the whole or part ended.

tion of going to that place. Apparently the partial experiments of their capacity for taking care of themselves have resulted well; and after no small difficulty with the natives, many of whom were in league with slave-traders, they have succeeded in stopping off that traffic from a large extent of coast where it was formerly most active. This is not the place to pass any judgment of the Colonization movement; and I just mention these things to show the intrinsic points of interest, as well as the extrinsic one of Mr. Clay's presence. The speakers took advantage of the occasion to go over the whole ground of argument on the subject; which was well-judged doubtless, looking from their point of view, though not quite so interesting as a strong and direct appeal to the generous sentiment of pure humanity might have been, (often so honorable a feature of the addresses of Anti-slavery conventions,) or an expression of strong personal feeling, especially coming in such a place from so remarkable a man. Mr. Clay's voice, though wonderfully strong and clear, must have lost very much of the charm of melody, which they say has made it almost magical in times past, and one accustomed to the higher moral and religious tone and the deeper earnestness of feeling of the best addresses at our religious anniversaries, could not but be somewhat disappointed in the spirit and manner. That characteristic "compromising" appeal to the ultraists of either side, assuring the one that Colonization was not meant to interfere at all with slavery, and the other that it could not harm the prospect of emancipation, and therefore ought to receive the support of both, especially combined with the explicit assumption that the rights of the African race can never be recognized in this country, was not all we might have hoped in dignity of statement, or earnestness and elevation of tone, in what came as in a certain sense a farewell address of the venerable statesman, on a cause of what should be the most pure and lofty philanthropy. Something of this disappointment I think everyone must have felt; and some have gone so far as to condemn the speech bitterly. But take it all in all, the strong deep voice, the serious yet persuasive manner, and the real good faith of the argument and the appeal, which no one has any right to doubt, made it an extraordinary address, and no bad memorial to those that heard it of Henry Clay.

It was only the day before that Mr. Giddings brought up his resolution of inquiry into the abduction of a man, to be sold to the market of the South, who had paid four-fifths of the sum agreed upon for his freedom; and it was not till this very morning that I heard of the man's final rescue and liberation. Putting all the differing accounts together, the facts seem to be these. The man belonged to a widow or singlewoman in the eastern part of the city; and had paid two hundred and forty of the three hundred dollars which would entitle him to his freedom. From the nature of the case, the law acknowledges no contract between master and slave, assuming *all* earnings to be the master's property; and there must be a white person to act as a trustee, who keeps the acknowledgments of sums paid, and finally receives the person, by a nominal purchase, as his property, then giving him liberty in his own name. Now either this woman violated the engagement—though at the risk of being compelled by the trustee, according to law, to accept the remainder of the sum and restore the man,—or else, which is the other story, she was imposed upon by an unprincipled scoundrel, (such as are always ready to take advantage of defect in the law,) who professed to act in the name of the trustee, induced her to take the remaining sixty dollars and give him the title-deed, and then sold him to the dealer in the south part of the city. The affair must have been managed with cunning and secrecy. Those concerned in it evidently watched their opportunity, when not one of the fifteen or twenty boarders was at home, and dragged the man away. Hearing that an injunction had been laid upon the sale, I visited the slave-jail, where I was told that he had been taken away the week before. By way of a few statistics, I learned besides that there were at that time thirteen negroes in the establishment, including three children, and that about thirty had been carried southward within a week. I mention these, because it is so difficult anywhere to get at any accurate facts in regard to this business. Few persons here know anything about it, while the extent of it is very much exaggerated in other quarters. I am assured that the trade

these engaged in it are accounted "infamous;" that cases are very rare of owners being willing to dispose of their slaves, and these are in great part either cases of discipline or where they desire to be free of the troublesome ownership; and that the establishment I saw is the only one in the city. As I just said, the man who gave occasion to this discussion is set free—the sum due being promptly raised among members of Congress, and Gen. Duff Green taking a leading part in the affair.

I have taken some pains to ascertain the state of the laws in the District; and find that they are curiously obscure. By the Act of Congress establishing the District, the State laws of Maryland, (and of Virginia on the other side of the Potomac while that was included,) which were in existence at the date of that Act, are assumed to be still in existence here. Two different commissions have been appointed to reduce the laws of the District to a regular code: and each time a large volume has been elaborately compiled and printed, and then left without any further action. This is a specimen of the neglect with which the local interests of the district have been treated by the General Government.

Among the different phases which the institution of slavery is continually presenting, it may be worth while to mention the following. A colored woman, living at one of the hotels, has made application several times for aid in purchasing her freedom. A gentleman well known among the blacks, who has been a trustee in several instances of self-liberation, takes charge of her funds. He himself will not contribute until he has some clear prospect of paying the whole; because if ever so large a proportion is paid it goes for nothing in case of her own death, or the failure or death of her mistress. This is a poor woman in Alexandria, whose only property is the woman's children, whom she hopes to redeem when free herself. Now the law forbids one to set free a slave after a certain age, holding the owner bound for his support; as an instance of which, a poor woman on Capitol Hill, with her daughter, is compelled to take in sewing to support a superannuated slave, who made perhaps the only family inheritance. Accordingly it was suggested that her mistress might perhaps accept more favorable terms; but she was unwilling to have any application made, partly in consideration of her poverty, and partly for fear of giving offence. And so she goes on, very slowly earning or receiving from a friendly person here and there, the sum that will set her free, already worn in health and verging towards old age.

Another instance is too curious an illustration to be omitted. A man of good estate, not very remote from here, had nearly ruined himself by dissipation and extravagance. His debts were increasing, his plantation miserably mismanaged, and he rapidly becoming poor. But he had among other possessions a tall, able-bodied, intelligent man; who, seeing how affairs were tending, proposed to take the management of the estate, and promised to bring it into good condition, provided he would abandon his intemperance. To this he consented; and then, with marvellous thrift, tact and industry, the man applied himself to such good purpose, that in a few years the estate was disencumbered, the debts paid, and his master once more independent. Meanwhile the slave married; and continuing to live on the plantation, became the father of fourteen children. Not insensible to his claims and merits, the master then proposed to set him free, saying that he had fairly earned his liberty—as who doubts he had? "On one condition," said the slave. "Give me a hundred acres of land, six negroes, and two thousand dollars in money, and I will take my freedom!" The story is curiously enough in contrast to the general eagerness evident among the blacks, to secure at any terms both their own and their children's liberty.

The celebrated Alexandre Vattemare has been making a visit here, to urge some portion of his plan upon Congress. He comes with donations to different parts of the country of books, medals, engravings, &c. to the value of about eighty thousand dollars. His exhibition in one of the rooms of the Capitol was very interesting. One or two examples will illustrate the interest in the affair which his indefatigable enthusiasm has excited among the more kindred spirits of the French. There was a copy in the royal Library of the magnificent work on Egypt. This he coveted for his "dear Americans," and he cov-

nestly solicited the king to send it to this country. But to which of the States shall I send it? he asked; "I have only one copy to give away, and where I make one friend I shall make twenty-seven enemies." For the present there seemed no hope. But sometime after, a friend in Washington informed him of the "American National Institute," which had just been founded, having the President of the United States at its head. Overjoyed at this, he lost no time in informing the king, who readily sent the splendid gift, not to any one State or inferior institution, but to the American People. The arms of France are quartered in gilded blazonry upon the cover, with those of the United States; and the volumes are inscribed as the gift of the King of France to the "United States of America." A poor mechanic also, whose wages could not have been more than half a dollar a day, sent two beautiful volumes, containing illustrations of all that the Fine Arts have done in honor of the Virgin Mary—a work that must have cost near twenty dollars—as a testimonial of his interest in the mechanics of America. The bookbinder too, whom he employed to bind in the most costly manner his Album, his own especial gift to Congress, refused to take any pay, insisting on that as his share. The first engravers were equally generous with their finest proof-impressions, and the different departments of government sent valuable presents in maps, medals and expensive books, including complete records of the criminal courts of Paris since the beginning of the Revolution, for the Library of the Supreme Court. And so, two years ago or more, boxes were transmitted containing donations to the value of twenty thousand dollars, made by the French government and people to the national institutions at Washington. And what did Congress do? Why, all the public buildings are for some special purposes; all were crowded; the Congress Library room is now too small; there seemed to be no place to spare; and the magnificent testimonial of national good will was thrown by, and to the great peril of their precious contents the boxes have been lying till now unopened—distributed among private houses no one knows where, and put under the responsibility of nobody knows who. Among other things, a magnificent geological map of France, on an immense scale, six or eight feet square, the first copy ever sent from the French military department, was given to our War Office; and on this visit Mons. V. was obliged to *hunt it up*—the officers of the Bureau to which it belonged not knowing of any such thing, and entirely ignorant where it could have been bestowed. This is one of the grievances which it is the object of his visit to amend.

One becomes involuntarily filled with a share of his own enthusiasm in speaking with him, or thinking of the generous and comprehensive spirit of his plan. He has devoted to it fourteen years of incessant labor and travel, and 180,000 francs of his private fortune. These are his free-will offerings in behalf of a great international system of peace and good-will and mutual kind offices. It is an interesting coincidence, that while an American of equal enthusiasm is laboring in England in another way for the same great end of universal peace, this Frenchman, distinguished by the notice and applause of almost all the literary and noble in Europe, should be indefatigably passing from continent to continent, and from state to state, building up portions of the grand fabric of a common civilization. He has already established associate libraries in twenty-four of the States, carried out donations, (chiefly maps and public documents,) from many of them, and brought back the munificent return of which I have spoken. From Indiana he carried twenty sets of documents, making in all five hundred volumes; and of these he proceeded to offer one set to the city of Paris. Some of the merchants there, who had been sufferers from repudiation, demurred at receiving anything from the recreant State, and were disposed to refuse the gift. But he undertook to mediate, representing in his enthusiastic way how generous it was of this new State, springing up in the wilderness, to give what it could out of its poverty, towards the cause of universal peace, and pledging himself that its entire honor should be redeemed. And to such good purpose did he plead, that these indignant merchants not only accepted what was sent, but made a donation in return to Indiana of the value of some three thousand dollars. Another of even greater value in maps and topographical surveys, he obtained from one of the depart-

ments, in exchange for three State maps, worth in all perhaps six dollars ! And as one more instance of his earnest devotion to his idea, having obtained a law from Congress that the Librarian be "authorized" to furnish fifty extra copies of all public documents, well bound, for European exchanges, he has parted with three thousand volumes of his own library to meet the engagements he had entered into as they fell due, when the books were not forthcoming from this country. It is part of his desire now that the Librarian be "ordered" to execute our part of the engagement.

It is well known that M. Vattermare is the same person who has (as M. Alexandre) astonished all Europe by his feats in ventriloquism, and to whom Sir Walter Scott addressed the complimentary impromptu in which he is styled "Alexander & Co." This letter, along with numerous other testimonials from persons of rank and celebrity in Europe, and the signatures of sovereigns, discoverers and artists numberless, he has among the interesting fac-similes in his "Album." Coming in at about nine o'clock the other evening, to visit a family at whose house I happened to be, he fixed his eyes on a portrait that hung rather obscurely in the room, and presently declared that it looked like Goethe. It proved to be an original likeness brought from Germany about twenty years ago. From this he proceeded to pronounce upon its age, and to tell us how he came first to know the poet. Visiting Weimar in 1818, he was asked presently by the Grand Duke, "Have you seen our famous Goethe?" To this he answered no; he had a high admiration of him from his writings, and hearing he was far from courteous to strangers, (refusing even to receive two ladies who had come from Italy purposely to visit him, only offering them his carriage and directions to the "curiosities" of the place,) dreaded to get a less agreeable impression. "I will arrange all that," said the Duke; and accordingly invited him to dine at a country-seat, where Goethe made one of the guests, and they were soon on good terms. He begged a composition of some sort for a memorial; and Goethe was proceeding to dictate a little poem, when he interrupted, saying, "I can read that at any time in a printed book: what I want is something written with your own hand." In reward for his importunities he received a gift of books and a letter, which is among his most precious autographs. Some time after this, he took the letter among others, to show to Mr. Roscoe, (then in feeble health, and living a few miles out of Liverpool,) and left the collection in his hands. But at five o'clock next morning, he was roused by a knocking at the door; and there he found Mr. Roscoe, who could not rest for anxiety, while he had such a treasure in his keeping, and must have it off his hands without any more delay. These anecdotes of personal intercourse with distinguished literary men of the last generation, as you may suppose, were particularly interesting as they came from his voluble and eager lips.

Just one more example, and I will finish this long epistle. It is a matter of comparison not very flattering to this country, that almost every collection of books or exhibition of fine arts is closed to the public, held by private ownership, seen only by paying a fee. The great national institutions at Washington, present or to be, are the only exceptions I can this moment think of. Mons. V. detailed, with considerable pathos, in his excited and dramatic way, the case of a poor boy, who, eager for learning and thirsting to see beautiful pictures and statues, comes to one of our galleries. One after another well-dressed men and women are passing in; and he comes modestly hoping to gain a single sight, and offers twelve cents, all he has in the world. But nothing less than twenty-five will help him; those who can pay go in, and the poor boy of genius is cramped and starved. Now contrast this with the establishments of Europe. The magnificent public libraries and lectures and galleries at Paris are universally known. They were founded by kings and prelates. And in the most despotic country of Europe, said he, "in Russia, I have seen a slave stand in the public library side by side with an *aide-de-camp* of the Emperor himself; and when he called for a book, the nobleman mounted the steps, found the volume he desired, and handed it him, as if he had been the master and himself the servant."

I have just alluded to the public and national institutions of this city. I will speak of them more particularly the next time I write.

J. M. A.

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NORTON ON THE GENUINENESS OF THE GOS-  
PELS.

[Concluded from March No.]

WE have already seen that there was, at an early period, a book of the Law ascribed to Moses, containing a revelation of religious truth. Whether the ritual was also established by him is deemed another question. We believe that it was ;—

First, because this was the only means by which a true worship could be maintained. The great problem (if we may be allowed the expression) for Moses to solve, was, how would it be possible to establish in the minds of the Jews, a firm belief in an invisible Being whose Providential care was continually over them, and to whom their reverence, obedience, and worship were due, when the tendency was so strong to idol-worship? Would a simple revelation of the truth be sufficient? Such a revelation had already been made to the Patriarchs; but when Moses was first to bear a message from God to his countrymen, he inquires, “When they ask me His name, what shall I say unto them?” showing that whatever knowledge was once possessed of the Supreme Being, their present conceptions, if indeed they had any properly so called, were extremely vague and imperfect. Miracles alone would not answer the desired end, for not even the thunders and lightnings of Sinai could restrain them from their idolatrous practices. Neither of them, nor both of them combined, was sufficient. They needed something in addition, which by acting upon their imaginations and senses, in connexion with the facts of their own peculiar history, should gradually lead



their minds to the acknowledgment of an unseen Divinity. This the ritual was designed to effect. It was a slow process, the work of ages ; but the result showed the profound wisdom and wonderful inspiration of its great originator. If we follow this people in their history from the time of Moses, we shall see how exactly the observance of the ritual and the purity of their worship corresponded. During the period when the Judges ruled, the observance of the Law was seemingly very imperfect, and in striking conformity was their worship of the one true God. They were continually relapsing to idolatry. Afterwards, while under the rule of the Kings, we find they had attained to a much better practice of it, and the improvement in their worship was in a corresponding ratio. The tribe of Judah particularly, which there is every reason to suppose adhered more closely to the Law, maintained for a good part of the time a true worship, while the others, which there is equal reason to suppose disregarded it, were almost the whole time given to heathenish practices. After the captivity, and the re-establishment of the people in their native land, the Law became settled upon a firm basis. It had taken hold of their affections, its superiority to every other form of religion was seen and acknowledged, its rites were more carefully observed, and from that time there were no more relapses to idolatry : at least none that were general.

We find, then, that in order to the maintenance of a true worship, rites and forms were necessary. Indeed, how can we suppose it to have been otherwise ? There is not a religion on earth, and we believe, never has been, that could dispense with them. A religion without forms would be an anomaly. Even Christianity which, better than any other, is able to do without them, has hitherto sanctioned their use, and probably will for a long time to come. Can it be reasonably supposed then that Moses would have been commissioned to give a religion to the Jews, without being empowered also to institute those forms which should be necessary in order to have it gain an entrance into their minds, and effect there its elevating and purifying purposes ? If not, we must conclude of necessity that the ritual contained in the Pentateuch is the one given by Moses. To suppose that a ritual divinely sanctioned was lost, while one of human invention was preserved in its place,

would be absurd. But these forms, however necessary, were not all-sufficient. Some system of instruction was needed, to preserve a knowledge of the being and providence of God and the obligations due to Him. The paucity of books at that period must have made the diffusion of instruction by their general use extremely improbable. In the absence of such means, what better substitute could be provided than the institution of those feasts which were to be observed with so much solemnity? By these the people were brought together to commemorate the great events of their national history, to recount God's wonderful dealings towards them, and to hear the reading of the Law, by which they should gather fresh incentives to obedience.

Another requisite to perpetuating a knowledge of the Deity was the preservation of the Jews as a distinct people. It needs no very acute discernment to perceive how necessary such a provision should have been, and how well the various parts of the ritual, especially those relating to purification, were calculated to secure that end. There is no good reason for supposing that the Jews could long retain any just conceptions of the Supreme Being, after their own peculiar rites had fallen into disuse and their existence as a separate nation should have become extinct. A glance at the history of the ten tribes will afford us some light on this point. It is well known that Jeroboam, soon after the secession, fearing that he should lose his influence with the people, if they were suffered to perform their accustomed worship at Jerusalem, set up his calves at Bethel and persuaded the ten tribes to perform their worship there. Of course there could have been no proper observance of the Law from that time; and, as a consequence, they became, not only extinct as a nation, but lost all true knowledge they once possessed of the existence and character of the Deity. These observations seem to us to cover nearly the whole ground as regards the Levitical Law, and when it is considered that this is the only medium through which a knowledge of God has been preserved among mankind, that a part of the nation who disregarded this law, relapsed into idolatry and was lost as a distinct people, ought we not to be slow to call anything that relates to it "trivial" and unworthy our attention? Supposing, then, as we do suppose, that

it was the mission of Moses to introduce to the world a knowledge of the being and attributes of God : finding the Law calculated to secure that end, that the record ascribes this Law to him, and that no other person appears in the history, to whom it can be consistently ascribed, are we not justified in the conclusion that he was its author ? There are three other objections adduced by Mr. Norton to this view of the Levitical Law, which require some notice ; and with a glance at these we shall bring to a close what we have to say on this branch of our subject.

The first of these objections is, that the prophets did not regard the Law as binding. In answer to this we remark, as has appeared elsewhere, that it was not their purpose to enforce an observance of the ritual, so much as to prevent its degenerating into mere formalism. In a multitude of forms there is always this danger ; and we can see and admire the wisdom of that Providence that raised up, as the times demanded, an order of men who should rebuke this spirit, and keep alive the conviction, that unless the moral law was observed the ceremonial would be useless. Religious instruction formed properly no part of the priest's duties, farther than it was connected with the ritual. The offices of the priest and prophet were different, but not antagonistic. In Christ they seem to have been united ; that is, he gave his sanction to forms in some measure, and he was also the great Teacher of religion. In this respect Christian teachers have followed his example, and hence, we hear them frequently, though by no means denying the utility of forms, warning men against relying upon them as a substitute for true religion. It is presumed no stronger language can be found in the Prophets in reference to the observance of the Jewish ritual, than can be found in the writings of many divines of the present day, in regard to the worthlessness of forms among us, in the absence of the true spirit of religion.

Again : it is said that a sect called the Essenes did not observe the Levitical Law, and that as they are spoken of with approbation by Jewish historians, therefore it was not probably a divine institution.

From the accounts we have of this sect, its members seem to have kept themselves in a good measure secluded from the

world. They were simple and quiet in their mode of life, and remarkable for the uprightness and purity of their conduct. It is supposed that such a sect would not be regarded with complacency if the Levitical Law was a divine institution. But surely it cannot be surprising that a body of men, who, it might be, had attained to a more spiritual conception of the Law than others, should drop the outward symbol as for them unnecessary. Has not the sect a good counterpart in this respect, in the Friends of the present day? and yet who of us questions their Christian excellence, or thinks of maintaining, from their practice, that baptism and the sacrament are not Christian ordinances?

It is said, also, that there is no proof that the art of writing was known to Moses, and therefore that we cannot be sure that what was ascribed to him was really his work. This objection applies of course to the whole Pentateuch. On this point, we beg permission to say that it seems not quite fair to question the truth of another's word, unless we have the means of making good our accusation. When a man, supposed to have been guilty of some crime, is brought to trial, and pleads "not guilty," his word is supposed to be good until it is proved to the contrary. We would apply the same principle here. Prove to us beyond all reasonable doubt that the art of writing was not known to Moses, and we will acknowledge that we have no certain means of knowing that he was the author of the Levitical Law. It will hardly do, to say that it was not known to other nations, and that therefore it could not have been known to the Jews. Moses, we all believe, was supernaturally endowed to communicate a revelation; may we not suppose that he should have been also supernaturally endowed, if necessary, to record that revelation? Can it be believed that the knowledge of God would have been preserved in anything like the purity that it was, had no record been made of the revelation through Moses? Judging from what we know of the past history of the Jews, we find not the least ground for such a conclusion. Grant a revelation any better suited to the wants and capacities of the people, than that made through the Patriarchs, and you must grant the record also. It would be idle to suppose that the numerous rites and ceremonies of the ritual, together with the civil

laws and the moral precepts, should be left to so uncertain a means of preservation as mere tradition. The tendency to corruption was too great to admit of that. Even in our day, with all the light we have, it would be considered a dangerous experiment to give up the record and trust to tradition. But, besides this, it has already appeared that there was a written law anterior to the reign of David, and we can scarcely look for so important an event as the introduction of the art of writing during the dark period that intervened between the promulgation of the Law, and the first kings of Israel. We are compelled therefore to refer it to the time of Moses.

We cannot but observe, moreover, that the remarks of Professor Stuart on this point, in his recent work on the Old Testament, seem to put the matter beyond doubt without a resort to miraculous agency.

We must still believe, therefore, notwithstanding the endeavor of Mr. Norton to prove the contrary, that the Levitical Law was from Moses. By adopting any other conclusion, we but involve ourselves in greater difficulties than we find in adhering to this.

Our limits will not permit us to notice the almost numberless objections brought forward against various portions of the Pentateuch. They may be comprised perhaps under two general heads. First, the accounts are many of them incredible. Secondly, they give us wrong impressions of the Divine character. This objection applies, it is presumed, not only to the historical part of the Pentateuch but to some of the laws also.

Our reply to the first objection is this: if we admit the possibility of miracles we admit the possibility of all miracles. It was a remark of Jean Paul Richter that "the admission of a thing inexplicable warrants the belief in every other." It is as easy for me to believe that the sea was divided, as that one could walk upon its waves without artificial means of support. It is no more incredible that a nation should be sustained upon manna, than that five thousand people should be fed with five loaves of bread; and so of other miraculous accounts. We ought not then surely to object to an account as incredible, *merely* because it is not naturally possible. 'True,' we are told, 'but suppose the character of the miracle does not warrant our belief in it.' To this we reply, that we may not be

competent judges as to the kind of miracles required for any particular age of the world. The miracles of Christ were beneficent, those of Elijah, some of them at least, were of a vindictive character. The most of those recorded in the Old Testament were calculated to inspire the witnesses of them with wonder, veneration and awe. If they sometimes involved a loss of life, or appear to us otherwise not in harmony with the Divine character, we ought not surely, with our limited knowledge, and feeble powers of comprehension, to venture the assertion, either that they were unworthy of belief, or not adapted to the end for which they were wrought.

The other objection that lies against many of the accounts in the Pentateuch and makes them unworthy of confidence, is that they give us wrong impressions of the Divine character. That there are things difficult to be explained we are free to admit ; but it by no means follows that they are incapable of satisfactory explanation. One thing is certain ; much allowance should be made for the ancient manner of speaking and writing. It should be considered that the Jews at this period were just emerging from the darkness of heathenism, to a perception of the one true God. They had but a scanty knowledge of him or of his works. Nature was to them comparatively a sealed book. They seem scarcely to have had an idea that all her wonderful processes were brought about and governed by unalterable laws ; and hence many times, events natural, as well as miracles, seem to have been regarded as taking place through the direct agency of God. We cannot do better than to quote Mr. Norton's own words in reference to this point. Speaking of the Jewish historians he says, " Accustomed to the habitual contemplation of God as the author of all things, deeply penetrated by a sense of the marvellous circumstances under which their nation existed, and regarding it as the object of his special providence, they naturally referred directly to Him whatever affected its condition and whatever seemed to them a manifestation of his pleasure or displeasure. This state of mind they of course shared with their countrymen. We have scarcely entered on the Book of Samuel before we find it related that 'the elders of Israel said, Wherefore hath the Lord smitten us to-day before the Philistines?' The same mode of conception and style of narrative

appear throughout the history. To remark on one of the passages by which the early Fathers were embarrassed, it is said that 'an evil spirit from the Lord troubled Saul.' A modern historian might express the same event by saying that Saul became subject to temporary insanity. A religious man, if he wished to present the fact under a religious aspect, would now say that in the providence of God Saul was thus afflicted. The last mode of expression would differ from that used by the Jewish historian, not only in putting aside the agency of an evil spirit, but also in not directly referring the effect to God." There are many passages in the Pentateuch containing similar difficulties, which, if a like principle of interpretation were applied, would disappear. Should we not pause then before adopting the rash conclusion that there is no truth in them?

It should be borne in mind also, that the revelation contained in these books, excepting the Decalogue, was made through an imperfect medium. Perhaps our idea of inspiration may be lax, but if a man be supernaturally inspired in regard to some things, we cannot perceive how it follows of course, that he is infallible in everything; or that because wisdom is given him to communicate certain truths, therefore he can communicate all truth. Moses was without doubt miraculously endowed with powers sufficient to enable him to institute a code of laws moral and ceremonial, suited to the wants and capacities of the Jewish nation; and God might be truly represented as speaking to him in all of those places where it is so recorded of him.

But the whole subject of inspiration is involved in mystery, and we have no intention of entering upon its discussion. We will hazard the remark however, that there seem to have been but two revelations, concerning the Deity and the duties which we owe to him and to each other, which do not bear the stamp of imperfection; one written by the finger of God upon tables of stone; the other engraven upon the tablets of the heart, by his Son Jesus Christ. And yet it cannot be doubted that other holy men were inspired, and revealed important truths. There are different degrees of inspiration, then. The inspiration of Moses was inferior to that of our Saviour. Its purpose was limited and specific, and hence if any thing is found in it not in accordance with Christianity, we may infer,

either that the gift of inspiration did not extend to those points, or that if it did it was of a character suited to the wants, and adapted in some degree to the prejudices, of the age. For instance, the laws respecting the treatment of slaves, cannot be said to be perfect because the institution of slavery is contrary to the spirit of Christianity ; yet they evince a lenity so much superior to the practices of other nations, that we can account for them only by supposing them to have been the production of supernatural wisdom. With the ten commandments the case was different. They are every where applicable and extend to all time. A greater degree of sanctity is attributed to them even by the writer of the Pentateuch than to the ceremonial law ; at the same time they are of so general a character that they needed the aid of the others in order that the minds of men might gradually be led to the comprehension of the truths and the practice of the duties contained in them. Bearing in mind these considerations we shall be the better able to examine what is said by Mr. Norton in reference to the way in which the Pentateuch was regarded by our Saviour.

In this first part of the subject, he endeavors, by a course of ingenious argument, to prove that the Levitical Law, and other portions of the Pentateuch, were not regarded by Jesus as the work of Moses. We say ingenious because it certainly has that merit ; but whether it will bear the test of sound criticism, we are so presumptuous as to think doubtful. The foundation on which he builds such an hypothesis seems very slender indeed. He commences the argument thus : " The ritual Law was done away by Christianity, in other words it was not binding upon Jewish Christians." After adducing some passages from St. Paul to prove this, he remarks farther, " But if the ritual law were not binding upon Christians, the question arises, upon what ground was it abrogated ? " Again, " Had the ritual law been, as represented in the Pentateuch, promulgated by God, it is evident that the obligation to obey that law could not cease till it was explicitly and solemnly repealed by God. But we find nowhere any declaration of our Saviour recognizing its divine origin, and asserting his commission from God to declare it no longer binding. One of two inferences necessarily follows ; either that the law remained binding upon his followers from among the Jews, contrary



to what is affirmed by St. Paul, and contrary, as we shall see, to what he himself taught by his actions and words, or that this Law did not proceed from God, and therefore that no express declaration was necessary to invalidate its authority." These premises we are not willing to admit, at least without some qualification, for the simple reason that there seems to be a change of ground. The question is, whether the law came through or by Moses. Is it possible that Mr. Norton would think of maintaining seriously that we find no declaration of our Saviour recognizing the Law as having been derived from Moses? If so he surely has a vision peculiar to himself, and farther argument is useless. It will be understood what we mean, if in the language above quoted, we substitute for the words God and divine, those of Moses and Mosaic.\* It is true indeed that the ritual law was not binding upon Jewish Christians, and it may be that no passages can be found where our Saviour referred it *directly* to God: but it is equally true that he repeatedly referred to it as the work of Moses, and it seems impossible fairly to attribute any other meaning to the various passages which have a bearing on the subject. Certain it is, that among all the accusations brought against Jesus it was not one that he taught that the Law was not from Moses. Moreover none of his disciples, not even the apostles, that we can discover, ever drew this doctrine from word or act of his. In the investigation of this subject it cannot be insisted upon too strongly, that there is a wide difference between the ten commandments and the Levitical Law. With Jesus the authority of the former was unquestionable, while the requisitions of the latter, many of them, do not seem to have been regarded by him as so imperative; many of them needed to be annulled, and some to be enforced. Taking this view of the matter, we cannot conceive it to have been necessary to abolish the ritual in form; to declare in so many words that it was no longer binding. Such a course could have produced only unbelief, confusion, and every evil work. It surely would have been no proof of the wisdom which always marked the conduct

\* This very distinction is used by Mr. Norton in another place for his own advantage; we have good authority therefore for insisting upon it here.

of Jesus as a Reformer. In the Jewish economy the laws concerning the state and religion are so blended that the abrogation of either by one possessing the character of a Prophet would lead to licentiousness and anarchy before as yet the foundation should be laid for anything better in its place. How much more wise, how much better in every respect, the course which he marked out for himself!

Claiming, on account of the purity and excellence of his life, and the character of his miracles, greater authority than Moses, he yet but rarely brings his teachings into direct collision with those of the Jewish Lawgiver. When the observance of a law is not attended with any superstitious formalities, he recommends a compliance with its requisitions. Witness the case of the leper whom he healed and directed to show himself to the priest and offer the gift commanded by Moses. When censured for the non-observance of a law, or rather, when accused of transgressing it, he defends himself against his accusers, not by calling in question the authority of the law, but by showing them that he kept it as well as those whom they called the most holy men, as well as even they themselves did, and that it was no real zeal for its proper observance but a spirit of fault-finding that prompted them to bring the charge against him. Jesus sought to do away the Mosaic Law, rather by the introduction of higher principles of action and a more pure and simple faith, than by a verbal rescinding of its ordinances. He was careful to guard his followers against the error that the mere external observance of a law was of any value whatever in itself; but at the same time he knew full well that there were but few minds who would be able to take in at one view, in all their length and breadth, the sublime purposes of his mission. He was willing that the ancient landmarks should be used as a practical guide, satisfied that when a clearer day should dawn upon them, they would be given up as no longer necessary. Hence when one came to him with the inquiry, "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" he answers, "Keep the commandments," not the commandments of Moses, but of God. When another asked of him concerning the proper place of worship, he replies, "Neither in this place, nor yet in Jerusalem;" the place is of no consequence; "the true worshippers worship the Father in spirit and in truth."

If the foregoing considerations have any weight, farther comment would seem unnecessary ; but as there are two or three passages in the teachings of Christ which are cited by Mr. Norton to prove that he did not regard the ritual law as originating with Moses, we must be indulged a little longer.

The first of these passages is his conversation with the Jews relative to the ceremonial observance of the Sabbath. What did Christ teach in regard to this matter ? Did he mean to convey the impression that this law was not given by Moses ? We find no evidence of it. He defends himself and his disciples against the attacks of the Pharisees by showing them that he had no more broken the law than themselves. For instance, when his disciples were censured for gathering the ears of corn, he replies that is no worse than what David did when he was hungry, and what the priests were constantly in the habit of doing. So when accused of breaking the law by performing a work of healing on this day, he asks with great pertinency, whether it is worse to loose a man from his infirmity, than for one to loose his ox and lead him away to water. Surely here is no assertion that the law was not from Moses. There is yet another occasion, where in repelling a similar accusation, he says, " If a child be circumcised on the Sabbath day that the law of Moses be not broken, are ye angry with me for making a man every whit whole on the Sabbath day ? " Here too, plainly enough, was no breach of the law, and nothing but the bigotry and intolerance of the Pharisees could have prompted them to bring the accusation against him. It is supposed by Mr. Norton that Jesus here claims for himself an authority higher than that of the author of this law, and that therefore it could not have proceeded from God. It may be that he does ; he claimed to have greater authority than any prophet who preceded him, but it should be remembered that he speaks of this law as given by Moses. It is as if he had said to them, " You, on the Sabbath, perform the rite of circumcision in order to keep the law of Moses. I have performed a work of mercy on this day in obedience to the will of my Father, a work from its very nature demanding special Divine aid. Judge for yourselves whether it should be considered a profanation of the Sabbath." It does not seem to be a primary object here, however, to settle any point in regard to

the authority of Christ as a lawgiver in comparison with that of any one else. It is not a question of law but of practice. The comparison is between his conduct and that of the Pharisees, and he rests his vindication upon the character of the act. There was no admission on the part of Jesus that he was guilty of disregarding the ceremonial law respecting the Sabbath, any more than the Pharisees themselves did. Again: when asked for his judgment concerning the law of divorce, he admits it was from Moses, but tells those who inquired of him, that it was owing to the character of the people that it was no better. Lax as it appears to us, it was probably in advance of the common practices of the age. There are also in the Decalogue commands which would operate strongly to prevent its abuse.

The idea we have been endeavoring to illustrate will perhaps appear more clearly if we compare the teachings of Jesus respecting the Law with those of the Jewish traditions. We refer to the fifteenth chapter of Matthew. "Then came to Jesus scribes and Pharisees, saying, Why do thy disciples transgress the traditions of the elders? for they wash not their hands when they eat bread. But he answered and said unto them, Why do ye also transgress the commandment of God by your tradition? for God commanded, saying, Honor thy father and thy mother, and whoso curseth father or mother, let him die the death. But ye say, Whosoever shall say to his father or his mother, It is a gift, by whatsoever thou mightest be profited by me; and honor not his father or his mother, he shall be free. Thus have ye made the commandment of God of none effect through your tradition. Ye hypocrites, well did Esaias prophesy of you, saying, This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth and honoreth me with their lips; but their heart is far from me. But in vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men."

We have quoted the passage to show with what boldness and decision Jesus denounces these traditions. We search the Gospels in vain for any declarations similar to these in regard to the Mosaic law. The language is clear and emphatic. "In vain do they worship me teaching for doctrines the commandments of men." If the ceremonial law was composed

of the commandments of men, why did not Jesus speak of it in the same way that he did of the traditions?

Surely not because he was afraid of arousing the prejudices of the Pharisees. They were, if possible, more tenacious of their traditions than of the law. In this very conversation, Jesus told them, that in the scrupulous regard paid to them they had been led to neglect the command of God. And yet, great as the danger is, there is no hesitation in declaring the whole truth.

This conversation, in common with those concerning the Sabbath, and the law of divorce, are adduced by Mr. Norton to prove that Jesus did not consider the ceremonial law as coming from Moses: but we think the careful reader will observe in the words of Jesus a marked discrimination touching all those laws and customs which the Jews regarded as binding upon them. To the ten commandments he ascribes directly a divine origin. Moses is a prophet raised up by God for important purposes, and not the least of them, to institute a code of laws for the government of the Jews, the regulation of their worship, and their preservation as a distinct people: a code by no means perfect, yet well calculated to secure the ends for which it was given. Traditions are spoken of as merely the commandments of men, and as involving on the part of men no moral obligation to obey them.

Respecting the other parts of the Pentateuch, we have no means of knowing how they were regarded by Jesus, excepting from detached portions of them, and his numerous allusions to them in a general way. Whenever any of its accounts are thus alluded to, we believe they are uniformly spoken of as facts. We infer from this that he was ready to give it his sanction as a true history.

On the whole, we are not satisfied with this attempt to show us how the Pentateuch should be regarded by us. It commences with the supposition that the revelation through Moses has an authority equal to that of any other, a supposition the proof of which does not appear. The whole argument is built upon this. But this position does not seem tenable. We cannot reconcile it with the teachings of Christ. In attempting to defend it, we should be led first to the ground taken by Mr. Norton that much of the Pentateuch is not true; and next

to the position occupied by some of the rationalists of the present day who suppose that Christ was liable to mistake in some things as well as other men. May we not avoid these difficulties by supposing there are different degrees of inspiration? In a matter of such importance we presume not to give an opinion any farther than it has appeared in the preceding pages. What we have offered on this point has been rather by way of suggestion and to aid inquiry, than to be dogmatically insisted upon. We ask therefore for candor in its consideration.

We beg permission to say, in conclusion, that we entered upon our task with much diffidence. The more we have pondered the subject, however, the stronger has our faith become in the Bible as it is. Striking correspondences between the Old Testament and the New have presented themselves, so that it has sometimes seemed as if almost every wonderful event in the latter was dimly foreshadowed in the former, and that the two are so connected that if the credibility of the one is impaired the other shares the same fate. But we are not vain enough to suppose that our investigations should lead to the same strength of conviction in others. If they should awaken in any one earnest thought and inquiry on the subject, we shall not have labored for naught. Difficulties, it is true, are connected with it, and perhaps always will be, adopt what theory we may. However, if we follow the teachings of the latter revelation, we have a sure guide for ourselves. But while we hold in our hands this key to the ancient Scriptures, let us not think with it to solve all mysteries.

With all respect for the good intentions and the distinguished scholarship of the author of the work we have been considering, we cannot but regret that he has chosen such a field of labor. Regrets, however, are unavailing. We have certainly no fears for the result. Our search has been for the truth, and if in the attempt to find her she has appeared as a partially veiled divinity, we rest in the confident hope that some one else may be found who shall be able to put aside the veil and disclose to us in its full radiance her heavenly beauty.

E. N. N.

## GERRIT SMITH ON SECTARIANISM.

*Abstract of an argument in the discussion of the question,  
"Are the Christians of a given community the church of such  
community," in Hamilton, N. Y., April 12, 13, 14, 1847.*

THE author of this argument is a singularly interesting man, an emblem of the liberalizing influence of modern philanthropy, a grand specimen of a person living what he believes and practising what he preaches. Inheriting a very large fortune from a father remarkable for his economical habits, he early became prominent in the Anti-slavery agitations, and embarked with Myron Holley (whose memory he fondly cherishes and whose resting-place he consecrated) in the Liberty party; and, through his devotion to their cause, has been led to overleap the walls of sect, the restraints of association, the misfortune of immense land-ownership, and is now taking the lead in every form of public benevolence. He inherited about a million of acres, and has reduced the amount to fifty thousand, partly by sales but lately by gifts; and intends before he dies to hold not more than a modest farm such as a man can attend to himself. For all this, he asks and expects no praise. "It costs me nothing," he says. "What earthly right have I to a million of acres while my neighbor has not where to lay his head?—should I claim all the air, or sunlight or water through this country every one would cry out against the usurpation: is it any better to keep vast tracts of land vacant, or degrade their occupants from an independent yeomanry into tenants at will?" So Mr. Smith believes and so he acts. Most of the lands that he has given away to colored people in fifty-acre lots are said to be poor: yet, they had some value in the market; and one portion of them, in the mineral district, could not be bought of the present owners a short time ago for twelve hundred dollars the acre. Besides this donation of land as an encouragement to colored persons, G. Smith is constantly relieving the necessities and sustaining the philanthropies immediately around him.

The elegant monument to Myron Holley is chiefly the result of his efforts; the widows of his neighborhood have lately received generous and wise help. In unostentatious modes he

has done more than most men would believe. Like J. J. Gurney, his death (*sero in cœlum redeat*) will reveal how much he has impaired the principal, besides having faithfully consecrated the income of his princely fortune to the highest good of humanity. Perhaps he may be gratified even with dying a poor man; but, were property commonly held by Christians as he holds his, the world would be but too happy, suffering would nearly cease, misery, oppression and famine would be unknown.

Such a man's thoughts on 'Sectarianism' are worth at least a passing notice: two extracts will show the tendency of his remarks, and give another proof that what Unitarians have long contended for is really coming to pass.

"The objectors say," remarks Mr. Smith, "How can we consent to receive Christians of all sorts of notions into the church? To these objectors my soul indignantly replies, Who are you, that you should make the entrance of your fellow-men into the church of Jesus Christ turn on your consent? Has he given to you his power? No—neither to you nor to St. Peter. He keeps it in his own hand and ever will. Consoling assurance to the poor sinner, that it is so; that not men but Jesus Christ alone can shut out of his church. Consoling assurance too, that he has made the door of his church on earth no narrower than the door of his church in heaven. Heaven is open to every Christian—and surely, then, there is no enclosure on earth, however sacred, that may be shut against any Christian." (p. 25.)

"I said, that we are to welcome into the church the most weak and erring Christians. I add, that we are to be especially eager to extend the offices of church-fellowship to such; for it is such who most need them. Church-fellowship is adapted both to correct the errors of Christians, and to make them strong. This is one of its heaven-designed objects. If there be in this village a Christian more weak and erring than any other, I claim that he is for this reason, the very Christian whom all other Christians here should be most glad to welcome to the nourishment and benefits of church-fellowship. He should be regarded as the very cosset of the whole spiritual flock. As parents who have a weak and deformed child make it the especial object of their tenderness and solicitude, so should



Christians look especially after the weakest and most wandering of the flock — carry them in their arms — bathe them in the tears of piety and love — and, if need be, exhaust upon their cure every medicine of the soul, which the Saviour has put at the disposal of his church.” (p. 27.)

F. W. H.

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TRUST.

“Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him.”

ART Thou with me still, my Father,  
 Art Thou with me still?  
 Happy friends forsake and fail me,  
 Gloomy doubts and fears assail me,  
 Nothing earthly can avail me.  
 Art Thou with me still?

Dost Thou love me, Holy Father,  
 Dost Thou love me still?  
 Dark despair enshrouds my spirit;  
 No sweet angel can come near it;  
 No bright bow of promise cheer it;  
 Dost Thou love me still?

I will trust Thee, Heavenly Father,  
 I will trust Thee still!  
 Tempted, sorrowing, weak and lonely,  
 Thou the *nearest*, with me only,  
 In the brightness of thy glory,  
 Thou art with me still!

Let me love Thee, then, Dear Father,  
 Let me love Thee still!  
 Come with Thy benignant power,  
 Gild the clouds that o'er me lower,  
 On my heart Thy blessings shower,—  
 Thou dost love me still!

N.

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“EVEN a wilful or an absurd eccentricity is some support against the weighty common-place conformity of the world. If it were not for some singular people who persist in thinking for themselves, in seeing for themselves, and in being comfortable, we should all collapse into a hideous uniformity.”

## PINE BARREN STORIES.

THE SETTLEMENT. EMELY CAMPBELL.

BORN in New England, and a true child of the North, it was my lot in life to be early transplanted from the dear native soil, to that more luxurious but less congenial, of the South.

I went there, a young wife, and there my heart, though at first rebellious, became naturalized by the birth of my children; and its deepest and holiest interests at length associated with that once stranger land, by its becoming the grave of my first-born infant, and finally that of my beloved and revered husband.

It was during a season when the yellow fever had raged with unusual malignancy, and the city was rapidly being thinned by its ravages, and by the daily hurried departures for the North, that I first retreated with my young family to a settlement among the Pines, where one of my friends had recently thrown up a comfortable summer residence, and now urged me to try the salubrity of the air.

Merely intending to pass there the remaining summer and autumnal months I was glad to hear of any habitable situation, and was not disposed to be over nice on the score of conveniences, — nevertheless it was with great difficulty that a house of any sort could be procured.

After a while, at about a quarter of a mile distant from what was termed by courtesy the village, a little patch of cleared ground was pointed out to me, with a deserted log house of somewhat larger dimensions than usual, backed by a kitchen, built nearly on the same plan and scarcely inferior in size. There were no fences, no window sashes: — merely outside shutters — and the doors hung loosely without lock, latch or button. There was a well of fine clear water, but the bucket had disappeared, and the curb was broken away; the whole estate was to be purchased for an amount small almost beyond belief.

It was a case of desperation. Meagre as it was, the "art of our necessities" made it precious, and I purchased it without delay.

I found that my little retreat had capabilities, and I quickly commenced supplying its deficiencies. We boarded the walls within and without, built additional rooms, enlarged the piazza, and shaded it with ornamental vines — cleared and enclosed more land, set out fruit trees, &c., &c.

Our town furniture was brought up and arranged with a somewhat ludicrous effect against the walls of our unpapered and unplastered drawing room and bed chambers. A new kitchen was built, and the old one converted into a stable: the luxury of a bathing-house was added, and various other appliances of comfort which though rude and unshapely to the eye contributed in no small degree to our convenience and happiness. In making these improvements I became almost unconsciously attached to the place, and here at last, with my young family, I became a fixture for many years; superintending their education myself, until the boys were of an age to require a more enlarged system of instruction.

One of the first things we found necessary was the erection of scaffolds on which large piles of light-wood were enkindled every night throughout the summer, for the purpose of purifying the air as well as to attract insects from within doors. This was the custom of the whole settlement, and surprisingly beautiful was the effect on a dark night, when the glare of the different fires, reflected variously upon the foliage and tall trunks of the surrounding pines, contrasted strongly with the intense shadows beyond, and the negroes, moving about, or standing in groups, added life to the striking and animated picture.

Our neighbors — all within ten miles were so called — but I mean our immediate neighbors, whose proximity constituted the village, consisted of about ten or twelve families, near enough to be within sight of each other, but for the intervening trees, which permitted barely some little roof corner or chimney, or fence, to designate to each the scattered abodes of the rest. One public, main road passed through the village, and various lesser paths led off from it, leading through the woods, and formed gradually by the wagon wheels of the country people. I seldom rode out without directing my servants to provide themselves with hatchets, hoes, &c., in order to mend and clear as we went: and whenever a leisure day could be spared I sent them out for that especial purpose:— in this, though it

was troublesome and often vexatious, we persevered till we were rewarded by several very pleasant drives in different directions about the forests. From these roads again branched off little 'blind roads,' as they were not inaptly termed, leading from one remote plantation to another, and discernible to a practised eye only. On these we seldom ventured.

The country people soon began to visit us: — they came partly from curiosity, partly to "accommodate" us with the produce of their labor, and partly no doubt from good honest social feelings. I returned their visits, and in some instances made the first advances; indeed, in our drives, we rarely came to any habitation without stopping, and were always saluted with the civility "*won't you light?*" which we rarely declined. Some we found communicative and hospitable, others shy and hard to propitiate, but the greater part indifferent. Absorbed in their daily toils, they had little regard for the courtesies of life, and saw us enter and take our departure with equal sangfroid,—never forgetting however, that universal custom of the South, the momentary extension of the hand, sometimes in its gloveless state, not altogether the most winning overture that could be imagined, especially when every little white-headed, sun-scorched, dirty-fingered urchin, from two years old and upward, must have a share in the ceremony.

The principal apartment of all these log houses was entered upon directly from the piazza, which no Southern house, even the poorest, is without. It usually contained a bed, a buffet for cups and tumblers, a pine table with painted legs, and four or five straw bottomed chairs. Adjoining this room, was another, sometimes two, smaller and darker, containing bed, or beds, as the case might be, with just room enough to walk through, and surrounded by shelves and wooden pegs for the family linen and wardrobe. Here let me not omit to mention the chief ornament of the principal apartment, — the pride and glory of the whole establishment; — a finical eight day clock, peddled all the way from New England and purchased at twice its worth with the hoarded savings of years. Opposite this was a small wooden framed looking glass hung high,

"As if it scorned the base degrees  
By which it rose ———  
Nor would vouchsafe one look upon the ground."

and, beneath it as well as in other vacant spaces about the walls, was suspended a white napkin, fastened by a loop at each corner, extended thus for the sole purpose of ornament, either wrought in coloured worsted, or marked out into diamonds by deep indentations of the smoothing iron. The greater the pretension of the family the greater the number of these tasteful appendages.

Our drives about the woods had their peculiar charms. The pleasure we took in them was heightened by the pains necessary to their accomplishment. With what rapture would my children start from their seats, clasping their hands and uttering cries of amazed delight, when through some vista of the forest, where the underwood had not too thickly gathered, they caught glimpses of the wild deer leaping and bounding in their graceful freedom, or stooping to drink at the river branch.

There was a large pond a few miles from our house, and great was the joy, when, after travelling the woods for an hour before breakfast, we came out at last upon this wild spot, and saw the white and grey cranes in flocks, I might almost say in masses upon its bosom. At certain seasons we were always sure to find them there : the place had been their haunt for years, and had thence received its name, The White Lake.

Sometimes a sweet flavor like that of the New England honey-pink, warned us of the vicinity of the dangerous rattle snake ; or, amidst the trembling leaves, stole forth and disappeared again the gay-colored moccasin. Sometimes, in crossing with difficulty the boggy swamp roads, we espied the alligator lurking amid the gloom ; and glad was I to escape his dark and unwholesome haunts, and rising again among the healthy pines, catch the clear whistle of the partridge and see once more the cheering sunlight along our path. There was always a chill upon my spirits in passing through those dark and entangled swamps ; but my children felt it less ; — their young eyes would strain upward to catch a view of the higher branches of the wild olive, soaring up with its slender trunk, or the cucumber tree, lifting its head above the loftiest pines. Often would they pause to admire the large white flowers of the Bark, with its delicate rose-coloured stripes, and its leaves so valuable for their medicinal properties.

They knew well where to seek the percammon and the pur-

ple mulberry. Every wild flower seemed to woo their grasp, and the bottom of the barouche was crowded with the kalmias, the sweet bay and the yellow jessamine in their seasons. Sometimes we must needs all alight to peep into the excavated sand, the retreat of the sand-colored gopher; and happy and proud was each smiling urchin, in turn, to mount his horny back and be carried on at his snail's pace, for the length of a yard or two, while as he sprawled along turning his grave face to the right and left, shouts of laughter went up and the tall woods echoed with their mirth.

We were frequently accompanied in these excursions by a lady who, with her little invalid son had, like ourselves, sought the pine land for health. She was a young creature, Emely Campbell—the widow of a clergyman. She had retired to a small plantation,—for by this misnomer were all our residences in the Pine Barrens distinguished—chiefly because it afforded her a hope of raising from his state of extreme debility the little feeble and almost crippled object of her devoted tenderness.

Pale, but beautiful was the countenance of that afflicted child. His head was evidently too large, and his shoulders gave indication of approaching deformity. But his soft grey eyes were full of truth, sweetness and serenity, and his lips wore a smile of patient sufferance that spoke directly to the heart. His mother was delicate even to fragility, and though nature, in her exceeding fairness, the sunny tinge of her hair and the clear blue of her eye, seemed to have marked her countenance for a light and laughter-loving expression, its character was that of quietude if not of pensiveness. Even among Southern ladies, she was remarkable for the beauty of her hands and feet. It was a lovely and an affecting sight when that hand rested tremblingly on the boy's head, or clasping it in his own, he gazed upon it admiringly and covered it with kisses.

It may readily be supposed, that cut off as we were, in a great degree, from refined society, my children and myself alike sought eagerly the intimacy of this interesting family. Little Albert was amused to sit and watch the sometimes riotous sport of my boys, and they loved to come about him when it was ended and listen to the various stories with which a habit and love of reading beyond his years had stored his young

mind, and which he evinced a peculiar readiness and power in repeating.

The first time I saw this lovely child I felt a conviction that he was not for this world ; but his mother, deceived by the first effect which a change of air had produced, was full of hope.

"Is he not better? Do you not see the rose beginning to bloom upon his cheek?" she would say, and how could I resist that appeal or cast the shadow of my own fears over the transient sunshine of her heart?

There was no physician in our neighborhood, and some skill in simples which I had acquired in bringing up a young family, enabled me occasionally to relieve the boy in some of the distressing paroxysms to which he was subject: this gave me with Mrs. Campbell an interest and an influence I should not perhaps otherwise have obtained. She was very helpless. Educated in indolence and luxury, accustomed to depend upon servants for every thing, she was now in her widowhood, completely in their power. Indulgent to excess, as much from the want of energy to control, as from the natural gentleness of her disposition, she continued to live with a crowd of these kind hearted but indolent creatures about her, feeding upon and wasting her substance, though attached warmly to her interest, and in their ignorance, their levity and their laziness, scarcely earning a subsistence: — managing the affairs of their mistress as they would have done their own, in all good will indeed, but in utter inefficiency.

The gentle and feeling deportment of Albert towards these people was remarkable. Child as he was, he seemed to pity their ignorance, and sought every opportunity to impart to them from his own little store of knowledge. I have often seen him of a Sabbath evening while a crowd of little eager, black faces were upturned to him, standing with his pale, serene countenance and beaming eyes looking down upon them from the highest step of the piazza, reminding me of the beautiful picture I had seen of the child Jesus teaching in the temple.

His colored nurse was the object of his warmest partiality. Next to his mother she was most tenderly beloved by him. She had belonged to Mrs. Campbell from the time of her own childhood and was of exactly her own age. She too loved

marm Nancy, as she was called, who on her part appeared most devotedly attached to both.

Marm Nancy was very ill at one time, and her life was feared for. One day when it was thought she was dying I had been sitting by her for an hour or two, and had stepped out to relieve the oppression of my feelings at hearing her heart-rending groans: as I stood alone, leaning over the piazza, I heard the tones of that sweet and plaintive voice, always so peculiar and so touching. It was Albert in earnest prayer.

"Oh God — oh God," repeated the child, "it is a dreadful thing. Please God have mercy on her."

Deeply moved at this simple and fervid outpouring of the heart of childhood, I was moving silently away, when he caught a glimpse of me, and with his little innocent art, half ashamed to have been overheard, he began to play with his dog, whistling and calling to him, and affecting to be too much absorbed to notice me. I would not wound his delicacy by letting him know that I observed him, but even at this distant period I am moved almost to tears whenever I recall the scene.

Memory, perhaps, clings the more tenaciously to these little incidents, that they were, not long afterwards, followed by the death of this interesting boy. Marm Nancy recovered, and was soon able, and too soon called upon, to resume her office of nurse.

It was a mild, summer-like evening in autumn. The sun had set in its accustomed splendor. Little Albert lay upon a sofa in the piazza, and his mother supported his head upon her lap. He had been ill for several days:—his mother thought he was suffering under one of those debilitating but seldom dangerous attacks of fever, so common to this climate, during the summer; but I read something darker in the uncertain wandering of his eye — the deep paleness, and occasional flush upon his cheek — the ceaseless working of his small fingers and the fluttered breathings that seemed like the struggling of his young spirit to escape its mortal coil. Emely suddenly caught the expression of my eyes as I bent over him. I saw her start. She looked at her child and a deadly paleness came over her features:—it was the first crush of conviction; and after one long and agonized gaze, she uttered a deep groan and fell prostrate on the floor beside his couch. Albert appeared



not to heed her — his pure spirit seemed already touched by, and mingling with unearthly influences. I hastened to raise my poor friend as she lay upon her face, her beautiful hair spreading like a mantle about her — but paused, for she had not, as I at first imagined, fainted, but in a suppressed and choking tone, was pouring out prayer upon prayer for the life of her child. Never were petitions uttered with such agony of soul. But they were vain.

That night the little sufferer died, and his mother never recovered from the shock. Before his death Albert had obtained from his mother a promise that Nancy should never pass into other hands. He could not bear to think that this faithful creature should ever be subjected to the will of owners less fondly attached to her than they were.

Mrs. Campbell continued to reside in her retirement when the motive for which she had sought it existed no longer. But the world forgot not her as she seemed to have forgotten the world. Several attempts were made to woo back to society a being so fitted to grace it.

Her hand was sought by men of standing and distinction. Love, wealth, pleasure, all that are usually supposed to captivate a young and beautiful woman were laid at her feet, but her heart was buried in that little grave beside which she passed so many solitary hours.

Her health, at first, seemed very gradually to decline, but about a twelvemonth after Albert's decease the ravages of some internal malady grew every day more apparent, and she at length became unable to leave her room. No one but myself was admitted to her. Nancy clung to her pillow, and was the most alert and watchful of nurses.

Mrs. Campbell often said to her, "I do not forget my promise to Albert; when I am gone you will have your freedom."

"Oh, Misses!" she would reply, "I pray God you live to bury poor Nancy: but if you die, I die too rather than be sold to strangers."

Alarmed at the now rapid failure of my friend, I begged her to call in a physician; but she always declined; alleging that it would be vain, and would only subject her to unnecessary annoyance. Nancy knew, she said, exactly what to do for her,

and she had more confidence in her than in any one. Mrs. Campbell had a brother, her only near relative, residing in the city. He came several times to see her, but was of a cold, phlegmatic temperament, seemed not very deeply interested in his sister's case, and made but short visits.

Sometimes I found the invalid under very strong nervous excitement, with flushed cheeks and elevated spirits; at others in a state of torpor; feeble, pale, and disinclined to converse. I felt exceedingly uneasy, and often questioned Nancy closely as to her mode of treatment, but seldom with any very satisfactory result. It seemed to me that my friend was wasting away without sufficient effort being made for her relief. I confessed my fears to her brother, Mr. Bingly; but he seemed to attribute much to weak nerves, and thought it best not to insist too much upon the medical aid to which she expressed so strong an aversion.

An epidemic which attacked my two youngest children successively at this time prevented my seeing Emely for several weeks; and I received discouraging accounts from Nancy, to whom I sent every day.

When my children's recovery enabled me again to go to her, I was shocked at the change apparent in so short a time. I now determined, on my own responsibility, to send for a physician from town. Nancy was evidently assuming too much. She appeared unwilling that I should remain long in the chamber, and sometimes, arguing the necessity of quiet, denied me admission. To this, however, after yielding once or twice, I concluded not to submit. However faithful and well intentioned, she might be ignorant beyond a mere knowledge of her mistress' habits and feelings, and I felt it to be my duty to interfere. I now found that there were certain drops administered several times a day, some portion of which, on examination, I discovered to be morphine. These drops had been kept from my knowledge until now. I inquired particularly about them. Nancy seemed displeased. She said her mistress had always taken them; they were all that did her good. Her mistress knew what they were. She could not remember what physician had first recommended them. She only knew that her mistress had confidence in them, and would take nothing else. I was more and more dissatisfied. I looked anxiously

for the arrival of Dr. R——. He came shortly, and I stated all that I knew of Mrs. Campbell's situation, not omitting to mention my own fears and doubts in regard to the course pursued by Nancy.

Dr. R—— remained half an hour in the sick chamber : he then returned to me with a very grave face. My friend, he said, could not survive many days. He had questioned the nurse, and seen the drops. He thought there had been foul play. Mr. Bingly now arrived with his own physician. The two medical men consulted together and the drops were subjected to analysis. There was no longer a doubt of the guilt of Nancy. The more speedily to effect her promised freedom, she had been administering a slow but sure poison. Not to disturb the last hours of the unfortunate Emely, her favorite, closely watched, was permitted to remain near her till she died, which she did, in a calm and beautiful state of mind, happy at the thought of being reunited to her child.

Nancy received her liberty according to the will of her mistress, but was immediately arrested on the charge of attempting her life. Aided by some of her fellow servants however, she escaped, and we never heard of her again.

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PSALM.

Why do the heathen rage?

Their impious wrath is vain ;  
Princes and kings engage  
Against Jehovah's reign ;  
Against the Lord's anointed line,  
Their congregated hosts combine.

Hear—how their madness raves !  
" Their bonds, come, let us break ;  
We'll be no more their slaves,  
No more before them quake."  
Forth from the heavens a brightness shines,  
That mocks such impotent designs.

Jehovah's awful front  
Scatters his foes abroad,  
" A king I do anoint ;  
He bears the sword of God ;

On Zion shall he reign alone,—  
Zion, my holy hill, his throne."

Jehovah says to me,  
" My sceptred son art thou ;  
The heathen lands to thee  
And farthest tribes shall bow ;  
Thine iron rod shall break their  
pride,  
And scatter them in fragments  
wide."

Behold, ye kings, your doom  
If ye resist the Lord ;  
With meek submission come,  
And own his sovereign word :  
With lowly reverence kiss the  
son,  
And seek a refuge at his throne.

W. F. L.

## THE USE AND MISUSE OF FAST DAY.

A SERMON, BY REV. GEORGE E. ELLIS.

LUKE v. 34. And Jesus said unto them, Can ye make the children of the bride-chamber fast, while the bridegroom is with them?

IN other words,—for this is the force of the Saviour's question,—Will people be likely to keep a day of Fasting when there is no reason known to them why they should keep it, but when on the contrary they feel altogether indisposed to keeping it? The Saviour himself put this question to those who were surprised that he did not introduce any ceremonial and ascetic usages into his system of religion. They asked him why his disciples did not fast as did those of John the Baptist? The significance of his reply consists in another question—"Why should they fast? Why should they, as my disciples, undertake a course of self-inflicting and ascetic practices? What is the call for such a discipline? No such cause suggests itself to them, and if they are to be made to fast some reason for it must be given to them. Can ye make the guests of a bridal festival to abstain from food, while they are still in attendance on the bridegroom? When by and by he shall be removed from them, then they will be prompted to sadness, and be likely to fast." Such was the Saviour's reply; people will always fast when there really is, or when they feel there is a reason for it; but without that reason either existing or felt, they cannot easily be made to fast. Such is the true religious philosophy of fasting. If it is a religious exercise at all, it is so through force of a natural prompting and a proper occasion; it is not a thing dependent upon custom or authority, or injunction, or recommendation. Men will naturally fast when afflicted—they cannot well help doing so, for their food is loathed, not longed for. But they cannot be made to fast in a way which will at all help their religious feelings, unless they have occasion for it. It is as well to acknowledge this candidly, as to conceal it, or contend about it; for it is the plain truth. We have the Saviour's authority for it, and that is enough. Let people feel any reason, or acknowledge any occasion for fasting,—and their own

instinctive sensibilities will at once decide whether there is such occasion — and then they will fast. Otherwise, though they may fast for form, it will not be with the witness of the spirit, or to the attainment of grace.

To one whose religious feelings are of a despondent or melancholy character, the treatment which this day, annually set apart by the recommendation of the Chief Magistrate, receives, furnishes a subject of sad and foreboding thoughts. Here is a day to which are affixed the three most solemn terms — Fasting, Humiliation and Prayer; the first of them being the one most commonly attached to it. The prominent feeling associated with it, is a kind of bewildered and half realised uncertainty as to what it is for, what the occasion is; and doubtless a sincere respect and veneration for the fathers who established the day, does more than anything else to make it tolerable and to sustain it.

The majority of the citizens treat it with more or less of respect; they keep it either by attending public worship, or by quiet rest and thought; by abstaining from gayety, or any open occupation, and by eating only enough of plain food to meet the demands of real hunger. The devout and the rigid, — and there are more of these than are perhaps generally supposed, — do humble themselves, and mourn and pray in view of their own sins, or the sins of the nation and the world. Thus far, and to this extent the day is respected and regarded. And even this is enough to redeem it; for there may be more of this than we all realize. We are to remember too that goodness, propriety and the right regard of things and duties are always unobtrusive, not thrusting themselves out into public notice, nor appearing for what they really are, but leaving the open field for display and riot and wrong, so that there often appears of the latter much more than there really is. Besides, we are likewise to remember that the regard of the day thus far, and to this extent, much or little — amounts to something — it does mingle a degree more of sincerity, of feeling, of conscientiousness, of humility, of pious faith, into the vexed elements of life; and this is good.

But what saddens those of a melancholy cast in their religious views, when they observe the general treatment of this day, is, that so many neglect its holier uses, and pervert it to

injurious ends. The day comes amid the first emblems of the reviving Spring, the dreary and shelter-seeking sensations of winter are passing off, new life, new promises, new hopes bud forth — and the natural feelings of many persons are very different from what they would be in dull weather.

A large number of persons use the day for relaxation and amusement. Either lacking religious emotion and sentiment altogether, or possessing religious sentiments which have nothing akin to gloom, still less to forced solemnity and asceticism, they give no heed to the expected observance of this day. Some seize it as an occasion for riding or visiting, for enjoying themselves without molesting others. Some go by contraries and feast upon it. Some attracted — would not *offended* be the more appropriate word? — by the first sweet notes of heaven-guided and heaven-travelling birds, returning to gladden the reasoning creatures of God by their innocent notes of sweetness — go forth with murderous rifles and pursue with the foul hawks their magnanimous warfare. The taverns of country villages, where city amusements are not enjoyed, solicit visitors to try their skill upon some poor tethered fox or chicken. These noisy despisers of Fast day, combined with those who think not of it at all, and those who spend it without insulting it, give to it an appearance of neglect and abuse, so that as I have said, a person whose religious views were of a melancholy cast, would be led to bewail over it. He compares the present reality with the past image of the day. He thinks of the piety and the self-denial of the fathers of New England, of their literal fulfilment of the terms of the civil proclamation, of their stern authority in overawing the frivolous or the ill-disposed, and of their reverent regard of the things to which they attached solemn phrases. Such a contrast shocks some religious observers; they read in it presages of decline and ruin. Now this is the result of an erroneous view of the religious philosophy of a fast.

Men will keep a fast if they feel there is reason for it; if not, they cannot be made to keep it in a really religious way. So said the wisdom of Jesus Christ. Let any one even of the most riotous despisers of this day, feel the hand of God heavy upon him, and he will put aside his food, and humble himself and pray — he cannot help doing so; it will be natural for him

thus to fast. If you force him to fast without his feeling such an occasion for it, you will give him a disgust for religion, rather than a reverence for it, and he will think more of the gnawing hunger within him than of the offended God above him. This is in fact the effect of the rigidly enforced observance of this day upon children ; for when according to theory they ought to sit in quiet, solemn seriousness, thinking upon sin and holiness and God, they are numbering with woful looks the heavy paced hours. Such is the difference between fasting when an occasion for it is felt, and when an occasion for it is not felt. And by the one word *Fasting*, I mean of course to express all that it includes—not merely abstinence from food, but sadness, humiliation, self-infliction and mourning.

But some may ask, is there not occasion and reason for such observance ? Are there not sufficient matters of humiliation, and prayer enforced by fasting, to require a general observance of the day ? Are we not each and all sinners ? Is not our land full of crimes and wrongs ; have we not forgotten God, and turned aside from him, and should we not humble ourselves that we may realise our unworthiness, and win forgiveness and be restored again to rectitude and innocence ? To this question there can be but one reply, and that is to allow that there is abundant occasion and sufficient reason why each and all of us should humble ourselves into the very dust before a forgotten and an ill-requited Father of love and mercy in heaven. And they who will patiently and reverently pursue the train of thought which that question suggests will realise the occasion for such humiliation, one hour each day, and one day for each year. But such occasion is not realised by all when the day in compliance with custom is annually appointed. If the occasion were realised, then the fast would come under the terms implied by the Saviour, and would be kept.

Now it ought to be mentioned and fairly understood, that the first appointment of this day by our fathers was strictly in compliance with the terms suggested by the Saviour. That is, an occasion, a reason was felt for the observance. Those occasions and reasons each for the time being were pressing ones, and were felt by all, as keenly as affliction which takes away one's cheerfulness is felt by an individual. He who loves to read the memorials of the fathers, and will turn over their pre-

cious records, will find that each of their fasts was called for by a specific and very definite and very marked occasion. Exact words are used in stating it. There was no periodical moaning over vague sins and general evils which required an effort of mind to realise and feel them. The specific occasion which all knew and could understand and feel, was stated. A real or apprehended scarcity of food, the risk of losing their liberties, the intelligence of some misfortune in their native country across the water, an Indian alarm, a spreading and fatal sickness, the illness of a minister, an earthquake or a storm, these and occasions like these, causing all knees to tremble, and all hearts to palpitate, were the specific occasions for the appointment by our fathers of days of fasting, humiliation and prayer. I believe I state the exact truth when I say that the records of our General Court, for more than a century after the settlement of this colony, do not in a single instance relate the appointment of a day of fasting without giving us the specific reason for it, in some real or apprehended calamity which every person who had reached the years of discretion, could and did feel intensely and deeply. The day was not regularly established in one particular week or month of the year, but was fixed as occasion called for it: and sometimes there were more than one and even five, six or ten such occasions and days. The first appointment of these occasions then brought them within the terms of the Saviour's words. Let me give a striking individual instance to confirm this view. The famous ecclesiastical historian of New England, records an early shipwreck upon our coast, in which one man was cast without food, save a crust in his pocket, upon an island rock. He resolved on the second day, that if not rescued before, he would keep the third day with himself as a solemn fast, with prayer. We cannot see how he could well do otherwise. But his meaning, and the meaning of the writer, was, that he would improve an unavoidable calamity as a religious occasion and service. The lonely man was rescued on the morning of the day designed by him for a fast, and he gratefully turned it to a day of thanksgiving. "Can ye make the children of the bride-chamber *Fast* while the bridegroom is with them? But when the days come that the bridegroom is taken away, then will they fast." We can fast religiously when we feel the reason for it, and then only.



In the absence of any especial or signal reason other than we always have for public humiliation and contrition, let us dwell a little upon two lessons, which the day, simply by force of its associations, suggests.

The occasion had its origin, natural and impressive, in the application of particular views of religion to particular circumstances. Peculiar views of God and his government over the world, a belief in special providences, and a deep conviction of human dependence and unworthiness, implanted the feeling which made the appointment of a day of fasting and humiliation, both natural, and acceptable and impressive when any especial calamity was felt or feared. Though the prevailing views of religion, of God and his government, are somewhat modified, such a day would even now be kept most religiously, if the occasion for it was felt. When the cholera ravaged Paris, and other great cities, where horrid vice and general irreligion prevail, the churches were thronged day and night with devout worshippers. And so it would be here if that or any other real occasion which took hold of the hearts or the fears of the multitude were experienced. And this fact teaches a significant lesson. Men will humble themselves in contrition and self-denial when they can be made to feel that there is reason for it — but not otherwise. In this is disclosed a volume of truth. The tide of God's love flows towards men with such a full and ceaseless current, that cheerfulness is by far the most natural and easy sentiment to all hearts. We are accustomed to being blessed, happiness is the law which guides our experience, the name of God is synonymous with goodness, and a day of thanksgiving is kept with far more of grateful emotion than a day of humiliation receives of its own appropriate sadness and contrition. Thus are we reminded that a cheerful trust under the paternal rule of a gracious God is natural to the heart of man. We do acknowledge our entire dependence. Our sense of it is signified by our instinctive feelings, if not by words or observances. And yet the long and almost uniform enjoyment of blessings from the hand of God, though through the influence of habit it may make us forgetful of gratitude and duty, does not kill within the heart of man the sense of subjection to that Providence which may on occasion cease to bless and begin to afflict. I do not believe there is any feeling in the

human breast which stands more ready for expression when occasion calls for it, than the sense, the timid, shrinking, prostrate and imploring sense of our dependence upon God, of our unworthiness before him, and of the justice of his visitations. The storm at sea draws devout prayers from mouths which are familiar with blasphemous oaths. The threatening peril, the strong gripe of dangerous disease makes the hard and ungrateful heart of an irreligious man as tender as a child's; and he says, "Oh! if God might be pleased to spare me, I will henceforth think more of him." And when calamity impends upon a people, or sin is deeply realised, then true feelings of contrition stand ready for expression. Even if they lie at the very bottom of the breast, the convulsions of the heart will turn over all its sensations and sentiments, so that those of penitence and humility shall come uppermost. "Because there are no changes," said the Psalmist, "God is not feared." But let changes come, and he will be feared, with a reverent humility which never yet was offered to a Pagan idol.

Cheerfulness is more natural to the heart of man than sorrow, the gladness and joy of a day of thanksgiving are more congenial to us than lamentations and penitence. I said there was a significant truth spoken in that fact, but I have expressed only half of it, by presenting it as a testimony to the fullness and constancy of God's love. The other part of this lesson points most significantly to the duty of man. We are drawn easily to God in sorrow — our cries go forth to him then as an infant's to a mother; and so do our arms and hands spread out to seek his guidance and comfort. And what means the text which speaks of us as "not knowing that the goodness of God leadeth us to repentance?" It means that it ought not to be necessary that trial should come upon us, and sorrow gather its dark clouds, before we can realise our unworthiness and sin. Under the experience of many blessings, always, now, at this moment, we exist, sustained and pited by God, yet disobeying him, slighting his appeals, and doing what we know is offensive in his sight. Why can we not realise that sin and unworthiness in our hearts, whether we eat, or whether we fast? We shall have our individual trials when God sees fit to appoint them: public sins and dangers will always attach to a people. Let the day then suggest, either in its history or

in itself, a truth and a duty. Let some good and deep thoughts remind us of our dependence upon God, and turn us back to his love from every way of forgetfulness and disobedience. This is a humiliation which is without form or superstition.

There is another good lesson which this day is well suited to enforce. The day is appointed, but not observed. It bears a very holy title, which we pronounce without solemnity ; it is recommended to the regard of all, and the recommendation is slighted by many. To a great extent the day is wholly perverted from its intended purpose. It is called holy, and more especially so, by having epithets of sadness attached to it ; yet in many quarters it is made a day of easy enjoyment, and even of rioting. Now it is of *comparatively* little importance that a day of annual occurrence which owes its distinction, and receives its character, from the recommendation of certain officials in our government should be neglected. This is but a trifle compared with the melancholy fact of which it is only a specimen — the fact that holy things, abused or perverted, become the instruments of greater mischief than are things which are called unholy. And thus is enforced upon us the lesson, that in all that concerns religion, and in all religious matters, the form without the reality, the pretence, unregarded in deed, is a most fatal thing. We might well afford to have fast day appointed each year, and treated with contempt, if we will only make it serve to illustrate the great evil, of which it presents us with a specimen — the evil attending on a perversion and abuse of sacred things ; whether sacred days, or sacred authorities, or sacred institutions, or sacred promises, or sacred professions, or sacred obligations. The pretence of religion is the worst form which vice assumes. The hypocrite is the basest of men. If the Sabbath is not religiously kept it is the worst day in the week ; if a fast day is rescued from customary occupations to be spent in frivolity, more sin may be learned or done upon it than upon any other equal measure of time. And so in all religious matters. The desecration of things esteemed sacred, or called sacred, is a fruitful source of depravity of every kind. As I have already said, we might well afford and consent even to have this day of a solemn title but loosely kept, if all would improve it as a specimen of the result which will ever attend upon the desecration of really religious things,

whether customs, institutions, professions or obligations. This has been an expensive lesson to the world, purchased at the cost of much hypocrisy and depravity. Solemn sounds upon thoughtless tongues; the pretence of religious principle and zeal; the profession of tenets which are not really held; these are illustrations of the perversion of sacred words and usages. And so too a community had better be wholly destitute of the pretence of religion, than wear merely the pretence, as this would habituate us to a general state of things to which we see only a slight approximation on this, the so called day of "Fasting, Humiliation and Prayer." Thus perverted has the Christian Sabbath become in many large cities in the Old World, and who that has visited them needs to be told that it witnesses more of wickedness than all the other days of the week? Thus perverted are many sacred usages in some quarters, such as the consecration by prayer of the standards to be borne upon a battle field, and the idle ceremonies of great funerals. Thus perverted would all religious things soon become, if treated as is this day. Let this day then, when it does not humble us for sin, warn us against hypocrisy and insincerity,—and it will still be blessed to us.

We certainly do improve the day, and put it to religious uses, if we gather from it religious lessons. If we review the train of thought which we have now pursued, we are directly led from the sight of the painful desecration of the day, to realise upon what the sincerity and the value of all religious observances depends. The heart must feel the need of them. Either penitence or gratitude may consecrate them, and if they are feigned only to be desecrated, the offering which is nominally consecrated to heaven, will be but an abomination.

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## RELIGIOUS MANIFESTATIONS.

BY REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

RELIGION, although the most important, is not the most prominent fact in human life. As one walks about the streets, enters shops, houses, public vehicles, converses with men and women, watches them whilst they are occupied with their various tasks, he is not very often reminded that man is a wor-

shipper of God, and connected with an unseen, a spiritual world. The heavens above and the earth beneath, the two seem to be widely apart. On the first day of the week indeed the churches are open, and the multitude throng towards them. But during the long six days, men hasten to field and workshop, and the house of worship seems desolate and out of place. Let any one who occupies himself chiefly with the matters of religion, wander by chance into a busy scene ; — let him go, for instance, to the wharf where noble ships are discharging their lading, or to the factory where busy hands and busier wheels ply almost without ceasing, or into the field where the sower swiftly scatters the good seed, and he will be ready to believe that somehow he is out of his element, — he will be sure to fancy that he is an object of attention, that something in his appearance marks him as out of place. Only on special occasions is the subject of religion introduced, and the tendency is to put it still more into the background. Legislative assemblies are urged to give up their chaplains, and public prayers are shunned as formalities. What shall we say to these things? Is there little piety in the world? Is religion so much neglected, as would seem to be the case? If it is with us, where shall it be found? Where is its hiding-place, where the secluded spot whence its blessed influences go forth? Cannot the aspect of society be made more religious?

As a first reply to these inquiries, I will say in general terms, that appearances may greatly mislead us in this matter. Religion may be made very prominent, without being genuine. Worship is often only one of the pursuits of fashion, one of its thousand vain shows, and pious words are too frequently idle tales or mere gossip. Because a people are much given to the service of the temple and the altar, it by no means follows that the heart of the people is turned to God and right in His sight. In the ancient world, the attention was continually claimed for the subject of religion. The streets of Rome and Athens were thronged with priests, and the most gorgeous spectacles attracted crowds to the temples. Altars and statues were found at every corner and in every square. I perceive, said St. Paul, to the men of Athens, that ye are singularly devoted to religious observances. Yet in truth, genuine religion-entered but little into these practices, and most wonderful images were

often mere idols. Piety ceased to be pious, in order to gain currency, and what seemed to belong to a higher state, was in fact only a manifestation of worldliness. A show is but a show, whether presented in the theatre or in the temple. Moreover, these rites and ceremonies, from being means to holiness, came to be ends, mere outward works : as such they were multiplied, but as such they were of no moment in a religious point of view. Again, wherever the Romish faith prevails, religion is seen to be much more prominent than with us. The defenders of that ancient faith urge this fact against Protestantism ; they gather from it what seems to be proof, that in Protestant lands piety is declining ; and indeed there is something quite fascinating in their descriptions of Catholic life — a life of which religious ceremonies form so large a part. The open doors of the churches symbolize the heavenly portals, through which whoso pleaseth may freely enter. The bishop passes, and the crowd reverently bow, to receive a blessing. As evening steals on, numberless bells unite to form a sweet chime, and the light from the sanctuary vies with the fading splendor of the day, and the people all, suspending their tasks, flock to the houses of prayer, their rosaries in their hands, to hear a solemn litany and to gaze upon what to them is an august spectacle. The poor beggars in the streets of Rome, so it is said, are accustomed to chant the prayers for the dead or a hymn to the Virgin Mary. And again, "On approaching Italy from every side, we find the exterior walls of the inns and other houses adorned with frescoes representing generally the Annunciation or the Nativity. In Bologna almost every corner has its image of the Virgin. In Catholic countries the material ornaments of cities are spiritualized ; in a town of the Tyrol, for instance, where a fountain surmounted by an image of the Saviour is to be seen, the stream of water issues from a wound in his side, and underneath we read the inscription, 'O all ye who thirst, come to the fountain of life.' " After the fathers of the second Council of Nice recommended the erection of holy images and paintings on the public ways, one might have seen in all cities, at the corners of streets, and in the markets amidst the busy crowd and pile of objects for sale, the gracious image of the Virgin Mary, holding the divine child enfolded in her arms. The laborious people occu-

pied amidst these tumultuous scenes, from time to time would turn their eyes to this benignant form, and feel fresh strength to support their various trials. The sweetest flowers of the season are placed from time to time by pious hands at its feet, while garlands of every hue are suspended over it and across the public ways.

These appearances are beautiful, yet they do not necessarily imply a remarkable activity of the religious sentiment. In Catholic ages and in Catholic countries the world seems to have grown religious; the human and the divine, the earthly and the heavenly are brought together on every side. Yet we do not find any corresponding advance in public and private morals. We are compelled to observe that the ceremonies of piety are converted from means into ends,—performed as having in themselves, and apart from the inward condition of the worshippers, a certain efficacy. Moreover even in the outward observance there is a departure from exact truth, an appeal to material notions and vulgar prejudices, an accommodation to a foolish love of display, a tolerance of a thinly disguised idolatry, a practical disregard of our Saviour's saying, 'the hour cometh and now is when the true worshipper shall worship the father in spirit and in truth.' It is not difficult to make piety fashionable, but then it must be a fashionable piety, a thing of the senses, of the imagination, of taste, not of the soul. It is not difficult to fill up cities and towns with Gothic churches, or to accustom men and women to conversation upon spiritual subjects; but to fill a house of God with genuine worshippers and to secure a piety which shall belong not so much to the lips as to the heart; these things are not easy. I shall not then make so much account of these outward evidences of piety. The decline of ceremonies may indicate only a decline in the ancient faith concerning their efficacy. The prevailing silence upon religious subjects may proceed from an unwillingness to speak save from the heart, and to the purpose. Outward movements may have been neglected from an honest persuasion that they are the occasions of idolatry. Professions, religious exercises, of all sorts, may have been neglected from a growing conviction that the thoughts of the heart do not answer to the words of the lips. We may ask with much confidence then, where in our day shall religion be found?

I believe that we can return a good answer for ourselves and for our age, at least we need not fear comparison with the past. There is piety in the heart, and there is piety in human action. There is piety in the heart. The kingdom of God, said Jesus, cometh not with observation, for lo! it is within you. And again, when thou prayest enter into thy closet and shut the door behind thee, and when thou art there, pray to thy Father that is in secret. There are not many persons, even amongst the most pious of our day, who could go with the devout Catholic into the almost empty church, and fall upon the knees in the aisle for prayer, but I believe that there are very many, who could and do enter the closet for this exercise. Our piety shrinks from notice. It would not be seen of men. It cares not to leave the friendly shelter of the heart. But there in secrecy and in silence, the hidden God is sought, by how many! I love to think as I pass along streets and roads, amongst the thronging multitude, that I have met quiet worshippers. And I am sure that the thought is according to the truth. I see no forms prostrate before the shrines of saints. I see no counting of beads. I hear no muttered pater-noster or ave Maria, and I am not sorry, for in these ways the true spirit of devotion is too often quenched, and by these outward instruments the avenues through which the soul goes out to God, are too often obstructed. The ceremony is gone, but better far than outward rite are the cheerful smile, the meek face, the chance word of sympathy, the sweet look of trust, the perfect quietness of the unpretending saint. Without priest or ritual, or temple or altar, or holy shrine, without censer or bell or book the heart may worship, words even are not necessary, for He that formed the mind heareth its unuttered thoughts, its unwhispered vows. When religion has once reached the heart, it is no longer a show. Never imagine that those who express no piety have none; for the most part their best expressions belong to God alone, and are not for human ears.

But if we would perceive the manifestations of Religion in our day, we must seek for them in philanthropic efforts. Men are less inclined now than formerly to rest in ceremonial observances: the Christian would be found engaged in the service of men, and proving by his love for the brethren his love for God. Wherever there is one man earnest for the right, earn-



est for a Christian order of society, pleading manfully and tenderly the cause of the oppressed, fighting against that supposed necessity which draws so many of our brethren to the field of battle, with all its agonies and outrages, wherever there are men and women going about to do good, entering prisons and asylums, addressing the multitude, giving to divine charity a voice, there are the pious. Religion is rapidly entering into life, trying all that has a name to live by her unerring standards, instituting blessed charities, and needful reforms, loving God in his images, not of silver or of gold, but of human flesh, pleading, praying, laboring for that kingdom wherein dwelleth righteousness. Does any one speak of the Crusades of the middle ages as manifestations of religious enthusiasm? I would direct his attention to our Crusades, to our Crusades against giant wrongs, against real evils, against infidel usurpations in the holy land of our Father's earth; God is righteousness, and zeal for righteousness is zeal for God, and where men are striving to satisfy the claims of conscience they are bringing religion into contact with life, and is it not true that throughout Christendom the conscience of the people is awaking into new life? Is it not true that even in counting rooms and workshops the great questions which Christianity compels us to entertain, are every day discussed? does not the heart of humanity throb now as never before? It is, I am too well aware, a busy, restless, working age, yet is it an age of intelligence, of much moral life and earnest moral action: religion takes the form of philanthropy and every day this form grows more symmetrical, stronger, and this growth is gradual, slow; and this because it is genuine, but it is sure. It is not difficult to induce a superstitious man to bow before a shrine, and count his beads; but it is difficult to awaken a spirit of true charity in an age of wonderful outward activity. Yet again, according to the spirit of our time, it may and does often happen, that the whole strength of a religious nature is expended in a conscientious effort to perform well the familiar duties of life. We must not then hastily conclude that there is little piety, where only a little piety appears. We will concede nothing to pretence, formality, superstition, sensuous imaginations, which have so much share in producing what passes for religion in times of ignorance.

It should indeed be admitted that ours is a transition-period, that many minds are unsettled upon religious subjects, and that for this reason men are often silent, and disinclined to engage in religious exercises ; and whilst some still exaggerate the importance and unduly enlarge the sphere of ceremonies, there are others who greatly underrate their value, as means for spiritual edification. Yet with this qualification, we may assert that there is a strong faith which lives in human hearts, and moreover gains a fitting expression.

But much may be done to render the aspect of the world more religious. And what is it ? It would seem that little is to be gained by any direct efforts to manifest piety,—least of all by any attempts to revive the old manifestations, which have been tried and found wanting. There are those who would go back to the forms of Catholicism, and revive much of the ancient ceremonial. We might as well attempt to clothe a full-grown man in the garments of a child. Protestantism must have its own outward form, a suitable embodiment of its own peculiar life. It must be content with no servile copy of the past. What then shall this form be ? What shall take the place of shrines and images and Paternosters ? The question must be answered in life ; portion by portion of the reply must be received, as we grow in the true wisdom. For, as to religious manifestation, this seems to be the conclusion of the matter,—Be sure of the inward being, and all will be well. The spirit within will determine the form. At this time when men shrink so from expressing themselves upon religious subjects, let it be said to all :—Feed the flame within upon your secret altar ; guard the hidden springs of the outward life. This surely must be wise, this can involve no pretence, this will not compel you to engage in any doubtful enterprise or to encourage any form of superstition. Live habitually in the presence of your unseen God. Pray without ceasing. Use those helps which are appointed for edification. Carry a quiet, devout soul into the noisy scenes of life. See that your own garments are spotless. Deepen and confirm the individual religious sentiment ; and before you have labored long, the outward manifestation will be recognized. I know not what forms the devout spirit in our day will choose. Every thing of this sort seems to be sadly undetermined, and

some of the most earnest persons lack forms and ceremonies altogether, but this I do know that every act of a truly devout man will be spiritual and gracious—the faithful deed of a faithful mind. Worship and action should be only various acts of the same pious soul, pious in the market-place as well as in the closet. There are exercises and symbols appropriate to religion; it should have its churches and its prayers, perhaps a somewhat elaborate ceremonial; yet let it not be forgotten that piety is manifested when holy men go about in the beauty and beneficence of holiness. Such men claim the public ways for God, and mark the city as the City of God, the City of His Holiness. Images and altars may be the mute witnesses of sins; but where the heart is pure and consecrated sin doth not dwell. Let nothing be done which might not be done in a Sabbath, and all days become holy, let nothing be done which might not be done in a temple, and the world becomes a holy place. Religion is not at variance with activity; on the contrary, it has a precept “diligent in business,” and again, a parable of the talents. Let a holy spirit enter into every department of human life. In every thing let us give thanks. Let the occupations of society be such as the most serious and earnest minds can rightly engage in. Let our prayers and spiritual songs and all the outward tokens and deeds of piety harmonize beautifully with the common tenor of our week-day work; and remember, that beneficence is ever a good form of the religious life, and that where charitable deeds are done other monuments of holiness are not needed, though they will be found. If, said the Saviour, thou bringest thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift. More beautiful than any Catholic spectacle would be a throng of brethren leaving the church in search of injured brethren, placing brotherly love before the ceremonial. “Then come and offer thy gift”—the special peculiar act of piety will not be wanting where the heart has cheerfully accepted and faithfully performed its task,” and even in the busy world, we shall have occasion to say of the word in season, How good is it!

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR. NO. III.

WASHINGTON, MARCH, 1848.

THE two great events of the past month, the acceptance of a treaty of peace, and the death and funeral of Mr. Adams, have been too abundantly commented on in the papers, to afford the scantiest gleanings at this date. And so in place of them I will say a few words of a third, that is, a lecture by Dr. Scoresby of England on Lord Rosse's telescope. Dr. S. was invited by several gentlemen to give a free lecture on this subject, which he consented to do; and it was at this lecture that I last saw Mr. Adams, three days before his last appearance in the House. The facts mentioned were almost entirely new to me; and as Dr. S. has returned to England now, it may be worth while to keep a little record of them for the benefit of others, perhaps as ignorant as myself. As he has been familiar all his life with scientific men and things, and for several weeks had the gigantic instrument under his charge, till he was perfectly acquainted with all its parts, there was a peculiar interest in his account, which was all the greater, from our old acquaintance with his name in stories of polar expeditions. His father was a celebrated Arctic voyager, and he himself, when very young, made himself known by curious experiments with lenses of ice, &c. As might be supposed, there was a very attractive personality about the whole affair.

The results themselves of the observations made with Lord Rosse's great instrument, are hardly more interesting than the process of getting at them. With no other workmen than the rough peasantry of his native district, whom he had to instruct step by step himself, and with the machinery and resources gathered by his energy and perseverance upon his own estate, he has accomplished what for mechanical delicacy and chemical skill and optical science had never been approached. Enthusiastically devoted to mechanics and chemistry from his boyhood, he has embodied his life's labor, as it were, in the construction of this wonderful machine. To appreciate its delicacy, it must be considered that a mass of metal six feet in diameter is ground out and perfectly polished, with a depression of about half an inch in the middle, and by so exact a curve, that the focal distance, (which is fifty-four feet,) does not vary more than one tenth the thickness of a sheet of tissue paper. And to understand this, let the whole surface of the mirror be covered up, except a hole an inch across, in the centre. From this there will be thrown a perfect map or image of the moon, say four inches across, very faint, but with every point and line distinctly given. Now let another spot be opened, anywhere on the surface, and another image will be thrown, corresponding line to line and point to point, and

overlying the other, making it twice as bright. And let these be multiplied, till the whole surface is exposed, six feet across: and still from every point a complete image of the moon is cast, each augmenting the brightness, till there is a blaze of light (if gathered in one focus) 30,000 times the brilliancy of the moon, and enough to strike one blind. And so perfectly is this process accomplished, that Dr. S. has observed craters in the moon, apparently no larger than the blunted point of a pin, yet with a black spot in the centre, distinctly visible — which spot must be reflected separately from every part of the mirror to that minute point. This accuracy is obtained by a most ingenious apparatus for grinding and polishing, and tested by elevating a watch-dial on a pole from the summit of the castle, and then observing it at the proper distance, as reflected from separate parts of the mirror, till they coincide as perfectly as may be, and the watch is seen perfectly distinct and clear.

So much for the object to be attained. The first difficulty was the obstinacy and tenacity of the metal; which was excellent for hardness, polish and resisting rust, but so difficult to cast and anneal that it almost always flew to pieces in grinding, and out of thirty castings a manufacturer had only been able to get two good mirrors of a small size. This Lord Rosse remedied (testing each step of the process by curious methods of his own,) by casting the metal (three tons in weight, and taking sixteen cords of turf to melt it in three great iron crucibles,) upon a great block of cold iron, turned to match the curved form of the mirror, so that it might begin to harden from the surface. This succeeded extremely well so far as the quality of the metal was concerned; but there being no escape for the air, there was half an inch depth of bubbles or "honey-comb," which was most tedious and obstinate to grind down. To obviate this, he then formed his iron block, by driving thin plates, wedged close together, into a hoop of the right size, supposing the air would force itself between these sheets, where the metal could not escape. In this way a surface was obtained, very nearly perfect, which could then be ground easily to the exact form. When sufficiently firm and cool, it was annealed in an underground oven, remaining there for sixteen weeks.

Now the curved surface, when polished, is so nice and delicate, that a speculum belonging to Sir John Herschel at the Cape was bent and spoiled by simply lying on a bit of pack-thread. To poise this great mass, then, so as to guard against any damage, was a matter of no small care. Its thickness would perhaps secure it against a common accident. But besides this, it was supported in the most delicate manner, thus. From a single stem, three branches were formed, to

meet the centres of gravity of three several portions of the mirror ; each of these was divided into three, and these again ; so that the mirror rested finally on twenty-seven points, so balanced that it might be divided in as many pieces, without disturbing its shape. Then a metal plate was cast to fit accurately the back of the mirror ; and this, being divided into twenty-seven pieces, was made to rest on the points aforesaid, which were first guarded with bits of felt or leather. And so poised, it is trundled back and forth on a little railway, which conducts it to its resting-place at the bottom of the enormous tube.

The tube itself (near sixty feet long, and so large that a lady walked through it with a good-sized parasol resting on her head, and weighing fourteen tons,) rests at one end upon the ground, and is swung between two walls of limestone, thirty feet apart, to which the tackling and other apparatus are adjusted. The vast mass is so counterpoised by weights ingeniously swung with pulleys and levers, that it can be easily managed by one man at a crank. And the whole process was so accurately planned beforehand, that not a step had to be retraced, or a stone thrown down ; and when the instrument was put together, all the parts, which had been for years constructing separately, matched so well, that when the eye was first put to the eye-piece or microscope at the side, the clear image of the heavenly bodies was seen, precisely as before calculated and determined.

Your readers will anticipate the sensible remarks of Dr. Scoresby in conclusion, comparing this most amazing product of human art, with the perfect workmanship of God. "Whereas human art," says Cudworth, "acts upon the matter without, cumbersomely and in a way of tumult or hurly-burly ; nature, acting upon the same from within, more commandingly, doth its work easily, cleverly, and silently." J. H. A.

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## INTELLIGENCE.

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**INSTALLATION AT SPRINGFIELD, MASS.**—On February 9, 1848, Rev. George F. Simmons, formerly minister at Waltham, Mass., was installed over the Third Congregational Society in Springfield, as successor to Rev. Dr. W. B. O. Peabody. The Sermon was by Rev. Mr. Peabody of Boston ; Prayer of Installation, by Rev. Mr. Morison of Milton ; Charge, by Rev. Dr. Walker of Harvard University ; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Everett of Northfield ; Address to the Society, by Rev. Mr. Harrington of Hartford, Ct. ; and the other services by Rev. Mr. Ellis of Northampton, and Rev. Mr. Nightingale of Cabotville.

**ORDINATION AT FALL RIVER, MASS.**—Rev. Samuel Longfellow, recently a graduate of the Theological School at Cambridge, was ordained as minister of the Unitarian Society in Fall River, February 16, 1848. The Sermon was by Rev. Mr. Weiss of New Bedford; Prayer of Ordination, by Rev. Dr. Francis of Harvard University; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Ware of Cambridgeport; Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Briggs of Plymouth; and the other services by Rev. Mr. Brigham of Taunton, and Rev. Mr. Hale of Worcester.

**DEDICATION AT LEXINGTON, MASS.**—On Wednesday, February 23, 1848, the new church in Lexington, built by the First Congregational Society, was dedicated to God, the Father. The Pastor, Rev. Jason Whitman, having recently deceased, the Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Huntington of Boston. The Prayer of Dedication was offered by Rev. Mr. Dorr of East Lexington; the other exercises were by Rev. Mr. Muzzey of Cambridge, and Rev. Mr. Stetson of Medford.

**DEDICATION IN BOSTON.**—The chapel just completed by the Church of the Disciples, and situated in a court opening from Beacon Street, was dedicated March 15, 1848. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Clarke, the Minister of the Society; the Dedication Prayer was read by the Minister and Congregation; the other services were by Rev. Mr. Peabody of Boston, Rev. Mr. Hall of Dorchester, and Rev. Mr. Barrett of Boston. Mr. Clarke's society have long desired and deserved a building consecrated to religious uses, and we are glad that their wishes are fully realized in the possession of this cheerful, convenient and unexpensive edifice.

#### NOTICE TO FRIENDS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

WE are sincerely grateful for a copy of the interesting and beautifully written Report of Mrs. Everett to the Seaman's Aid Society—of Rev. Mr. Burnap's able discourse on the re-opening of his church in Baltimore, entitled "The Position of Unitarianism Defined,"—of Rev. Rufus Ellis's discourse on the character of that dignified, urbane and righteous man, Hon. Joseph Lyman of Northampton,—a model in that kind of preaching,—of a Discourse on the Life and Death of Hon. John Quincy Adams, by Rev. G. W. Hosmer of Buffalo, and another on the same subject, by Rev. J. H. Allen of Washington; both appropriate and eloquent performances;—also of Rev. Mr. Gray's skilfully prepared and excellently adapted little annual, "The Teacher's Present."—We wish to say to our contributors and readers that several valuable articles, for which we owe many thanks, are in store for publication.—We had intended to insert a notice of the distinguished citizen and Ex-President—Hon. John Quincy Adams, who died February 23, in the Capitol at Washington, a Representative from Massachusetts in Congress. But the extended and multiplied accounts of his life and services, and tributes to his memory, that have proceeded from pulpits, papers, and legislative halls throughout the whole country, will exclude from our pages all but this record of the great man's departure.

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## THE TRANSFIGURATION.

BY REV. SAMUEL OSGOOD.

THE imagination of the artist is sometimes a wiser commentary on Scripture scenes, than the logic of the dogmatist. We were of late led to this opinion by thinking of Raphael's great picture of the Transfiguration, as we were engaged in explaining that passage of the Gospels to an interesting Bible class. The painter brings together upon his canvass two events that have very intimate moral relations, although not generally so regarded. The events are connected in the narrative of the Evangelists, and add one to the many proofs, that simple and truthful as is their mode of statement, they were by no means indifferent to those striking effects, which the artist loves and the truth of nature so often affords. Let us glance at the events and their connection.

### I. THE TRANSFIGURED.

The vision on the mountain revealed the Master in his relations with the spiritual world. He appeared as in glory, attended by the two men of the old dispensation, who so fitly represented its predominant ideas — Moses and Elias, the majestic lawgiver, and the intrepid prophet — the one, founder of the national government, the other, denouncer of the nation's sins and harbinger of its hopes. These appeared with Jesus on either side. A light as from the world of glory beamed from his face and raiment. Thus he stood, the chosen Messiah, his mission confirmed by the testimony of the ancient covenant.



In him law and prophets were fulfilled. His life was the consummation of the law in its purity, and of prophecy in its sublime teachings and aspirations.

The three disciples, who saw the vision were fitly favored thus. The most intimate companions of the Master and destined to attend him in the shades of Gethsemane, they were, both by position and sentiment, peculiarly entitled to this privilege. Believing the testimony presented to them on the mountain, they possessed the elements that needed only a full development to constitute a lofty spiritual faith. The vision was a revelation of the eternal life, for it assured them that the Hebrew fathers still lived, and that lawgiver and prophet appeared from the spiritual world to bear witness to the Messiahship of the elected Son. It taught them to connect together the various parts of the plan of Providence, and to regard Christianity as but the fulfilment of a divine purpose that had been in progress for ages. Its interpretation was indeed to be a problem for many years to come. But its practical lesson was learned, long before the dogmatic questions connected with it were started. The Master was recognized in his relation to the spiritual world, and law and prophets were regarded as lending their testimony to his claims as Lord of the New Jerusalem, chief of the heavenly kingdom now established on the earth. Faith and hope and love met together on the mount of Transfiguration, and the enthusiastic Peter, at once overwhelmed and enraptured, begged that they might remain there, and that a tabernacle might be built for each of the divine witnesses. But no; they were not to stay. The vision vanished, and the Master and the disciples resumed the wonted round of their ministry.

## II. THE LUNATIC.

Immediately follows the account of the unhappy father who came, kneeling down to Jesus and saying, Lord have mercy on my son, for he is a lunatic and sore vexed; for oft times he falleth into the fire and oft into the water. And I brought him to thy disciples, and they could not cure him.

The contrast, how great. The sacred calm and exalted hope of the mountain vision — the revolting spectacle of that wretched youth, his body emaciated, his mind deranged, a human creature formed in the image of God, now foaming at the mouth

and gnashing with his teeth like an infuriated beast. What is more trying to the faith than insanity? What tempts one more to fall from a spiritual mind and look upon the soul as but the creature of bodily organization and ruined in the wreck of the body? How we need the light of the gospel to cheer the gloomy cavern in which madness dwells. Blessed lesson of the gospel, that the Master came to heal the mind diseased, and to confirm by his victory over madness the supremacy of the spiritual power. How benignly the influence of the transfiguration interprets the scene that thus follows. The appearing of the lunatic, instead of darkening the brightness of that hallowed scene, appears to borrow its radiance. The Master rebuked the evil spirit, and the child was healed. Happy result of all seasons of devotion, if the facts here presented could be virtually realized, and we all could go forth from sacred contemplation and interpret in the light of the upper mount, the trials that beset us in life, and rebuke the evil spirits that gnash their teeth within us or around us in our daily paths.

### III. THE PICTURE.

To say that Raphael's great work comes up to the idea given by the three Evangelists, is more than we are ready to do. The subject is beyond the power of canvass, pencil and human art. No copyist can have done justice indeed to the artist's original and the original we have not seen. But we have no reason to believe that the figure of Christ under circumstances so peculiar could be fitly represented, when all portraitures of him under circumstances presenting no such difficulties are so utterly unsatisfactory. Yet is the picture interesting and suggestive.

It is not irrelevant to notice how cunningly Raphael has consulted at once the necessities of his art and the proprieties of the subject in connecting the two scenes together on one canvass. The piece would have had a disagreeable and top-heavy look, if only the mountain had been painted with the transactions on its summit. But by representing the group of persons around the lunatic as in the plain below — the baffled disciples, the distracted father, the wretched son, the curious crowd — he has at once filled out his canvass fitly to the eye, and illustrated the narrative exquisitely to the soul. The glory that appears on the mountain summit seems to diffuse

itself upon the scene below, and to prepare the mind for the miracle that rebuked madness and brought health and peace in its stead.

Has not the sentiment virtually taught by the Evangelists and repeated in this picture been verified by the recent history of lunacy under Christian treatment? Is not the triumph of medical skill and Christian kindness over madness in our age a renewal of the Master's ministration, not indeed by miracle, but by a spirit and method sanctioned by the Master's teaching? We could not but think of this a few weeks since when present at the Sunday evening service in a Lunatic Asylum. A large number of the patients took their seats quietly in the chapel. Prayer was offered, hymns were sung, the Bible was read, the sermon preached; all was quiet as in a church of usual worshippers. The only police was the mild, firm eye of the superintending physician. As we left the noble edifice, the long aisles were ringing with the prolonged chants of the choir who still continued in the chapel. Those voices portrayed to the ear what the artist's colors presented to the eye. The light of the mount of Transfiguration had indeed irradiated the gloomy cell of madness.

Among the quiet company of worshippers, whom we had just left, was one who for years had been chained in a cell like a tiger. He was seated in the front pew, as calm as any member of the assembly. We have something yet to learn of the power of the gospel over the mind diseased. The Good Shepherd is the great physician. Duty and Hope are the attendants of his spirit of Love, as Lawgiver and Prophet attended him on that mount.

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**KINDNESS AND TRUTH.** "It is often extremely difficult in the mixed things of this world to act truly and kindly too; but therein lies one of the great trials of a man, that his sincerity should have kindness in it, and his kindness truth."

"If you suffer the fear of seeming unkind to prevent your thrusting well-meant inventions aside, you may get as much pledged to falsehoods as if you had coined and uttered them ~~many~~ of."

## THE STAR OF THE GRAVE.

BY MRS. M. G. SLEEPER.

FAR among the Armenian mountains, a little rill gushes to the sunshine. Cheerily it leaps over the grey stones, and cheerily it answers in music to the love-tales of the oak and elm. On it goes coquetting with the fragrant willows, the oleanders and vines that playfully seek to stop its course, and shrining within its crystal bosom the stately chinara, the cypress, and the manna-dropping tamarisk. Gaily it returns the glances of the dark-eyed antelope, the swift greyhound and the mountain goat, and freely does it give its waters to the silver fox, the leopard, and the terror-breathing lion. There, too, watch the stork and heron, there the wild duck sails, there stoops the frolic-loving lapwing, and the plover flings from its golden plumes a tint like a breaking sunbeam. The rill has become a river and goes speeding by the grave of buried cities,—it sings a perpetual dirge for fallen kingdoms. It calls unanswered to the ruins of mighty Nineveh. It sighs over the desolation of Seleucia. It kisses with verdure-giving lips the half obliterated mounds of ancient Ctesiphon.

Once, on some fallen columns by its bank there sat a group of men in the purple twilight. Their long, loose garments were spotless as the driven snow, and each rested his hand upon a harp with which to salute the first beams of the morrow. There was something about them strikingly pure and noble. Their whole being seemed elevated by the sublimity of their nightly studies. The stir and bustle of coming and departing myriads were by them unheard. Strangers to vanity, forgetful of the world's ambition, their spirits wandered through space and drank the starry radiance of the upper air. They were at home amidst those orbs which, yet, in their dazzling splendor reflect but the shadow of the Infinite. Rapt from the common earth they had heard the music of the spheres, and caught faintly the vanishing hymnings of the celestials in their fadeless paradise. Yet the truth they sought gave itself but in fragments to their endless search. Between them and its perfect brightness lay a shadow, sometimes dense, sometimes

almost melting into light, but a shadow still, fixed and impenetrable to the unaided vision. Therefore, in the attitude of their stately forms, on their majestic countenances, in their deep, passionless eyes, rested a mournful repose, a tranquillity sad, thoughtful, and profound.

They were speaking of an old Arabian prophecy handed down from father to son through many generations. The period for its accomplishment, by the birth of a king to the Jewish nation, had arrived, and they questioned if the event so long foretold might not be announced by signs and prodigies.

As they talked, the sky grew dark and darker till its arch was of one clear, mellow blackness. The stars came out numberless and brilliant. In sweet sympathy with the work of their Creator they sought their image in the flowing stream, they smiled upon the small sacrifices of the evening flowers, they looked upon the mystic group, and, for an instant, soothed their haunting thirst for diviner knowledge. The hearts of the watchers sprang up to greet them. Belted Orion, the broken band of the sister Pleiades, violet-hued Sirius, ruddy Aldebaran, the Lynx and Hare, Procyon and Capella, they turned to each with the breathless joy of kindred. They traced the sun-strewn galaxy, counted the resplendent nebulae, and scanned with eager pleasure the clustered gems which had shone for ages before the birth of Time. Presently a new orb trembled in the depths of ether. Large and luminous it was, and its beams traversed the sky, and diffused widely its own chastened splendor. It shone on every air wavelet till the whole transparent atmosphere kindled into light. It fixed the gaze, it thrilled the soul like a hallowed presence. A sacred hush stole over the scene. Rapt in admiring wonder, awed and stilled by the ineffable glory they sat silent for a time, and, then, rising, they pointed reverently upward and exclaimed with one voice, "Behold the Star of Jacob, and the Sceptre of Israel!"

A strong impulse led them to seek the royal infant, but the shadow still enveloped them, and they must first wait to salute the rising sun. At a little distance stood an altar on which burned the sacred fire. When the first rays of the great luminary gilded the horizon they fell prostrate on the earth, and cast garlands upon the flames to the music of many harps. Then they selected for gifts gold, frankincense and myrrh, for

food they took bread and herbs. They bound new sandals upon their feet, and with staves of reeds set forth upon their journey. The hare darted across their path, the gazelle looked timidly out from the thicket, the partridge couched more closely over her brood, and the eagle soared screaming to his mate in their lofty eyrie. They crossed the track of the richly laden caravans seeking the marts of Arabia and Persia, or returning to Antioch and Damascus, Jerusalem and Tyre. The pinaster and walnut bent above them their leafless boughs in the domain of the "mighty hunter," the sparkling waters of the Euphrates danced and eddied around their boat; the Syrian plains offered to their lips dates and bananas, and before them, bright from its snow-crowned hills, flowed the river of hope and promise. In their simplicity of soul they thought to find the Jewish people occupied by the celebration of their prince's birth, and, as they neared the capital, they asked of all they met where they might find the infant king. But the traveller clasped his garments around him and passed quickly on,—the matron looked up in wonder from her distaff and then busied herself with the finespun threads,—the children paused in their play and lifted with curious finger the white robes of the questioners,—and the old men sitting at the doors muttered sadly of a foreign power and a state of servitude. The towers and palaces of Jerusalem were in sight; the marble temple glittered with its pillared courts on the sacred mountain. The strange and repeated query borne from lip to lip reached the ear of Herod. Who was to usurp his throne? Who wear his diadem? His cruel nature was aroused, and, to his thought, treason lurked within his chamber and sat beside his board. He called together the priests and scribes, and demanded the home of the newly born. "Bethlehem of Judea," they replied; and, without delay, the pilgrims hastened from the regal city. And now again appeared the wondrous star. It led them along the rocky path so soon to be consecrated by divine footsteps, past the well where a gallant soldiery drew water for their poet-chief, and the valley where the angels sang the heavenly song to the waking shepherds. It paused above a manger, and with its holy radiance seemed mutely answering their astonished glances. A manger! Was that the home of the long-foretold, the heaven-announced! They stood irresolute and doubtful,

but brightly still fell the star-beams, and wrapped the spot in serene and silent glory. They entered, and, as they gazed, faith dawned upon their souls. From their spiritual vision rolled the mists of ignorance and sin. The voice of the Infinite had reached their spirit, and while it dissipated the shadow and the gloom, it quenched with a draught from Paradise the life-long fever of desire. Prostrate before the infant Saviour they offered their adoration. Joyfully they laid at his feet the blazing gold and fragrant gums of the Orient. Again, and again they sought to impress his earthly features more deeply upon memory. Then, the first act of their worship over, they thought of the fallen columns and the eastern stream.

But the star so beautiful, so softly brilliant, so thrilling in its far off silence had left its place in the ebon sky. It shone, indeed, upon their souls, and made within them a perpetual melody; but they would fain have seen its lustre on the brow of night, would fain have hailed its hope-inspiring rays when, one by one, the beaming orbs took their place in ether, would fain, in its familiar splendor, have renewed and strengthened their belief.

At length the death hour came to the elder of the pilgrims. He had seen, he had heard, he had adored; yet, as the darkness of the sunless valley gathered round him, he shuddered and grew faint in heart. Suddenly his rigid countenance brightened into gladness, and life flowed for a moment back to his failing pulse. "I see it!" he exclaimed. "It is there! there! shining so peacefully over the earth-child's grave! Thrice hallowed light! bright emanation of the Deity! beautiful reflection of the Saviour's smile! And, you beloved ones, fear not the shadow and the gloom, for, ever with the footsteps of the conqueror, shall come yon heaven born brightness." The vital spark faded and went out, but no tear bathed the brow of the victorious departed.

Centuries have passed, and multitudes of the good and wise have entered that unbreathing solitude. From the studies and the cares, the pursuits and the ambitions of their fleeting race they have gone to their ocean rest, or to the clasp of embracing earth silently and alone. Sweet voices from the promised land have sounded faintly to the closing ear. Familiar forms have been but dimly visible to the faded eye. But when the soul

has trembled and recoiled, the living radiance of that heaven-breathing smile has kindled into beauty the narrow pathway, and the rayless tomb.

## MANHOOD.

BY JANE E. LOCKE.

ADDRESSED TO HER SON.

LONG since in the flower-bordered Nazareth,  
 There rose a king of meek and lowly heart,  
 Yet kingly; and the lessons that he taught,  
 Were as his manhood perfect and divine;  
 Yet men have thrust them back, and wrested oft  
 Their power, essaying to make might the right,  
 And hiding the dim lamp of justice where  
 Nor Jew nor Gentile should its light perceive;  
 And have as in the confidence of heaven,  
 Gone each his chosen way, calling upon  
 His God, in violence of his truth and name.

Not these do I rebuke in numbers free,  
 But charge thee here, my son, do *thou* bear up  
 Thy manhood loftily, for 'tis the gift  
 Of God; and in disgracing that, his name  
 Thou wilt insult. Though in thy life-bud now  
 And beardless, yet when it shall come, take up  
 Its burthens as a man, with might and strength,  
 Not punily as the base-born child untought  
 Man's duty, and God's lessons all. Shame not  
 Thy father's honor or thy mother's heart,  
 All things questioning stand thou upon the right,  
 Nor swerve from that though swords were glancing all  
 Thy Eden round, or though thou starve for bread.

The antique for its long antiquity  
 Despise thou not; that stone in the proud wall  
 Of old Jerusalem, more nicely matched,  
 Than now it matches in the bastion high  
 Of modern Rome. But yet there be who cling  
 Tenaciously and error-like to creeds  
 And olden forms and codes, despising all  
 That modern sophists preach; and knowing not  
 To modify and sift; "what do," say they,  
 "The fathers, so may we; and earliest truths  
 The latest should remain unchanged in all;  
 The sire's example e'er should guide the son."



Thy father robbed, thy mother murderers known,  
 Should'st thou both rob and murder too? —  
 Dare to be poor if poverty shall come  
 By righteous means, so shall thy heart be rich.  
 Meekly confess thy faults; the coward he,  
 Who dares not this, not he who doth refuse  
 To bind his armor for unrighteous war.  
 Despise all cover for a folly — fault;  
 And be not shackled by a golden gift,  
 As thou hast seen now in thy youth's pure sight  
 Manhood disgraced by base servility and fear,  
 Spurn thou all title, dignity, command,  
 Where thou may'st not be free to be and seem  
 An honest man; to spread thy motives out,  
 As in the presence of the living God.  
 Not thus commissioned, deem thou honors, all,  
 But insults to thy manhood and thy name,  
 And cast them back as vile.

Cringe not before

The lie though it be set on chartered lips,  
 But dare to charge it back and show thy proof,  
 Not sinfully, but as thou art a man,  
 Of equal stature, equal birthright too,  
 Who would not barter for a pottage meal,  
 His nobler manhood's claim. Humility;  
 Let it not grind thee to the dust,  
 Or bend thy shoulders to a brutish yoke;  
 Chains should be forged for brutes and not for man.  
 With forbearance bear the wrong, but call it wrong,  
 Though thou dost not resent or give return;  
 Forgiveness cannot make it right here or in heaven;  
 And let thy footsteps hasten from his door,  
 Who would insult and wrong again; 'tis safe  
 To deem him thus unworthy of thy heart;  
 Thou art not called to love the sinner's sin,  
 Or give thy confidence and friendship free  
 To the oppressor and unjust though kin.

Unking not e'er thy brother in thy heart,  
 Strive rather to be brother to a king,  
 Envy doth ever smear and soil itself  
 And is companion of the mean. If called  
 To serve, serve thou as servant, not the lord;  
 There is a nobleness in serving well.  
 And dignity of that state consists, as most  
 In all, in aiming at its highest mark,  
 And not one whit beyond. An adage old,

"The greatest in thy sphere," nor covet more.  
 Who would pull down the mountain to his grade  
 Could never reach its towering top,  
 Mark this; 'tis but the imbecile, the weak,  
 The mean, who level thus; be thou content.  
 Nobility in servitude as in  
 Command the prone republican forgets,  
 The sin Columbia shall one day confess,  
 Was at the base of her aggression — wrong.  
 Her "free and equal" on her parchment scroll,  
 Wrested to slavery and base control.  
 But servitude and slavery are not kin,  
 Reward hath ne'er a despot for its lord.

If sceptred with command, upon the ground  
 Let dignity and meekness braid for thee  
 Thy chaplet, and wait thou for a mighty hand  
 To place it on thy brow, thy manhood's crown  
 Attempt ne'er to bestow thyself, for such  
 A decoration hath a tinsel show  
 That blackens in the sunlight to disgrace.  
 In all thou dost let conscience have the rule  
 Touched with a living burning coal as from  
 God's altar brought, by missioned angel hands;  
 So shall thy manhood never shame thy trust,  
 Or heaven's all perfect name madly insult.

WAMESIT COTTAGE, FEB. 16, 1848.

CONSOLATION. — "Queen Elizabeth, in her hard, wise way, writing to a mother who had lost her son, tells her that she will be comforted in time; and why should she not do for herself what the mere lapse of time will do for her? Brave words! And the stern woman, more earnest than the sage in Rasselas, would have tried their virtue on herself. But I fear they fell somewhat coldly on the mother."

SORROW. — "I always liked that passage in Philip Van Artevelde, where Father John says,

"He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend.  
 Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure  
 For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel them.  
 Where sorrow's held intrusive and turned out,  
 There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,  
 Nor aught that dignifies humanity."

## RECOLLECTIONS OF JAMES KENNARD, JR.

BY MRS. C. W. H. DALL.

"Who is the traitor?  
Who deserves the burning curses  
Heaped upon the traitor's head?  
'He who renders aid and comfort  
To the enemy,' 'tis said.  
Who then is the greatest traitor  
On this vast terrestrial ball?  
He who renders aid and comfort,  
To the Enemy of All."

*James Kennard, Jr.*

THE above epigram, one of the happiest, it seems to me, that was ever written in any language, has been published in many forms of late, and the almost universal inquiry has arisen, "Who is James Kennard?" and as yet no competent voice has been heard to answer. It was my happiness to spend at least two hours of every day in his sick chamber, during the greater part of the last year of his life, and I wish to give my public testimony to the wide influence he exerted during that period. I am not deterred from doing this by the knowledge that a Memoir is shortly to appear from a far abler hand; for this memoir is to be *printed*, not published, and the wide circulation of a periodical better answers my purpose.

James Kennard, Jr. was born in Portsmouth, N. H., on the 20th of November, 1815. Before the age of fifteen he had left school, to avail himself of an excellent position in the store of one of its most eminent merchants. Before he was sixteen, acute pain and stiffness in the right knee, induced him to resign his situation, and seeking relief from change of climate in October, 1835, he went to Jacksonville, in Florida. The spring of 1836 he passed at Winsborough, S. C., and returned to Portsmouth in the following July. He then contemplated entering into business with his brother in Philadelphia, but at Boston, on his way thither, his disease returned so acutely, that he once more sought his father's roof. In the spring of 1837, he commenced the study of medicine with Dr. Cheever, and continued it, until he could no longer walk to the office. In August of that year, he entered the Massachusetts General

Hospital, where he remained for four months. At that time, his disease was wholly confined to the right knee. Dr. Warren was in Europe, and Dr. Hayward having decided that it was best to amputate the limb, James with his characteristic nobleness refrained from agitating his friends with the anticipation. On the morning appointed for the operation, he wrote to his parents to prepare them for it, adding that if all went well, he would add a postscript after the operation. With a feeling of solemnity such as attaches to the last act of a life, he took his last walk, with his ill-fated limb, and at ten o'clock in the forenoon just after the operation, he added to his letter these words, "All is well and over." The reception of this intelligence carried his parents directly to Boston, where they found their son, apparently on the borders of the grave. When a change took place a few days after, his recovery was rapid. In December, he was permitted to return home, and the friends who went to meet him found that he had gone by himself by a different road, that very day. With the aid of a crutch he once more carried his cheerful presence into the dwellings of his friends; but in July, 1838, his left knee was found to be both more swollen and more painful than that which he had lost. God only knows the struggle of his young heart, at this hour. He adopted the treatment recommended at the Hospital but in vain. He had a little carriage made, in which his nurse, his sisters, or his friends, drew him over the sidewalks, and when the suffering from his slowly ossifying joints became so great that he could not bear even the slight jolting which this occasioned, he had recourse to a wheeled chair and was accustomed to sit for hours, by the kitchen hearth, splitting small sticks of wood. When the joints of the right arm began to ossify, he continued this amusement with his left, but that soon failing, in like manner, he became virtually confined to his room, although he was occasionally brought down stairs, as late as the spring of 1841. In the summer of that year, he had a severe fit of illness, and could never after bear to be carried in arms. In the autumn of 1844, while reading a badly printed book, his right eye was attacked with inflammation so violent that all he had before endured was nothing in comparison. It seemed to him as if the socket were filled with red hot iron. The left eye suffered from sympathy. In January 1845, he had

abandoned all hope of again seeing with his right eye, and wore thenceforward a deep shade, keeping his room dark. The attacks of inflammation and consequent agony were continually returning, sometimes at intervals of one or two weeks, and sometimes of a greater space. During these attacks, he was unable to speak, except in the faintest whisper, and that rarely, for the slightest motion of the face increased the circulation and the suffering. This continued so severe, that during the last year of his life, the ceiling of his room was darkened with the intention of mellowing the little light that crept under his deep shade.

In February, 1847, he was attacked with influenza. Three repeated seizures were attended and followed by inflammation of the pleura, and a violent cough. He was seldom able to speak and his strength was much reduced. In May, he had an attack of nausea, which continued three days, and brought him to the brink of the grave. When the symptoms abated, he recovered rapidly, but on the 22d of July the disease returned. On the third day of his illness his suffering was such, that he said to his sister, "Annie, I have been very happy, and am glad to live, but this is buying life hard. If I must give three such days as the last, for another year of life, I would rather go at once." On the 27th of July, he had a visit from his pastor, and his last request to him was characteristic of his eminent truthfulness. "See," he said, "that there is no Obituary in the paper, let nobody think me ten times better than I am." On the following day he died, passing away at the last, as gently as an infant. On the 30th, a service was held over his remains, at the Stone Shurch, and on the first of August a sermon was preached there, in memory of him, by the Rev. Andrew P. Peabody, from which the following is a brief extract. After speaking of the extraordinary promise of his young life, and the little preparation for trial afforded him, the writer goes on to say: — "In the mysterious Providence of God, the trial came, like a thunderbolt from a cloudless sky. Disease from the first desperate, but soon hopeless, arrested him at the very threshold of life, and now for years has he lain utterly disabled, his bodily powers one by one failing him, with less capacity of self-help than a new born infant, the world of sight gradually withdrawn, and at last shut out, except in rare and painful glimps-

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ses of friendly faces that he was unwilling to forget, the prey too at times of an intense physical suffering, and with no interval in which a less patient spirit would not have made complaint ; his life seeming to the outward eye an intolerable burden, and a protracted uneasiness, and yet at the point of death he could say, ' Although I have no fear of death, nor doubt of future happiness, I could gladly linger here, my life has been so happy.' And an eminently happy life has it been, and his chamber a cheerful place, and the friendly meetings there, undimmed by the shadow of sickness and suffering, and the spiritual atmosphere of the scene, one of repose, and wealth, and gladness."

Here ends the record of James Kennard's physical suffering, anomalous, so far as I know in medical experience, and of which no scientific exposition has ever been attempted. It is not complete without some mention of the two persons, who chiefly lightened it by their cares. The first of these was the tender and careful nurse of his wearied frame, she of whom he wrote among other affectionate lines :

Of a large portion of my heart,  
She hath the rightful occupancy,  
And there, while life and sense remain,  
Her image shall its place retain ;  
The noble hearted Nancy !

The influence which he exercised over this nurse, is one of the noblest tributes to James Kennard's character. When he went to the Hospital, she was a cook in his father's family. After his return, it became necessary to move him with the greatest precision, and in doing this, she best succeeded. His mother's death which occurred about two years before his own, left him chiefly dependent upon her. Upon one who should look for the first time upon her robust figure and beaming countenance, the strongest impression might be that of indefinite good nature, but those who have loved James recognize in her, also, a noble heroism, a true dignity, the quickest sympathies, and a deep refinement of heart, which made her, even in the delicate task of feeding him, his most approved attendant. Many have had faithful nurses, and family affection often softens bitter agony, but who shall help us in our hours of trial to be worthy of ourselves and God ? Who shall sustain our self-esteem, sympathize with our better part, and aid

us to live above the body? The friend who did this for James was a resident of Portsmouth, the retiring, but accomplished, clear-headed and self-denying daughter of the late Dr. Spaulding of New York. She devoted to him her own invalid hours. She read to him, she wrote for him, she planned for him. Several years older than himself, her feeling had the freshness of girlhood, and though his acknowledgments to her were frequent and warm, yet her attendance on him never shackled him with the feeling of indebtedness. For some time previous to his death, she devoted her Sabbaths entirely to him, assisting him in a study of the Old Testament, which he particularly desired. She was once asked somewhat peremptorily in my presence, if she had not attended the morning service at St. John's. "No," exclaimed the sufferer at her side, "she is a convert to St. James, and goes only where two or three are gathered together!"

To this lady's notes, I am indebted for the particulars of his early life, and I turn from the painful record gladly, to present to my readers, when I next meet them, a tribute to his spiritual triumph, the blessed recollections of my own intercourse with him.

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#### THE SYRO-PHENICIAN WOMAN.

SHE stood 'mong strangers. Not to haughty Tyre,  
Nor to Sidonia's soft and balmy clime,  
Owed she her birth. But from Phenicia's coast,  
Full of confiding faith, she hither came,  
To seek for one most lovely, and beloved,  
The Master's aid. Full oft her ear had heard  
How with an outstretched hand, he healed the sick  
By power Divine, the loathsome leper cleansed,  
With new-born vigor strung the cripple's limbs,  
Loos'd from its chains the long imprison'd tongue,  
Unsealed the avenue of airy sound,  
Pour'd on the sightless orb in darkness veil'd  
Glad forms of light and joy, and from the grave  
Summoned its tenant forth, to share again  
The thronging thoughts, the rainbow tinted hopes,  
That cluster round the path of busy life;

These wonders wrought, had reach'd her list'ning ear,  
But not that greater work of grace and love  
Achieved by Him, the founder of our faith,  
Which open'd heaven to man's beclouded eye,  
And rais'd to life from spiritual death,  
The priceless soul.

Yet, by the fame allured  
Of wondrous deed, and still more wondrous word,  
And urged by that deep love, whose holy flame  
Burns in a mother's heart with quenchless light,  
That Gentile woman sought the Saviour's feet.  
There now she humbly knelt, clasping his knees,  
And gazing upward with a kindling glance  
Upon his face divine. With head thrown back,  
And pale and quivering lip, she earnest plead  
For one more dear than life; and as her eye  
Drank in the glories of that beaming brow,  
Her doubting heart glow'd with strong faith and love,  
And burning words, such as a mother's heart  
Alone may prompt, flowed eager from her tongue;  
With passionate tears, and agony intense,  
She prayed him chase, with his all powerful hand,  
The demon from her child, and give her back  
Freed from such perfect thralldom to her arms,  
That clasped in her their all of earthly bliss.  
The words, her broken sobs, fell not in vain,  
Upon that pitying ear.

Slowly he turned,  
The Saviour of the world; with serious look,  
Yet full of tender love, he scanned the form  
Of the low suppliant, prostrate at his feet.  
A moment's space, and the great Teacher's eye  
Dwelt on that kneeling one, and as he mark'd  
Her foreign garb, and heard her foreign speech,  
He knew her for a stranger to the soil,  
An alien to the faith his precepts taught;  
And coldly answer'd, though with glowing heart  
Which heavenly pity and compassion warm'd,  
"Woman, 'tis right the children should be fed,  
Ere we to others give. It were not meet  
To take their dole of bread, and cast to dogs,  
While they are left to starve."

Still closer clung  
That wretched mother to the Master's feet,  
Quaffing with eager ear his low breath'd words,—  
Her throbbing heart, by his majestic mien,



Hushed to deep awe, yet kindling as she gas'd  
 With a pure love ; intenser, holier e'en,  
 Than nature own'd — till with rapt look,  
 In tone subdued but firm, she made reply,  
 " Yes Master, yet the crouching dogs that lie  
 Beneath the board, eat of the children's crumbs,  
 And are refresh'd, e'en by the scatter'd fragments  
 Of a feast too rich for them to share."  
 A heavenly light beam'd from the Saviour's eyes,  
 As with majestic grace he stooped to raise  
 That trusting, trembling mother from the earth ;  
 " Well hast thou spoken, daughter," thus he said,  
 In accents calm and gentle as his soul,—  
 " And for thy words, so full of fervent faith,  
 Of holy love, and humble hope, depart;  
 Thy prayer is granted ; henceforth from the spell  
 Of evil demon shall thy child be free,  
 And live to bless thee with a daughter's love."  
 None e'er could know with what extatic joy  
 Swelled that glad mother's heart, at words like these,  
 From lips that knew not guile, knew but to bless,  
 And purify mankind with precepts high,  
 And wisdom from above.

She turned, she fled  
 Far from the city's hum to a low cot  
 Buried 'mid leafy screens of cedars tall,  
 And branching algum, and the fragrant boughs  
 Of that balm-dropping tree, known to the East.  
 There she had left, safe in that quiet nest,  
 Her heart's rich treasure, torn by madd'ning pain,  
 And toss'd and tortur'd by the vexing fiend.  
 She saw her now, in her pale loveliness,  
 Stretched on her couch, languid, yet full of joy,  
 Her azure eye, as glad it turned to hail  
 Her coming step, bright with the soul-lit flame,  
 Kindled at reason's re-illumin'd lamp.  
 And as the mother cast her clasping arms  
 Around her child, and strained her to her breast  
 And heard those lips, which long had uttered nought  
 Save the wild, fearful cry of the possess'd,  
 Repeat in gentle tones fond words of love,  
 And breathe her name in accents soft and clear,  
 She felt in truth that He who wrought this deed,  
 Was God's own Son ; and from that blessed hour,  
 Baptized into the faith He came to teach,  
 She lov'd, believ'd, adored, and in his name  
 Were all her sins forgiven.

E. L. C.

## PAUL.

BY REV. W. A. WHITWELL.

THE character of the Apostle Paul is worthy the attentive study of every one. As a man aiming at constant improvement, his determined spirit and generous enthusiasm appeal successfully to our breasts. We love the ardor which inspires him in a holy cause; and when we find that ardor tempered with wisdom, our judgments approve what our hearts love.

Individuals possessed of the same natural temperament with Paul are usually beloved. Their energy, their candor and benevolence produce a fellow feeling with all who come in contact with them. Warm-hearted themselves they have warm friends. But it is not common for persons of this description of character to be remarkable for patience and self-possession. Not unfrequently, we find them headstrong and precipitate; and if by any accident their plans are frustrated and their bright expectations disappointed they yield to despondency. Their tempers become soured; and instead of encouraging schemes for human improvement, they rail against every new project as visionary and ridicule the efforts of the benevolent. So many are the reverses which occur and so numerous the obstacles, that, without Christian principle, many a one, who enters on his career with joyous hopes and cheering prospects of that reward which attends every laudable effort for good, falters midway and gives himself up to selfish worldliness.

The apostle may be placed in contrast with such men and show what influence Christian principles exerted over his spirit.

In this presentation, all that nature and early education may rightfully claim must be allowed; and nothing more be attributed to the Gospel than it deserves. It is this comparison between Saul the disciple of Gamaliel and Paul the apostle of Christ, which makes the study of his character so worthy the attention of the Christian. We may thus perceive what faith in Jesus can effect; and observing its genuine operations over the heart and mind of Paul, be enabled to distinguish, in other cases, the true spirit from the false.

From the notices we have of the apostle to the Gentiles we learn, that he was brought up after the strictest sect of the

Jewish religion. He profited above many of his equals. According to his own confession, he was touching the righteousness which is in the law blameless. How difficult a matter that was, may be learned from the Epistle to the Romans. Hence we may infer what had been the manner of Saul's life, from his youth, up.

How carefully he had been educated and how he had repaid the care! His instructors watched over his morals and neglected not that most important of all parts of education a reverence for God and his religion, while they sought to expand his mind by generous learning and give his intellect such a training as would prepare him to rank with the doctors of the law.

Take him as he was at the commencement of his journey to Damascus, and he might have been selected as an example of a pious and well educated Jew, of whom every devout son of Abraham would have been proud.

What then was wanting? Clearer views of God and of duty. Paul had become bigotedly attached to the faith of his fathers. He believed that there was no other way of serving Jehovah acceptably. Yet while his attachment to the Mosaic institutions was increasing, the Deity was spreading, throughout Judea, the knowledge of a purer religion. This religion, the disciple of Gamaliel neglected to examine. He made no inquiry respecting its principles, but contented himself, as prejudiced thinkers are wont to do, with what his fathers believed and regarded everything which purported to be a new revelation as a doctrine of Satan. With the means of learning the truth he sought it not, but on the contrary went blindly forward to persecute and to destroy those, who were contending earnestly for it. His criminal neglect in this particular, with all his privileges, carried him far astray. While Saul imagined that he was striving for God, he was striving against him. While he believed himself performing the most acceptable service to religion, he was laboring most strenuously in opposition to it. It is no trivial sin to reject information upon religious subjects. For if we have the ardent temperament of the follower of Jewish tradition, we may, like him, first fight against the truth, and then bewail our offence ever after. If we are of the lazy, prejudiced thinkers, we shall not be likely to be stopped on our way to Damascus, but live on in igno-

rance from year to year, until God see fit to appoint us our portion with unbelievers.

The many excellent qualities of the citizen of Tarsus were obscured by this shade. His mind was clouded and he saw not the work of God, nor his own duty. But it was not the will of heaven that one, who had done so much for his own improvement — the chosen vessel — should be cast away. As the light, which had been diffused throughout his nation had not enlightened him, as it ought to have done, its concentrated rays are darted upon him with such dazzling brilliancy as at once to overpower him: and compel him to seek relief from those he was seeking to destroy. Then it was that the scales fell from his eyes and he saw clearly. He saw how ignorant he had been. What folly was his presumptuous wisdom, how little of knowledge there was in his zeal. The God of the Jews was displayed to his astonished mind as the universal Father. Not only were the little bands of his countrymen, who, throughout Palestine, believed Jesus the Messiah, his brethren, but, renewed in mind and heart, he perceived that in the kingdom of God there was neither Greek, nor Jew, bond nor free, but Christ was all in all. What a revolution must this discovery have brought about in the active mind of Paul? How much must he have been abashed at his presumption, how humbled under a conviction of his misguided zeal. He had been fighting against God. The elders, the Rabbins were wrong, his friends and most of his kindred. They whom he deemed the worst enemies of religion, and therefore his enemies are to be his chosen associates, his best friends.

But with feelings of self-abasement, what bright visions presented themselves. The Messiah had come. He had made immortality certain. All doubt on this subject was over, God was to reign over the human mind forever. Not over one mind, or the minds of one nation, but over the minds of all, who should acknowledge Jesus the Messiah. Heaven had come to earth, angels had left their high abodes and were communing with flesh and blood, God and his children were one. The present is swallowed up in the future and every distinction between man and man done away, but that of good or evil. For the universal Father had, in the most affecting manner,

evinced his love for the world and revealed the exalted dignity to which man might rise.

Did these discoveries diminish Paul's love for his nation ? They increased it rather. While he cherished a most benevolent anxiety for the salvation of the Gentiles, his heart yearned for the deliverance of his own people from the bondage of bigotry and sin.

Did his zeal abate ? Nourished by love, it was even more active in the holy cause, in which it was now exerted, than it had ever been against it. Being founded on goodness and tempered with Christian charity, it now displayed itself to enlighten and to bless the whole human race. He, who when vested with authority from the chief priests made havock in the church, now, clothed with the authority of an apostle of Christ, prays men to be reconciled unto God. He spares others from suffering, but he spares not himself. "In labors more abundant" than the other apostles, "in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft." He had been exposed to perils from robbers, from his countrymen and from the heathen. He had been stoned and left for dead. Everywhere regarded by the unbelieving as the offscouring of all things.

With what spirit did the zealous Christian bear this complication of evil ? Read his own declaration. Being defamed, we intreat, being reviled, we bless, being persecuted, we suffer it. To the Philippians he writes, while under arrest at Rome, "rejoice," for by means of my sufferings the doctrines of the Gospel are spreading even in the capital of the Roman Empire. "If I be poured forth upon the sacrifice and service of your faith, I joy and rejoice with you all. For the same cause do ye joy and rejoice with me."

Behold the power of Christianity ! Observe how it directed the energies of this man. Notice what a transformation it produced in the sentiments of his mind and the customs of his life. Before, all was for his nation and the Jewish ritual ; now all his efforts are for the world and for its rescue from ignorance and sin. Before, he sought the favor of his rulers by desolation, now he aspires to the favor of God by salvation. Before, it was enough to die an Israelite, now he counted all things but refuse, that he might win the hope of the Christian. What a change does the Gospel effect even in a good man, who

has lived without its light. We know the strength of prejudice in grown persons. Even prejudices against foreigners, how hard to overcome them. How could Paul think better of the Gentiles? In religious matters this is still more difficult. What struggles must the mind have with itself, what conflicts with others. "Within are fightings and without fears." Remember that in Paul's case, there was a change of principle. Immortality and perfect reason are very different. Very different the motives they propose, the dispositions they produce. What besides Christianity could effect the change?

The culture of Paul in the Christian school was wonderful. He took a prudent care of the gifts of God. It was only when he could not avoid suffering, without loss of principle, that he submitted to it and manifested the support of the believer. Had he been like some zealots, he would not have lived out half his days. At Damascus, at Lystra and at Jerusalem, the apostle had abundant opportunities of throwing his life away. But he scrupled not to declare 'I am a Pharisee.' He suffered his nephew to inform the Romans of the plot of the Jews against him. His speeches before Felix and Festus and the Areopagus evince the same circumspection.

He was made all things to all, that he might save some. Not that he sacrificed his sincerity, but that he might profit others by bringing them to the truth. Strong in the faith himself, he bore with the infirmities of the weak. If one was overtaken in a fault, he labored in the spirit of mildness to restore to him the spirit of Jesus. How gently does he admonish Jew and Gentile. What love does he express for his own nation, and how does he repress the boasting of the Greek.

But there was no fear of man to repress the expression of his sentiments. His behavior to the Jews at Antioch, his independence in asserting the liberty of the Gentiles, his opposition to Peter prove this. He was no man pleaser, with him it was a very small thing to be judged by man, he used no words of flattery, no cloak of covetousness, but sought to commend himself to every man's conscience. Far be it from any to imagine that Paul was all things to all men in the bad sense of those words. His life, his sufferings, his whole ministry give the lie to such an interpretation.

Gentleness and truth are harmonious ; firmness and long-suf-

fering go hand in hand ; mercy and justice are sisters. It is the great mind, independent itself, that can have compassion on the frailties of the weak, and dare to be forgiving and impartial. Such men can afford to be humble. They who believe upon evidence and have obtained a clear knowledge of God's will are they who boast the least.

Some of Paul's converts, at Corinth, had, during his absence been taught that, Paul was not an approved apostle. How modestly does he speak of himself. When obliged to mention his claim to be considered an apostle, it is as if he were doing violence to his own feelings. "I am became a fool in glorying, ye have compelled me."

In connexion with the lowliness of the apostle, notice his frankness. The advice he gives concerning some temporal concerns, he carefully separates from the directions of the Gospel, by the phrase, "this I speak, not the Lord." The frequent repetition of his offence against the church is another instance. His plainness in rebuking the erring shows that he was open-hearted himself. For it is the poor spirited and cowardly, who appear friends when present and backbite when absent. None but the ingenuous will calmly reprove and directly admonish. Paul regards all Christians as brothers and writes to them of his own troubles and tells them of their faults and their virtues as if he had nothing to conceal. There is no pretence, nor assumption of superior sanctity. In his letter to the Galatians, he speaks as freely of Peter, as, in that to Timothy, of Alexander the coppersmith. And the apostle of the Lord, who had been converted by a miracle, who had received supernatural communications from heaven and received special directions from Jesus, though ever intent on his ministry, amid every kind of privation and hardship — does not presume to believe that he had attained to what he ought to be. He fears after all that he may be a castaway. He knows that he is far enough from perfection and mentions a bodily infirmity, kindly intended to remind him of his weakness.

How different is this character from that of enthusiasts.

How rare is it to find one, that has obtained celebrity, that does not arrogate to himself superior holiness, especially if he imagines himself to have been blessed with extraordinary intimations of God's will.

Paul may be our example and test on this subject.

The apostle however was not perfect. He and Barnabas had no small dispute about Mark; and probably there was fault on both sides. Before the same court by which his Master was tried the disciple's demeanor was very different from that of his Lord. These two instances, which are all we know, are only remarkable as evincing that Paul spoke of himself truly. They certainly are very small defects, when exhibited under such provocation, and during a period of such trial as that in which Paul ministered. They teach how hard it is to do right always, in everything.

What might Paul have been without the guidance of Jesus? The corruption of the best things is the worst corruption. What havoc might the learned, bigoted, enthusiastic Pharisee have caused?

What a mighty influence did the celestial messenger exert over his spirit! How did it bring all the energies of Paul's mind into harmonious action and direct the whole man to labor for his highest good and for the highest good of his brethren. What power, except Christianity, could so sway all the passions and powers of one like the apostle and cause all to work together for charity and heaven?

Paul is only an instance of the power of the Gospel. The same improvement in character may be effected by the same Christian spirit. Its blessed presence will lighten the pressure of earthly burdens, pour balm into the wounded heart; and when the flesh is exhausted and nature faints, wipe the death damp from the brow and bear the released one upward to his kindred.

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**BOOKS AND SOCIETY.** — "Perhaps the greatest charm of books is, that we see in them that other men have suffered what we have. This at least robs misery of its loneliness. On the other hand, the charm of intercourse with our fellows, when we are in sadness, is that they do not reflect it in any way. Each keeps his own trouble to himself, and often pretending to think and care about other things, comes to do so for the time."



## GOD AMONG THE NATIONS.

A SERMON, BY REV. N. L. FROTHINGHAM, D. D.

**MATTHEW XXIV. 6.** And ye shall hear of wars, and rumors of wars : see that ye be not troubled : for all these things must come to pass : but the end is not yet.

PUBLIC events are a part of the Divine Providence. History is one of the record-books of religion. God rules among the people of the earth. We ought not to forget this in the excitements of the passing day ; in arranging our information of the hurried scenes that have been the last to take place upon the theatre of the world ; and in listening for the news. The fortunes of kingdoms and states involve immutable truths. Transient occurrences teach of a heavenly oversight. Much of the Scripture is narrative. A large portion of the Old Testament is political narrative. The instructions of Christ himself are connected more frequently and closely with the transactions of his age than we are apt to consider. The overthrow of Jerusalem, with the miseries that his prophetic eye saw to accompany it, filled a wide space in his last discourses. Indeed, the fall of the Jewish polity, the dispersion of Israel, and the then existing condition of the Roman world, had intimate relations with the spread of the Gospel, and consequently exerted important influence upon the future spiritual condition of mankind. A striking example was thus afforded of the government of the Almighty, and the fulfilment of his purposes, in the changes of nations. A memorable illustration was given of the obvious fact, that the highest interests of humanity are often bound together with the courses of what seem to be but earthly accidents. The outward occurrence has a moral significancy, and leads on towards the result that God has ordained. The text is a part of the language of Jesus on the occasion just alluded to. He sat on the mount of Olives, looking towards the temple. He foresaw the storm of battle that was to beat against its walls. He foresaw its final desolation. Then he said : " Ye shall hear of wars, and rumors of wars ; see that ye be not troubled ; for all these things must come to

pass ; but the end is not yet." His words, especially when we consider who it was that spoke them, are suited to impress upon us the thought with which I began. They predict the commotions that were to continue to shake the earth. They bring to mind the strifes and revolutions, that from that day to this have prevailed among the separated communities of our race. They point up at the same time to that Sovereign Power, who wields all destinies ; who will bring good out of evil by causing wrath and madness to praise him ; and who reveals, after long intervals, the purposes of a wise but mysterious administration. These few expressions of Christ may be taken apart ; and each division of them will be found full of suggestions that are of deep interest at the present time, and suit sufficiently well with the thoughts that we are all likely to bring with us to this day's solemnity. I will take them up in their order, and use them in guiding the method of the few reflections that I shall venture to make.

1. "Ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars." The ear has been wounded with them, the heart has turned sick at them, ever since the first man-slayer smote his brother. The clash of arms and the roar of fight have convulsed the air of every period. One people has invaded and crushed another. Nation has still lifted the sword against nation. Citizens of the same country, inhabitants of the same streets, have encountered each other in civil broil. The prophets of the Old Covenant, and the angels that ushered in the New, have sung of a universal peace-time ; but it has failed as yet to appear. Violence has tramped and blood has flowed over every spot. "Wars and rumors of wars ;" — happily, the last of these, the "rumors" only, for us. The world at this moment looks far from peaceful. We have but just done hearing of the terrible fields of slaughter, in which our own countrymen have been engaged. And now we are all looking eagerly across the sea, awaiting the tidings that shall be brought to us next. For a fierce conflict of opinions and of alleged rights seems ready to be waged with the armed hand. The forces of Europe are mustering for an unknown issue. Governments and subjects lower one upon the other with feelings stronger than jealousy. The troops of the northerly alliances are astir ; while southern Italy and the three-cornered isle are on the tremble with a

power that is mightier than their volcanoes. But especially is attention fixed upon France, and her fresh old capital, and her surprising people. She has entered into the third of her revolutions, that have been wrought within the life-time of many among us ; and again in three days the overturn has been accomplished. Within little more than half a century, how many frightful memories crowd and throng together ! How many mountains and sweet plains have been heaped with carnage ! How many cities have been wasted with famine, torn with shot, burnt with fire, given up to every outrage ! What cruelties and hellish passions have been poured out, like the vials of the Apocalypse when the terrible angels of God's judgments sounded their trumpets ! The strangest vicissitudes have followed along over that short space. The great have been abased, and the mean have been exalted. Royalty has been cast down, as if a throne was no more than a wooden seat, and the crown only an ornament for the hair. But all changes of fortune appear but small things in such a survey. No one can think without a shudder of the indescribable horrors, amidst which the first French monarchy went down.

I shall be told, however, that, though all this is perfectly true, the present aspect of things is a subject of nothing else but triumph and a rational joy. And indeed so it is generally regarded. There appears to be but one common sentiment of enthusiasm. We hear nothing but acclamations. I would not lose wholly my share of such a feeling. I desire to have some sympathy with the congratulations that are on all sides so loud. I will try to hope that everything will go on as well as it has begun. I would repress the natural uneasiness, that may be forgiven if it arises, at the thought of bloodshed and civil commotions in a land that has so dreadfully suffered from them in past days ; and also at the risk of transferring at once the government of a great country to the will of a tumultuous populace, that has been excluded hitherto from all political power. It is certainly not an unmixed occasion of delight, where are insurrection, and disorder, and clamor, the destruction of property, the prostration of credit, the paralyzing of industry, the overturn of public authority, panic and flight among the poor as well as the noble, the flash of musket and sword, and the unloosing of excited multitudes. A shadow is over the scene,

however animating it may be to us. There is surely room and need for sober thinking, in our remembrance of former transactions, and our knowledge of what is erring and depraved in the human heart.

2. But we are encouraged to pass cheerfully to the next clause of the text : " See that ye be not troubled." We have no reason to be troubled. There is cause rather for rejoicing in new prospects of an improved social condition that seem opening for humanity. We should do wrong in withholding the profoundest interest in a brave and ingenious people, apparently seeking after the privileges of an honest freedom under institutions like our own. There is nothing that compels us to despond for such a cause. There is much to allay mistrust, and to encourage the highest expectation. The world has learned a great deal from the experience of the last fifty years ; from its extraordinary contests and almost as extraordinary repose ; from its mad mistakes and gradual improvements ; from the impulse that has been given to liberal ideas ; from the direct instructions of its cultivated minds. Never since its creation, — one would not be extravagant in saying so — has it accumulated so much valuable knowledge in so short a time, and made so great a stride forward. I will not believe that it is to go back, and commit over again the same crimes and follies for which it has received such sharp chastisement. The story of the present revolution, so far as it has transpired, is in brilliant opposition, at every essential point, to the first that so shocked and grieved and terrified every sensibility of our nature by the drunken insanity of its reign. One of its first phrases that we caught, is ; " We want none of the military glory that only leads to a dictator. War is the greatest peril to liberty. The people and peace are one word." It does not mean to be aggressive, then, like that. One of its decrees ordained that there should be no death-penalty for political offences ; thus stifling a whole brood of monsters with a breath. The very rabble shouted after the flying monarch, Let him depart. How opposite to the former tragedy ! It does not mean, then, to be proscriptive and bloody like that. One of its first cries in one of its most disturbed acts was from a young workman : " Respect for monuments ! Why deface or ruin anything ? " and he was

applauded from all quarters. It does not mean to be destructive like that. It took occasion in the beginning to repel the doctrines of the agrarians and socialists and latest visionaries, through the lips of its most eloquent representative. It does not mean, therefore, to be chimerical like that. When it saw the image of Christ in the royal palace, it said, "Behold the Master of us all," and carried the statue to the nearest church. We may smile, if we will, as if it were performing something like a theatrical part in doing so. But it thus indicated at least, that it is not atheistic like that. All these circumstances display a good spirit, and give favorable omens for the future. And there are more of them ; such as the declaration that Slavery shall cease throughout the Republic. They appear on the bright side of a difficult question. They tend to pacify the apprehensions of those who need the persuasion in the text : "See that ye be not troubled."

3. But there is another and stronger ground of encouragement in the words that follow : "for all these things must come to pass." God appoints it so. The shaking of the nations is under the control of his hand. "This matter is by the decree of the watchers ; to the intent that the living may know, that the Most High ruleth in the Kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever he will, and setteth up over it the basest of men." It is better to trust in Him than in human intentions or efforts or accidents. The history of society shows how its interests have been promoted by disasters ; how its progress has been quickened by the convulsions that threatened its safety. Such scourges as that of war have called out resources and virtues, and under a divine guidance helped forward the race. We read, in immediate connexion with the text, of "famines, and pestilences and earthquakes, in divers places." Even they, and the whole host of natural calamities, have been made instruments of advantage, as they have impressed their awful admonitions upon the world. And so the distresses that are produced by the follies and passions of heated multitudes produce in return something for the general welfare. "All these things must come to pass." It is through troubles of various kinds that we are led roughly to a further good. Necessities and dark angels, with a commission from on high, have often

driven now together and now apart the communities of the earth, that a work higher than came to their thoughts might be made manifest in them. Tranquilly, then, and not with terror, still less with despair,—should we regard those aspects of affairs that look the most threatening. Humbly, reverently, and with chastened thoughts, rather than with pride and noisy exultation, should we contemplate those that excite and flatter the most. The political events that are thronging by, deeply interesting as they may be, are less than the Heavenly Sovereignty that shapes them to its own designs ; and “the end is not yet.”

4. “The end not yet.” This is our closing reflection. And it is one, that forbids unreasonable complaint on one side, and checks a heady presumption on the other. It does not yet appear what the result shall be of this or that, that is most confidently pronounced upon now. What many shrink from, as portending nothing but ruin, may bear the happiest fruits. What many boast of, and shout at, as the fulfilling of an eager desire, and of what the whole creation has been always sighing after in the pain of its burden, may turn out the very bitterness of disappointment. How much promise will corrupt into misery ; how much menace will soften into blessings ; as fatherly Time drives on !

“The end is not yet.” When will it be ? When will it come,—the last term in the series of social advancement ? We cannot tell. But it is at a great distance. Many imagine it to be at hand, according to their several fancies. It will be when my opinions are universally appreciated, says the dogmatist, with his handful of disciples. It will be when my party rises to power, says the reformer, with his organizations and agitations and spasms of zeal. It will be when there are no more kings, says the exclusive republican, and when the globe is a company of commonwealths. Alas ! It will be no such thing. There is no saving effect in any doctrine but Christ’s doctrine ; and that is not so much a theory as a life. No partizanship is to deliver mankind. There is no magical charm in one form of government or another,—and there must be some form. Different modes are doubtless best for different populations. I can see no such mighty moral difference be-

tween the titles of president and emperor. The spirit of freedom may make royalty but a cypher, and the spirit of anarchy may make the merest moderatorship a curse. There may be a democratic bigotry and fanaticism, as easily as any other shape of those narrow violences. The close of the last century saw what enormities and what frantic fooleries they could commit. Names are not realities. The loosest unrestraint is the vulgar-est of despotisms. Impetuous masses are not likely to be the safest lawgivers, or the purest, or the most abiding. We are all too apt to look to outward means for our defence, our promotion, our happiness. They are not there. They must proceed from within. Wisdom is a defence. Righteousness exalteth a country, and is the stability of its times. Obedience to what is sacred is joy and prosperity. These are old maxims ;— world-old. But they are all the better for that. They will never be dethroned. They will never fly into banishment. They will never die. They are worth thousands of the devices, that are set up by the theoretic and the sanguine, as if to remedy all the ills of our condition. "The end is not yet." Generations far away in the future will be still awaiting a better time.

But meanwhile, as we are gazing and hearkening and guessing, our own generation hastens by, and our own end will happen soon. Let us look to that. Let us regulate the strife and politics of our private breasts, those tumultuous empires. Let us ponder the revolutions of our life. Let us make the concerns of our souls nearer to us in importance than any of the movements of foreign States.

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NOTE.—The foregoing discourse was preached on the Fast Day, that has just been observed—or not observed—in Massachusetts. This circumstance is mentioned as an explanation of its subject ; perhaps as an apology for it ;—for the writer is little disposed or apt to depart from the themes that belong most appropriately to the pulpit.

## THE FIRST HOT DAY.

APRIL has just gone over; yet the heat  
Is of that summer time, when fields are white  
With clover as with mountain snow. The breeze  
Seems blowing from the longest day that spans  
The sky of June. But there the slender birch  
Waves leafless and the spreading larch and elm.  
Few blossoms have appeared; few spears of grass  
Upon the fallow hills. In the gay sun  
Delighted birds warble and lift the wing,  
Coquetting with their mates. Thus will they sport,  
Until fresh foliage gathers thick and green,  
Where they may choose their nooks and build their nests.

'Tis like an English day in March, when roads  
Are choked with dust, which the strong blast heaps high  
And whirls and scatters. Burning winds sweep forth;  
As if, from the Pine-Barrens of the South,  
Where long they have been pent, they were advanced,  
A host unseen, to battle with our strength;  
Or, swiftly were their sultry warning sent  
From golden Mexico, or isles remote  
Teeming with verdure in West Indian seas,  
To tell us of the sleeping hurricane.  
They come, with languor—not repose, to steal  
Away our merriment. They whisper round  
Our dwellings, through the branches bare, so like  
Sad murmurs from the Past we would recall,  
Our lips do almost tremble with replies.

Let them blow on their pleasure, while I lean  
On elbow-idleness and yield my heart  
To softest luxury! For to be sad sometimes,  
Over a memory of innocence  
And youth, is luxury; when the rough world  
Is left behind, and none of its demands  
Disturb our peace. Here let me watch the clouds,  
White as the swan's down, varying with light,  
Slowly unwrapped, and torn apart and lost  
In the blue infinite,—as, from the deck,  
The mariner on tropic seas may watch  
A fleet, with distant doubtful sails, approach  
And fall to leeward through the afternoon.

To many a household in our land these days,  
Of early sudden warmth, as messengers



Of sorrow come. In lovely villages;  
 By winding streams, where plain and valley meet;  
 Or on the rich declivity of hills,  
 Wooded and wild; on heights which overlook  
 Proud cities, and within those crowded ways,  
 This wind wafts the low warning of bereavement,  
 Of seats left vacant never to be filled.  
 The young, the delicate, the beautiful,  
 Or those who in the hurry of stern life  
 Have spent their strength, the old in weary care,  
 The desolate, feel the unnerving spell  
 And sink at once. They waited through the frost  
 For the first promise of the breathing spring  
 To quicken hopes that are immortal. Now  
 Will they gently depart and be at rest.

By His kind providence whose wisdom leads  
 The seasons in their changing course, our lives  
 Are drawn through various vicissitudes.  
 What are the troubles of this world, when Faith  
 Rises above them and above the stars —  
 Faith in that Power that even now compels  
 This visible nature to develope good?  
 The skies, that late looked down so beautiful  
 And blue, are veiled; dense clouds bring rain; the wind  
 Will change and the close atmosphere be cleared  
 By the fast falling of the grateful shower.

R. P. R.

## THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION.

BY REV. J. N. BELLOWE.

It is pretended that Unitarian Theology is a philosophical system of truth deduced from the Sacred Scriptures. It is not a religious system partly scriptural and partly philosophical; at option, here using the Bible and there the reason, that the statement, concerning whatever it may be, may coincide with a received theory, termed Liberal Christianity. If we might state what Unitarianism is, in a definition, we should say, it is the word of God as received by the reason. The Revelation was made to man's reason and to nothing else. If his reason does not receive it there is no revelation to man, who is a reasoning being.

This statement pertains to Unitarianism as a system of Theology. The mind determines what is stated, in the Scriptures, of God, of Christ, of the Holy Spirit, of the future state, of rewards and punishments, of Immortality and the Resurrection from the dead. These are all subjects of the intellect ; all that we know about them we know by the application of our reason applied to the investigation of the Word sent to us, through prophets, apostles and Jesus Christ our Lord.

We do not receive the doctrine of the Trinity, not because we choose to reject it but because we have it not in our power to receive it, as a doctrine of the Bible ; and the same may be said of the vicarious atonement. We do not propose in this article to discuss doctrines, but rather to make a statement of our principles in arriving at results, which receive their name from what they are — a system of truths wrought out by a free and unprejudiced perusal and study of God's word, untrammelled by creeds, decisions of councils and diets, therefore liberal. The Bible is our creed ; the right of private judgment our privilege ; the exercise of it our duty.

The notion prevails to an injurious extent that we mingle philosophical ideas in with our reception of the divine word ; that we reject at pleasure, patch up and smooth over to our purpose, what is disagreeable to our system, or hurts its unity. Nothing can be more untrue. We use philosophy, all science and learning, everything that aids the reason, just as we apply the various properties of mind, judgment, comparison, imagination in obtaining ideas.

Religious ideas no more come to us independently of the laws which regulate the mind than other ideas. All learning, all science, all philosophy tend to fuller ideas upon any given subject. We see it in wider relations and so know more about it. To illustrate this single point, let us suppose two men, the one having a good knowledge of the word of God, nay, able to repeat it from beginning to end ; and the other equally expert in memory and having also a good and comprehensive store of scientific knowledge of nature — God's works — the very work of his hands. The first we suppose deficient in this knowledge. Which of the two would be likely to have the most expansive ideas of God's power, goodness and love ; the one who read of such attributes, or he who saw the evidences of such attributes

in the works of God? They are certainly very narrow and contracted in their view who deride the offices of reason in religion; and we again assert it is *impossible* for the mind to take in ideas which are incomprehensible. As well might it be asserted that the eye can see things which are not visible. The mind acts by laws as definite as the eye. There may be certain intuitive ideas, but it will not be pretended that any theory of Theology, like the widely received doctrine of the Trinity and Vicarious Atonement are of the nature of intuitions. If such theories are received at all, they must be received by the intellect, in a lawful manner; just as other true ideas are received. If they are not so received, they will not, cannot, have the influence of legitimate ideas in the mind and character.

The province of philosophy, is circumscribed, we must allow. It deals only with topics that are the subjects of logic, susceptible of proof by demonstrations in physical science or a chain of logical argument. Theology is philosophy applied to divine subjects, the highest interest of man. Our theology is what we *know* of God by his revelations in the Scriptures and the wide spread page of nature; what we know of Jesus Christ as a messenger from heaven; what we know of the law as it is received by the reason as a rule of action; but religion is not the subject of philosophy. There are philosophical religions, but they are to the true religion what the statue is to the living form; the picture to the reality; the cold stone and glazed painting to flesh and blood, and the changing shadows of the landscape.

Unitarianism has examined existing creeds and the popular theology by the aid of philosophy and all the learning it could command and found points in them contrary to the teachings of reason and the Revelations of Scripture. This subjection of pretended truth to the test of reason might be expected in an age of general revolution. Theological systems have shared the scrutiny of political systems and schemes of education, the economy of life, theories of heat, of astronomy and electricity. The mind of the present day is not content to receive facts upon trust which are susceptible of proof. The man who reasons away the divine right of kings must know a reason for his faith in God and will not take from the priest his hope of immortality.

Unitarianism does not pretend to be a system of Religion. It is the name for certain views entertained upon theology. Christianity is one thing to everybody. That is a system of religion ; but the speculations of Calvin or Priestly, of Wood and Ware are not religion ; they are only speculations upon the subject of religion. Christianity is not to be received by the intellect and reasoned about. It is to be received by the heart with faith. It is not the subject of dogma. Theology is. A sound theology is a means of religion in the people who enjoy it or attain it, but it is not Christianity any more than the laws of the material universe are the universe ; any more than the description of a thing is the thing itself. This seems an obvious truth and yet the world is still under the delusion that theology is religion, and insists upon obtaining for opinion what is only due to righteousness ; asks credit on the ground of belief and makes faith to mean the reception of dogma by the mind.

But again we assert Unitarianism is not religion, nor is Calvinism religion. This is received by the heart. Philosophy has nothing to do with receiving the spirit of Christ. The less philosophy here the better ; for we must take the attitude of children and sit at Jesus' feet ; forego our reasonings and pride of opinion and submit ourselves to his will and precepts, *believing* that they are able to save us. The intellect we say cannot receive Christ's system. It is spiritually discerned ; that is, seen and known only by the heart.

Moreover we assert that the precepts of Jesus are often paradoxical, impossible and apparently impracticable. "Love your enemies." I cannot, says the intellect ; it is a moral impossibility. It is not in my nature to do it. No, not in your heart of flesh, your human breast, unregenerated, unfaithful and afraid, doubting and wavering, to do it ; but it is in the spirit of Jesus when you shall make that to take up its blessed abode in your bosom, — it is in that to do it. You can only find out its practicability by trying to do it, and believing that you can do all things, God strengthening you.

"Resist not evil" says Jesus. The world practically says this is impossible, to carry out this precept in social life ; and so it begs an interpretation of the precept, which says, *it means* you must only not go too far in your resistance of evil ; you

must not indulge in a malicious spirit, you must only resist in love; and so does away with the whole spirit of the precept. We grant if the precepts are to be reasoned about, and accommodated to our imperfect state of social life, there must be some compromise with the strictness of the principle. It must be made smaller to enter society as it is. It must be cut down to mean less than Jesus meant it to stand for.

But if the mind of the world, its intellect, its philosophy, cannot receive the full doctrine, the heart can. Try it and it proves itself. Action and reaction are not more true in physics than that wrong and violence produce wrong and violence. Gentleness is the best method to break the horse into harness. Stand still and the dog will cease his barking. The teacher weeps over the delinquencies of the child and its heart is touched. The boy who had been given over as incorrigible, is at last overcome by his teacher demanding of him to strike his hand with the ferule. This spirit of sacrifice overcame him. And how does this differ in principle from the willingness of Jesus to suffer that he might prove his principles. He, the pure one, died rather than resist evil. He might have called armies of angels to scatter his persecutors; but no, he chose to die, to show his willingness to suffer, that the world might be saved, in having an attested rule to live by. He died that we might have life.

And in establishing one rule he establishes all. For if he who sins in one point of the law is guilty of all; he who lives fully one point lives all.

By the heart man believes unto righteousness. Philosophy aids us in the province of philosophy, but there is a higher province. The Gospel is foolishness to the intellect; the *mind* of man cannot comprehend it, but the humble child-like heart receives it and knows it to be true, and lives by faith in its divine power.

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CUSTOM.—“If you want to see what men will do in the way of conformity, take a European hat for your subject. I dare say there are twentytwo millions of people at this minute, each wearing one of these hats to please the rest.”

## EXTRACTS FROM JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

"If you are a Christian, then I cannot understand how things that concern only this short life can make you uneasy. Do you suffer from the little vexations that now afflict you, remember Him also by whom the smallest good deed will not be left unrewarded, who looks upon every one of his creatures with love, who has formed for all a heaven and will give one to all."

"Many think themselves to be truly God-fearing when they call this world a valley of tears. But they would be more so, if they called it a happy valley. God is more pleased with those who think every thing right in the world, than with those who think nothing right. With so many thousand joys, is it not black ingratitude to call the world a place of sorrow and torment?" "Do not expect more esteem from others, because you deserve more, but reflect that they will expect still more merit in yourself." "Look upon every day as the whole of life, not merely as a section, and enjoy the present without wishing through haste to spring on to another lying-before-thee section." "Seek to acquire that virtue in a month to which thou feelest the least inclined." "If thou wouldst be free, joyful, and calm, take the only means that cannot be affected by accident, virtue."

"There are no other means in heaven, or upon earth, to heal and content the inward soul but by strengthening that inmost soul itself, and it is foolish to think small helps from without, can be lasting means of improvement."

"The means of improvement consist in patient practising for whole long days." "Dare not to judge from one year of unhappiness the Eternal, who has shown his paternal care of mankind for six thousand years, and is the same great Father of all. He who has supported, formed and educated the human race, will not desert *one*, even the least." "Endeavor to free the mind from systems and early prejudices and then look boldly around. Do you find no consolation near, rise, and seek it higher: like the bird of paradise who when his feathers are ruffled by storms rises higher, where none exist."

## THE BRIGHT SIDE OF THE PICTURE.

AN exciting age is this, in which we live ; one full of deep and stirring interest to all, who feel that nothing relative to humanity is foreign to themselves. It has its bright signs of promise, thank God ! but the bow is set in a dark cloud ; so dark, indeed, that our faith in the progress of the race might sometimes waver, were we not sure that truth and justice are eternal, and must ultimately prevail over error and wrong. Who, that fondly thought he could discern the approach of the Redeemer's peaceful Kingdom, has not stood aghast with amazement and with grief, at seeing the demon of war again let loose even in this very land ? Do not our hearts burn within us, burn with indignation and shame, as we read the record of those deeds of horror, which are daily perpetrated in the name of glory ? It is no time to stagnate in cold indifference, while the giant evils of war, intemperance, and the varied forms of oppression and injustice are yet roaming up and down among us, seeking whom they may devour. The plea that one has not considered, and does not understand these subjects is but a confession of remissness in duty. Their political bearings may not be clear to every man and woman, but of their moral character it needs no worldly wisdom to judge. In fact, the things which are "hidden from the wise and prudent," are sometimes "revealed to babes."

But, while the Christian reformer feels bound to bear fearless and faithful testimony against the grievous sins, which now disgrace our country, let him not forget that "love is the fulfilling of the law." Let him be careful, difficult as it may be, to make the distinction between the sin and the sinner. It can never be the duty of any frail mortal to pronounce the final doom of another, or, however great his apparent guilt, to assign him "a place with the devil and his angels." When we look on society in the mass under some of its present aspects, we may sometimes be tempted to exclaim in bitterness of spirit, "Who will show us any good ?" But when we separate that mass into its component parts, and find access to individual hearts, we may discover noble traits, to redeem almost every character from utter degradation. We will not believe

that every spark of virtue and humanity has died out of the hearts even of those, who are now engaged in the fiendish work of war; but, while we abhor and shudder at their deeds, we will strive to keep some charity for the doers. They are still our brethren, children of the Holy One; and his image, though sadly defaced, cannot be wholly obliterated from their souls. Perhaps some gleams of savage generosity may shoot across the dark scene of bloodshed and ruin; a generosity, indeed, more akin to the spirit of the beast of prey, than to that of a man and a Christian, but still affording some slight mitigation of the horror. With all the charity we can summon to our aid, we cannot but turn from the contemplation of this awful tragedy with utter loathing and detestation. Happy would it be for our present peace of mind, were we allowed to close our eyes to our country's disgrace, and the woes and crimes of humanity. But though it is a Christian duty to show toward the erring that lenity, which we pray may be shown toward ourselves, their fellow-sinners, the true philanthropist must still "be to no possible depth of evil blind." How shall we exert ourselves to rectify the evils, to the existence of which we are insensible? And how shall we with a fervent heart love the good and the true, if we do not also abhor the wrong?

While, however, we are keenly alive to the sins, which surround us, and use our best powers for their removal, it is not necessary that we should harrow up our feelings, and change to gall the "milk of human kindness" within us, by the incessant contemplation of the dark side of the picture. It has a bright side also, and on this the lover of his race ever delights to dwell. Blessed be God! we are surrounded by the good and the true. With them we daily associate. Their sunlight is ever around our paths, while deeds of outrage and atrocity are in general but rumors from afar. Even where we find infirmity and guilt, there are still some redeeming traits, which inspire the hope that the wanderer may yet be restored to the better way. At times we must meditate on the iniquity that is in the world; but it is soul-refreshing to turn from the view of what is sinful to that which is divine in man. In the light of another's virtue the good in ourselves is quickened into life.

What a well-spring of gladness is faith in human nature! Like its twin sister, Charity, it is "twice-blessed," blessed in



its cheering influence on him who cherishes it, and perhaps not less so in its effect on its object. This trustful spirit may sometimes be deceived and betrayed, but even this is far better than to live a constant prey to suspicion, always on the watch for treachery and bad intentions. A suspicious temper does not guard one against injury, but rather increases the danger. Like the unarmed traveller, a man of an open and loving temper may pass in safety, when the defensive armor of jealous caution might provoke assault.

It is good to dwell in our musings on the pleasing incidents in our dealings with mankind ; to cultivate the habit of treasuring up in our memories the countless acts of kindness, which cheer us on our way through life. There are few so wretched, that they may not have at least some small store of the pleasant memories. A kind and cheerful word, a look of love, a simple gift of flowers from a child is sufficient to cast a bright glow over hours which might otherwise be dull, if not dark. We need but a heart alive to these "touching charities of life," to find joy and beauty everywhere. It is some compensation for sickness and affliction to find ourselves brought near to our fellow-men by the expression of their sympathy ; and when a deed of kindness is done us by a stranger, it is a bright gem to be placed in the casket of hoarded memories. However small the act, it then assumes to our minds the form of true Christian charity. He who extends his aid unasked to a fellow-traveller in peculiar helplessness may esteem the service slight, but the grateful heart does not forget. It will thenceforth place the nameless stranger on the list of benefactors and friends. The act has had a compass far beyond the thought of the actor. He only sought to bestow a temporary aid ; but in so doing he has opened in the heart of the recipient a sweet, perennial fount of gratitude and pleasant thought. He has done something to deepen in one soul the faith in human nature ; and he may be assured that memory will often dwell with a glow of pleasure on the Christian brother, who was ready to seek out and aid the helpless.

It does not need that the kind act he performed according to the rules of etiquette. Its beauty is often enhanced by the contrast of the true nobility, from which it flows, with the roughness of the outward air. We are then sure that it is no con-

ventional form, but the spontaneous action of the soul. It is a beautiful provision of Heaven, by which those who have nothing else to give may thus confer the most essential and enduring favors. Let no one esteem himself poor or useless, who has it in his power by a kind deed or gentle word to elevate and cheer one human soul !

Innumerable are the little acts of love and goodwill, done in the privacy of common life, which have no record on the historic page, yet are they not written in the Book of Life ? They may hereafter win a crown of glory, when the laurels of the world's heroes shall prove worse than worthless weeds. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," and what so transcendently, so gloriously beautiful as a deed of love ?

M. W.

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LETTER TO THE EDITOR. NO. IV.

WASHINGTON, APRIL, 1848.

IN some of his descriptions of American Scenery, Willis says that our countrymen have the gift of seeing things not only as they are, but with the halo of the future on them ; discerning great cities in a lonely prairie, delighted with the prosperity of a smiling village on the desolate shore of a river, and going into raptures over imaginary fields of wheat or busy manufactories, where the first tree is not yet girdled, or the rush of the stream disturbed by the settlers that are to be. This gift is especially serviceable in Washington, to understand the city fairly, and do it justice. Even now it may almost be called a new clearing. Forty years ago it was covered in good part with dense primitive forest ; and men in middle life remember the delight with which when boys they drank at the first public pump. And though forty years back is dim antiquity in the existence of some of our Western cities, yet here there is no tide of emigration, no abundant wheat-harvest, and no mart of manufactures or trade to force the new metropolis into sudden growth. Its proportions were determined by inexorable geometric lines ; its population brought in by the changes and accidents of politics ; its public interests left to shift for themselves, or at the mercy of such intelligence and public spirit, as might be in the transient and uncertain denizens of a merely political capital.

Existing at such serious disadvantage, it is quite remarkable how much growth there has been, and how much of interest

there is. Composed as it were of the overflow of the enterprise, intelligence and wealth of our nation, it is certainly, take it all in all, no discreditable token of its character and energy. Around the nucleus of the public institutions has gathered a population comprising a great amount of general intelligence, experience and culture; and one is constantly meeting persons, who have come by one accident or another to occupy stations under government, of strongly marked individuality, curious experience and adventure, and a high degree of that general cultivation that comes from very wide and various intercourse with the world. After a little acquaintance, you come incidentally to know details in the past history of your friends here, which would make volumes of romantic adventures; you find men fresh from fields of travel, discovery or war; and with a little attention see in this focus a concentration of almost everything that belongs to human society, in this country or the world.

A few words of the public institutions, which I alluded to before. The Patent Office, (when finished, which may not be for a century or two) will be a gigantic and magnificent establishment. It stands on an open square, about as large (if my maps are accurate) as that between Winter and West streets, in Boston. Only a part of the front is completed now, less than three hundred feet in length; but it is intended to make a square of four hundred feet, having in the second story a gallery of fifteen hundred feet unbroken length,—more than a quarter of a mile. In this gallery (the part finished) there is a most interesting and valuable collection of natural history, foreign curiosities, pictures, antiquities, &c., and especially the articles brought from all parts of the world by the Exploring Expedition. This part of the establishment belongs to the "American Institute;" the display of the Patent Office proper being in the gallery below. The "Smithsonian Institution," which seems designed to combine a sort of Lowell Lectureship with a magnificent public library, a complete scientific apparatus and a plan of publishing original investigations of every sort, is properly speaking one branch or department of the great ideal "American Institute." It will receive the Museum already gathered into its splendid gallery, and probably accommodate M. Vattermare's munificent donation on its shelves, to his no small sorrow, for he wants only an American name. The edifice, now rapidly constructing, will be in appearance an irregular pile of towers, galleries, halls, &c., like a Roman castle of ancient days,—the only specimen of that sort in the country. Its actual length when finished, (which will be in five years,) is four hundred and fifty feet, about equal to the whole length of Winter street. The irregular style admits any degree or

sort of addition hereafter ; and it includes turret, arch, (both Roman and Gothic) ornamental work in stone, and almost every variety of detail, while each portion serves some special purpose in the design — the various ornamental parts coming as flues, receptacles for machinery, or small apartments for chemical apparatus. Beautifully constructed of a dark freestone, (very different from the coarse sandstone of which most of the public buildings are built,) it will make a most conspicuous improvement of the open and rather desolate plain it stands on.

The Observatory may be considered as another branch in this great national system of scientific institutions. It is far more richly furnished with instruments than any other in this country, (being most liberally sustained as part of our naval establishment,) and I am told that besides the great telescope there now, application has been made in Europe for the very largest and most perfectly constructed instrument the makers will venture to undertake. And to crown the list, the Washington monument is to be begun presently — a circular Doric temple, including a gallery of art, surmounted by an obelisk six hundred feet high, one hundred feet higher than the loftiest building in the world. In this little notice, of course I cannot pretend to give a full description of these different establishments ; but the mere naming of them shows that there is already the foundation of what may be hereafter a magnificent system of public works for the instruction of the people in the largest sense, open to all without cost, and corresponding in grandeur to the wants and resources of the nation. Such a system as this once started, objects of interest will accumulate with great rapidity about the capitol. Let a few of the palpable incumbrances and evils be removed, and it may soon be one of the noblest cities in the world. One little item gives a better notice than any loose description of the extent and magnitude of the scale on which the business of the government is done. In the dead-letter room at the Post Office, you find two men, sometimes aided by a third, occupied six hours of every day, in diligently opening the letters which are constantly poured in from the various offices. These letters have already been advertised a month or two, and kept waiting a certain time, and are opened now to ascertain if anything valuable is in them. If not, they must not be read, but are cast away, packed in bags, and burned in large heaps. If any money or valuable papers should be found in them, they are carefully registered and sent to the place where they were first mailed ; and every possible method is taken to return them to the proper person. Sometimes most serviceable help is given in this way. Invaluable documents have been kept for years, and then called for and found. And what is most curious, in

a matter so purely accidental as this appears, there is a constant supply of about two million of dead letters a year, and a steady income of twelve or fourteen hundred dollars from the money for which no owner can be found. So near chance comes to law, taken on a large scale.

The Treasury is another instance of the ponderous machinery of government. With its long row of Ionic columns, (and still more with the great wings that are to be,) it makes an imposing object at the head of the Avenue. It has near a third of a mile of passages, with floors of marble; and is tenanted by three or four hundred clerks,—the building being already too small and the business too large for them. Considering the cumbersome and complicated system of checks and balances, one wonders how a single cent can ever leak out of the Treasury without authority. Whether a demand amounts to five dollars or fifty thousand, it has to be passed through half a dozen hands, and registered in as many books, occupying in the ordinary course of things nearly a week, before it will be paid in solid gold. By dint of great pains and energy, one can force it along at somewhat greater speed; but if only haste makes waste, this should be the most economical establishment in the country.

I finish this in M. Vattermare's room, where he is still exhibiting his beautiful collection, and assiduously laboring at his plan. He tells with great delight how the last act of Mr. Adams's life was to rise with his memorial, making his last effort not for any political controversy, but in behalf of "universal peace and intellectual union and good will among men." Among his splendid series of engravings, is one representing the death-scene of Queen Elizabeth, which Mr. Adams was explaining to the Library Committee about seven weeks ago. It is pleasant to see that the interest in his scheme does not seem to flag; and that all unite in admiring his devotion to an object so generous and noble. With all his enthusiasm and impatient activity, he is never weary of pointing out, the hundredth time, the minutest points of his pictures, or detailing the minutiae of his design. "Now is the very moment," he says, "now while the attention of the world is directed towards America. In time of peace it would seem a thing of course but not half so much would be done. All the greatest works are done in time of excitement." And so he is prepared to go home in triumph, proving, that in spite of Mexican battles and presidential campaigns, the mind of the people can be turned to a great work of peace.

J. H. A.

## INTELLIGENCE.

**INSTALLATION AT MANCHESTER, N. H.**—Rev. A. B. Fuller was installed as Minister of the growing and prosperous Society in Manchester, March 29, 1848. The services were attended in the evening, and were as follows:—Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Bulfinch of Nashua, N. H.; Reading Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Barry of Lowell; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Huntington of Boston; Prayer of Installation, by Rev. Mr. Miles of Lowell; Charge, by Rev. Mr. Muzzey of Cambridge; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Alger of Roxbury; Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Waterston of Boston; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Morse of Tyngsborough.

**INSTALLATION AT BELFAST, ME.**—Rev. Cazneau Palfrey, recently of Barnstable, Mass., was installed over the Unitarian Society in Belfast, April 19. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Thompson of Salem; Ordaining Prayer and Charge, by Rev. Dr. Parkman of Boston; Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Cutler of Portland, Me.; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Cole of Hallowell, Me.

**ORDINATION AT BROOKFIELD, MASS.**—Rev. G. W. Weeks, recently of Brookfield, having been invited to and accepted the Pastoral charge of the Unitarian Society in Pomfret, Vt., at their request he was ordained by a Council convened by the First Congregational Church in Brookfield—Rev. W. B. Greene, Pastor. The ordination took place on Wednesday evening, April 12, in that church:—Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Nightingale of Cabotville; Reading the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Simmons of Springfield; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Hale of Worcester; Ordaining Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Hill of Worcester; Charge, by Rev. Mr. Greene of Brookfield; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Ball of Ware.—Rev. Mr. Simmons of Springfield was appointed to Address the People by letter.—Mr. Weeks has been a much respected and successful minister of the Methodist denomination in Brookfield.

**ORDINATION AT ATHOL, MASS.**—Rev. Samuel Fulton Clark, a graduate of the Theological School at Cambridge, was ordained as Minister of the First Congregational Society in Athol, April 19, 1848. The Sermon was by Rev. Mr. Leonard of Dublin, N. H., (from Isaiah xxxiii. 6); Prayer of Ordination, by Rev. Mr. Cutler of Peterborough, N. H.; Charge, by Rev. Mr. Lincoln of Fitchburg; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Clark of Charlemont; Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Gray of Boston; and the other services, by Rev. Mr. Adams of Templeton, and Rev. Mr. Gray of Boston.

**DEDICATION AT WEST BRIDGEWATER, MASS.**—This service took place April 6, 1848. The order of exercises was as follows:—Introductory Prayer, and Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Whitman of East Bridgewater; Dedictory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Quimby of Taunton; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Brigham of Taunton; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Bradford of South Bridgewater.

**FRATERNITY OF CHURCHES.**—The Annual Meeting of the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches took place on the Evening of Fast Day, April 6, at the Chapel of the "Church of the Saviour." The President, Henry B. Rogers, Esq., presided, and prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Gannett. The Treasurer, Benjamin Seaver, Esq., presented his Report; after which, the Annual Report of the Executive Committee was read by the Secretary, Rev. R. C. Waterston. Remarks were then made by Rev. Messrs. Gannett, Gray, Barnard, Bigelow, Fairbanks, Parkman, Lothrop, Barrett, and others; when it was moved to adjourn to Sunday evening when a Discourse was to be delivered by Rev. E. S. Gannett, D. D.

This public meeting took place at the Church in Federal Street, on Sunday evening, April 9, when a prayer was offered by Rev. S. K. Lothrop, and agreeably to a vote of the Executive Committee and the Corporation the Annual Report was read by Rev. Mr. Waterston; after which Rev. Dr. Gannett preached an impressive discourse (from Isaiah lvi. 8) on the plans and purposes of the Ministry at Large, earnestly urging all Christian men to give it their earnest co-operation and support.

The first Quarterly Meeting of the Fraternity for the present year took place on Sunday evening, April 16; when the late President, (H. B. Rogers, Esq.,) and the Secretary, (Rev. R. C. Waterston,) having declined being considered candidates for re-election, the following officers were chosen:—Rev. S. K. Lothrop, President; Benjamin Seaver, Treasurer; Rev. F. T. Gray, Secretary; and Judge Williams and Edward Wigglesworth, Esq., members of the Executive Committee.

**WARREN STREET CHAPEL ANNIVERSARY.**—The meeting was held at the Chapel, Sunday evening, April 23, 1848. The Eleventh Annual Report was read by Rev. Mr. Barnard, the Minister and Superintendent of the Institution, and contained matters of unusual interest, presented in a most appropriate and satisfactory form. The Report is to be printed and circulated. Hon. Chief Justice Shaw presided, and addressed the assembly on the objects of the ministry. The devotional services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Cruft of the Suffolk Street Chapel. Remarks were offered, pending the acceptance of the Report, by Rev. Mr. Huntington, Edward Brooks, Esq., Warren J. Sawyer, Esq., Hon. Josiah Quincy, Jr., Mayor of the city, and the well known advocate of the Temperance Reform, Mr. Holbrook. The citizens of Boston can hardly be aware of the amount of substantial good accomplished within the walls of this building, and by the various benevolent and moral instrumentalities connected with its ministrations.

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## THE CHURCH UNIVERSAL.

"WHY, bless me, neighbor, are you quite sure you are yourself, and not somebody else?" cried Jonathan Fogg, as he chanced to discover the shrewd face of John Hammond in the midst of a throng issuing from the portals of an Episcopal church. "How long since you changed your sentiments, man alive? When did you join them that won't allow that other churches have any ministers; eh?"

"I joined them when the bell rang, to be sure. I have not changed my sentiments very lately, that I know of. I may, however, if I should see any better ones to be had. I don't pretend that I have got quite all the light that ever shone out of the Day Star. I am apt to believe that even people I don't worship with commonly, have a few rays, at least, to their own share; yes, and may possibly see some things clearly which I have not yet had a glimpse of."

"I should not wonder, I declare, if, the next thing, I should see you, with your wife at your side, — (I beg pardon, Mrs. Hammond, but I believe you'd uphold John, if he saw fit to turn Mahometan!) I say I should not be surprised to see you and your wife seated in the midst of yonder Unitarian congregation, and listening with decent gravity to a discourse on things in general, and no creeds nor systems in particular."

"I don't want to hear any preach Calvin, nor Wesley, nor Channing, nor this creed and that. Wherever they preach *Christ*, I'll listen gladly, and so, I'll be bound for her, will my wife too."



"You're so easy suited, you'll be gadding to the Universalist chapel, next time your own church is shut."

"Likely enough; why not? When our shepherd does not call us together, I like to gad, and see how other pastors feed Christ's flocks."

"Go and chew the cud in a Quaker's meeting then, John; you'd be mightily improved there, I'm thinking. How you'd look, sitting among the silent broad-brims, staring straight before you, thinking over some sentence Brother Ephraim or Sister Tabitha was just moved to utter."

"I might be in worse company than among the consistent followers of the Prince of Peace."

"The Quakers I always liked, take them by and large. They're a good set of people enough, to my notion. But ah, John, John! it is nonsense for you to think we can all be like Quakers, in this world of contention. We must resist, or be trampled."

"Say *and* for *or*," said Mrs. Hammond.

"Don't know, ma'am, as that fellows of course. It depends on which party is the weakest."

"True; fighting is nothing but a trial of strength and fury. It leaves the question of right just where it was before. Such a mode of disputing ought to be left to brutes who have not reason, and cannot appeal to the right."

"If you don't know it, my good woman, let me tell you, that Satan reigns too generally in this wicked world for fighting to go out of fashion in our day. Appeal to the right! A woman's notion of things! Pho — who minds right not backed by might, hey? or wrong either."

"Don't *you*, Jonathan?" said Mrs. Hammond, laughing.

"Well, yes, to be sure. I would not wrong a baby, or a fool, let alone my equal, who could stand up for himself. But I an't much better than the rest of the world. When I meet with opposition or provocation, and my blood is up, I forget whether I was right or wrong to begin with, and what is more, I do not care. I think of nothing but how I shall beat.

—— How dye do, Pat Fagin?"

They were passing a Catholic church, marked as such no less by the broad Irish faces that were grouped about the doors, than by the cross upon the cupola.

"John, John Hammond," whispered Fogg, "how is this flock fed, I wonder?"

"That depends a good deal upon the character of the priest, of course," says John. "If he is a good man, there is no clergyman who can do more good than he can, I can tell you. His people give themselves up to him, body, soul, and estate, and follow him like sheep that know the shepherd's voice."

"That's why some think the Roman Catholic religion is dangerous to our free institutions," began Jonathan, in a loud key, which sunk to a whisper, as Mrs. Hammond touched his elbow, and said in a low voice, "Father Donahue!"

John touched his hat as the Catholic clergyman turned his face towards them in passing by. The salutation was returned with a pleasant smile. Jonathan Fogg neither bowed nor smiled.

"I am always suspicious of those fellows," said he. "It's enough for me, their keeping the Bible away from their people, and teaching 'em just what they've a mind to."

"They can't do that in this country, as I see," said Mrs. Hammond.

"And Father Donahue, at least, does not want to do it," said John.

"How do *you* know?" asked Jonathan, gruffly.

"By what he said to Mike Kelly, whom my wife has been teaching to read, to pay him for sifting her coal ashes."

"Pshaw, John!" cried Mrs. Hammond, pouting a little. "All in the way of neighborly kindness, Jonathan; not a bargain."

"I know. Come — says the priest to Mike, says he —" suggested Jonathan, with gossiping curiosity.

"'Mike,' says Father Donahue, 'I am very glad you've learned to read; and my blessing on them that helped you,' says he. 'Mike, read the Bible; the Catholic edition, if it's at hand, but it don't make much difference. Read *any* Bible; it will do you good.'"

"Really! I'll tell my wife that. She is dreadfully worried whenever she hears of a Catholic church. I verily believe she wishes them all burnt as the Convent was."

"Meaning to offer seats in her own church to all the Catholic emigrants, I suppose, then," said Mrs. Hammond.

"They would not be in any hurry to come there, I reckon," said Jonathan, laughing, "if she *could* provide for them all so generously. But just think what a church full it would make, to invite even the workmen and the servant girls employed by our own folks! To see Hobbs the bricklayer with his pew full of hod carriers, elbowing his pretty daughters, and making every body round sick with pipe-smoke and rum, every breath they breathe out!"

"And how much would they understand, I wonder!"

"Not one word in a hundred, of our parson's discourses about predestination, election, and so-on—for I don't always see much into them myself, though my wife is always ready to explain everything I don't understand. She knows what's what! She's strong against the Catholics, I tell ye, and don't like the Episcopalians much better, nor yet the Unitarians, and as for the Baptists,—"

"Tell her from me," said John, "to wish well to all churches and ministers that call Christ master. The laborers are few, and she need not wish them fewer. There is no Christian church that does n't teach trust in God, and love and justice to man. God help them all."

"I think I can see you, John, kneeling among pictures and images, and saying, 'Hail, Mary, Mother of God!'"

"Better that, with a devout heart, than 'Hail, Satan, prince of this world, who hast nothing in Christ!'"

"Well! you don't say so! Really!"

"The tempter finds no lack of worshippers, when he offers them the kingdoms of this world, and the glory of them, in this our day and generation," remarked Mrs. Hammond.

"True," said her husband, "and there is no law, human or divine, they durst not break, nor no danger they won't face, to serve their master."

"Show me a church dedicated to the Father of lies, Mr. John, and I'll look and see who are the worshippers Mrs. Hammond talks about. I am sure I don't know any people that cry 'Hail, Satan!'"

"The believers in the Satanic creed are not likely to be church going people, one would think," said John. "But in all the churches there are hearers whose ears are waxed gross, so that for justice and righteousness, they hear the

divine right of the strongest, and for mercy some lying cant about extending free institutions; and so on."

"I suppose I know what your drift is now," said Jonathan. "I don't myself approve of all the papers which I lend you say. But they must live, you know, and in order to live they must —"

"Feed the popular vanity, yes, and worse passions than that," says John. "I know that. But why you are obliged to swallow their stuff, unless you like it, I don't so plainly see."

"Nor I," echoed Mrs. Hammond. "He likes it."

"I don't!" cried Jonathan angrily. "I saw what you marked with a pencil, in the editorials — and I tell you, I don't approve of it, no, no more than you do."

"O but you like it, without approving it," said Mrs. Hammond, "as you liked orchard robbing when a boy."

"Confess, now," said John, "you are mightily taken with the grand idea that the peace with Mexico, such as it is, is but a hollow pretence, to get possession of the conquered lands, and that it is to be broken on the first pretext, that we may grasp more, and finally possess all South America!"

"I confess it's no land of ours, and we've no business with it. You see I agree with you. We haven't a shadow of a right to anything beyond Texas, and can't make a right by talking about pay for the war, and all that. Now I hope you understand. But now what is going to restrain a mighty and brave people like ours, now they have once felt their power? You need not say religion, for that has not restrained them so far, and what can you expect for the future? The editor of my paper sees as far as most people, that's my opinion."

"Satan's preaching," said Mrs. Hammond, "God is mocked, as if no retribution could possibly come upon so mighty a nation as we are. But evil deeds are just like seeds. They'll have their consequences, as surely, just as surely, when they are done by many, as when *one* man breaks God's law, in a private manner."

"You talk as though we Americans coveted our neighbors' land, and shed their blood to get it, for our own good alone," said Fogg. "We are wrong, I don't deny that, Mrs. Hammond, though some say it's all right, for vengeance, and in-

demnity, and so forth. I only say, it is not so bad, since we give the Mexicans the same rights as ourselves, as fast as we conquer them. They 've no reason to complain, you see. To the end of the chapter we shall, we must admit them to the Union."

"Bless you, Jonathan," broke in John, "what's the meaning of a *Union*? How long will it be a *Union*? A pretty sort of compulsory union there will be, between Mexicans and Americans. We have a brotherly, cordial way of *admitting* our neighbors to a share of our free institutions, as you call them. Very free they have found our institutions, so far as they have yet had a trial of them. Our paternal government takes great care of the property and resources of our new brethren. Our disinterested desire to extend the area of freedom must have already gained their confidence. They are prepared to be patriotic and trustworthy citizens, no doubt. The vote of a Mexican — "

"Won't they be charmed, Jonathan, to be admitted to the free institution of slavery, which, to their honor, they long ago got rid of? It ought to put us to the blush, that they, sooner than we, have learned to abhor and despise it." Mrs. Hammond had cut short John's oration upon citizenship in a way which some husbands, less sincerely the champions of equality and freedom, would have found it hard to forgive. He smiled at his wife's earnestness, however, and looked at Jonathan, as much as to say, "I have not said my say, but answer that. I'll wait."

"Well, you may have noticed, Mrs. Hammond, my papers have nothing to say in favor of slavery, but they know everybody is sick and tired of the subject, and as northern men, we have nothing to do with it. If they're strong antislavery at the other end of the Union, so much the better. By and by, let 'em vote it out. They're just the ones to do it."

"Good!" said John, with the half smile with which he knew how to provoke Jonathan's curiosity and anger at the same time.

"Well, and what of it?" said Jonathan, looking sulkily the other way, as if he had not observed John's comic glance at him.

"I think I see our orderly and intelligent Mexican fellow-

citizens," said John, "travelling to town-meeting, in company with their brethren, the amiable Camanches ——"

"Here and there a noble-minded American, with bayonet and revolver, I suppose," commented Mrs. Hammond.

"Making a senator of some guerilla chief, perhaps, with a grand Spanish name, who must be wholly subservient to a military President, perchance the valiant General Pillow, who has been floated into the Presidency, (and he boasts of it,) upon rivers of Mexican blood."

"Goodbye," said Jonathan, shortly.

"What's the hurry?" asked John.

"I must go home to supper."

"We are going your way. If you are hungry, I can walk faster," said Mrs. Hammond, archly. She rather exulted to see that Jonathan was in a pet. But therein she showed little sagacity, for

He that's convinced against his will  
Is of the same opinion still.

To make Jonathan take up the defence of what he did not approve, was not very wise, since it put his mind in the wrong attitude for that entire conviction, which involves a change of action.

But John put his hand on his neighbor's shoulder, and said seriously, "I hope I have not given you any offence; God knows, I did not intend it. If friends can't speak out, openly, to each other, who can? Would you have me hide my thoughts from you? Shall I be a hypocrite, so that you could not trust me; and trim everything I say to please you, as if I wanted to make something out of you? *I've* no ax to grind, have I?"

Jonathan laughed, and said, "Maybe you've a point to carry, though."

"Only to get you to open your eyes. You're an honest fellow, as honest a fellow as ever lived; and honest fellows are the majority of our people. That's just what makes them so easily blinded by false pretences and high sounding speeches."

"Thankee," said Fogg, taking John's offered hand, and shaking it with all his might. "You're a sensible man, and sensible on't, everybody knows."

"Everybody *don't* know," said Mrs. Hammond. "I tell him to talk more, and not hide his candle under a bushel."

"Don't you think now, he's just the man for the Presidency, Mrs. Hammond? Haw, haw! Have you any objection to being nominated, John? Hey?"

John was out of countenance, and annoyed at Fogg's railery. But Mrs. Hammond clapped her hands, and declared that she wished they might get as good a man at the helm.

"So do I, sincerely," said Jonathan, in a hearty tone — for his joke had put him in good humor again. "If I knew so conscientious and independent a candidate, I'd vote for him, hoping for another Washington, and never ask for great talents, nor party power; and now, we're agreed." C. W. L.

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## RECOLLECTIONS OF JAMES KENNARD, JR.

(Continued.)

BY MRS. C. W. H. DALL.

"THOUGH our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day."

Of James Kennard's literary character, it is not my intention to speak at length. That is founded upon the small portion of his wealth which he was enabled to give to the public through the pages of the Knickerbocker or the columns of such humbler journals as he held at command. In 1840, I think, he contributed a valuable review of Alison's "French Revolution," to the columns of the Christian Examiner. It was brief and written at a time when he was suffering severely, but it sufficed to show what he intended, namely, how flimsy and miserable a thing that so called history is. It always was his intention to follow up this article by another, convicting the author of some ridiculous plagiarisms, and above all of one very absurd misapplication of an old description of the coast of Roanoke, to the shores of the gulf of Mexico. He was always anxious to do thoroughly what he did at all, and in the summer of 1846 I was engaged in historical researches with the above aim. My own state of health, and his severe indisposition, prevented its accomplishment. He spoke of this often after-

wards with great regret, and it is in order to do justice to his wishes that I allude to it here. It was in March, 1846, that I first went, an utter stranger, to Portsmouth. Soon after my arrival, I became a near neighbor to the subject of this notice, and introduced myself to him, by carrying to his sick chamber, one Sabbath evening, at sunset, selections from the Poems of Elizabeth Barrett, then comparatively rare. The manner in which these were received at once convinced me that Portsmouth could offer me no higher pleasures than such as I could receive at his bedside, and from that time until I left the town, I devoted to him at least two hours, and often four, of every day. So highly did I prize the privilege that I permitted nothing but severe illness to interfere with it, and although my residence near him was not unmarked by some severe trials, yet, I would cheerfully encounter those of double force, could I but feel that I should again share a friendship so valuable as his, or submit to a discipline so coveted as that enforced upon me, by the integrity of his clear heart and head. I cannot pay to the deceased a higher compliment; and when indifferent persons spoke to me of my *kindness* to James Kennard, a feeling of indignation swelled in my heart, and my first vehement utterance was, "The kindness is only to myself, I go with a selfish motive chiefly. As to the rest, what prophet ever had deserved honor in his own country?" As a child he had been eminently cheerful and happy. His greatest delight in boyhood was to go up the river to his grandfather's farm. While his playmates were about him, he was as gay as the rest, but when alone, he delighted to pass hours quietly in the woods. At home, he would lie down in the thick tall grass of a field near the house, and among clover blossoms and buttercups, remain hidden for hours. There spoke the promise of the future poet, a promise which — to a judgment like mine, more impulsive than critical — was afterwards abundantly fulfilled in "Midnight Musings" worthy of Longfellow. Nothing gave him so much pleasure, during warm summer nights, in wakeful hours of pain, as the distant rush of the Piscataqua. His gaiety of heart, and great conversational powers, made him a favorite in the social circle, and when his suffering shut him out from this, his gaiety and power remained. There was no moodiness in his view of the past. Caressed and flat-



tered as he had been, he had the strength to stand alone. I had the misfortune to know one person in the town, who was jealous of his personal advantages. He told me one day, with a good deal of amusement, that he had received a pleasant visit from this person. Surprised, I alluded to his state of feeling. "Ah yes!" replied the invalid with an arch smile, "but that is passing off. He is forgetting the past, and as to the future, he trusts to my having but one leg!" How few gifted as he had been, could have spoken thus without pain! There was a minor trait in his character, to which it gives me great pleasure to allude. It was the healthy interest he always manifested in what the world calls trifles. In the sight of God, we may be sure, there is *no* trifle. Deprived of their mother, his sister went to him with every household difficulty; his friends with their peculiar troubles, the public with whatever it misapprehended or misconstrued — all sorts of persons went to his room to discuss all sorts of subjects. James Kennard listened to all with patience, rebuked with moderation and truth, and, whatever he might *hear, repeated* only what could benefit others. He corrected false impressions, he stood by the absolute truth, and his opinion was respected in proportion. The people of Portsmouth were all unconscious of the deference they paid to him, but his political power was quite as great as that of the local press, and once, when as a stranger I was personally annoyed by a bit of gossip, and spoke of it to a friend, his reply was, "Oh, it is no matter now. *James Kennard* knows the truth; it will soon follow the lie." I never knew a person whose memory of localities was so distinct. When I sought the hidden residence of the forsaken or the sinful, he was always my best guide. Long as he had been confined to his room, he remembered every turn and building, and could generally tell such as had been erected since he was on the spot. The same clearness of mind was perceptible, in reference to written descriptions. No matter how stupid and blundering the author, he could always unravel the details of a campaign. I read to him a great deal of history, and no matter how confused my brain became, he could always carry me to the centre of the field, and point out the mode of action. I always read to him with a French, English and Latin Dictionary at my side, and an Atlas on my knees. I

described to him the position of an obscure place, and afterwards if either of us were at a loss when the name recurred, it was not he. If in the course of our reading an uncommon word occurred, which I was not scholar enough to *unroot*, I made a memorandum of it, and the first question the next day was, "Well? what does it come from?" This thoroughness is only the ordinary duty of the healthy student, but having spent a large portion of my time with the suffering, I can truly say, that he was the only permanent invalid whom I ever saw, that could bear it. His elbows, shoulders, and wrists, and some of the joints of the fingers, were successively ossified, but while his eyesight lasted, by help of a stick he could turn over the leaves of a book or paper, and even write, in a large angular hand in a narrow column. The beautiful simplicity of the anecdotes presented in his memoranda, is a touching tribute to the purity of his character. I never knew a greater love of God, than that which he felt, nor a stronger faith in Christ. Shortly before his death he said to me, "I seldom speak with \*\*\* or — upon religious subjects, because I pain them; I thank you, that you are never afraid, that you are willing to listen to all my speculations. Many people think, I cannot die in peace, believing as I do. Do not forget to do me justice when I am gone. Fortunately, I have minuted with my own hand the hour when the cloud passed away from my eyes." It will be seen by the following extract what were the peculiarities to which he alludes.

NOTE BOOK, FEB. 1844.

"*Parker's Discourses*.—A noble work, containing the spoken thought of a million hearts. It will be assailed by Orthodoxy, and rejected by clergymen, but it points out the truth. From the 5th to the 15th of February, I was filled with a great thought, and could not rest till I had uttered it on paper, at least. Several times during this period, I talked with visitors, on the subject with which my mind was occupied, day and night, sleeping or waking. On Feb. 11th my friend True M. Ball said to me, 'Have you ever read Parker's Sermons?' No, said I, and I kept at work with my head and my pen, and on the 14th or 15th, said my say for that time, unsatisfactorily enough to myself. A day or two afterward I received the Sermons. Judge of my perfect delight to find here, precisely

the *same idea* that I had been ineffectually grappling with, made clear as the sun at noonday. With this idea I have struggled ever since I was old enough to think. Here are the truths, which are positively the only things, with regard to the Christian theology and religion, which I have ever believed. A mass of error mingled therewith, has tormented me with doubt through my whole life. I thank God, that I now know the true light from the false, set up by Satan, to lead the soul to shipwreck. I have never sailed by the false, but I also have not always sailed by the true, for I have been tossed on the waves of uncertainty. Now I sail boldly for God's Haven, by the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." The Episcopalian friend who copied for me the above extract, had no sympathy with these peculiar views, but she continues ;

"I never saw greater faith in the perfect goodness of God, than his, nor warmer, more universal benevolence. He sought truth, and had no fears but that truth would always sustain itself. Though so great a favorite in society, his earliest writings show him always seriously inclined. He was a pupil in the So. Par. Sunday School from the age of four ; and a teacher until it became impracticable. He was the boldest inquirer after truth that I ever knew."

James Kennard's theological opinions were determined before I went to Portsmouth. His theological reading had been very limited. In one respect we sympathized fully, we both felt a deeper interest in the Bible than in any other book, and it was with deep satisfaction that I introduced him to a wider range of both English and continental theology. Next to the Bible, Nature interested him, and the minute incidents of my long daily walks were never tedious to him. He partly owed the development of this taste to his late gifted uncle, Andrew Haliburton, Esq. At one time, when absent from home, I spent some days in a country neighborhood, where everything was new to me. A part of his reply to my first letter, describing my position, well illustrates his gaiety of heart. "You mention immediately after the cake and pie entertainment that you describe, that there are some cases of great distress in ———. I do not wish to make a joke of suffering, but I could not help thinking that nightmare and dyspepsia might

be of frequent occurrence, if such a supper is a common thing. Mr. Peabody preached a noble sermon on Fast Day, suggested by the ringing of bells and firing of cannon, to celebrate the victory of Vera Cruz. Carrie read it to me, and thereupon, I could not help shaking him heartily by the hand, through the medium of a note. I was myself inspired in a small way, and sent the result thereof to the Journal, but Mr. Brewster had not time to print it last week. Perhaps the minutes flew faster because the lines contained an unmistakeable censure on some intended editorial. Lest you should never see them, here are the last six lines,

‘Ho! brothers, rejoice at the glorious news,  
Ye are Christians no doubt battering down Vera Cruz.  
Rejoice, for in this worthy compeers have ye,  
Pandemonium rings with demoniac glee.  
The boom of the cannon, the clang of the bell,  
Finds a ready response in the echoes of Hell!’ ”

In speaking of a relative about to be married, he goes on to say, “The daughters are arranging household affairs. The day after tomorrow, their father begins to derange them. Don’t be alarmed, he is only going to call in the joiners, (not the great joiner, Mr. Peabody,) but the people who tear houses to pieces, in order to make improvements. Tupper’s Probabilities is the foolishhest thing I ever read, (ten pages of.) ——— left Boston on Saturday for England, in search of health. Poor fellow! he carries himself with him! With no disease, he is yet very sick, rusted out for want of employment!”

In this happy style are all his letters written. Here however, he did injustice to his editorial friend, who published his lines in his next paper, with a highly complimentary preface, comparing the author to Franklin’s angel. “Like the angel,” he wrote, “the author looks upon the world, as it is presented, makes up his own opinions, and without fear sends them forth to the world, we say literally to the world, for some of his thoughts have been translated into other languages, and are making the circuit of the globe.”

Decided as James Kennard’s religious views were, he could not tolerate anything like mysticism, and yet, he patiently waded through a great deal, in order to do justice to a certain

class of minds. He went for the largest liberty of thought and speech, and did not hesitate to remonstrate with those far older than himself when he detected anything like narrowness or bigotry. No higher tribute can be paid to James's character, than the saying that those who sat by his bedside, even in hours of great suffering, on his part, were never led to dwell on his sickness, and seldom if ever talked with him about it. One of his greatest pleasures consisted in rare glimpses of those who had made themselves distinguished in the world of thought. After I became acquainted with him, I exerted myself to a degree which must often have seemed unbecoming to those who were the object of it, to procure him this pleasure. Those who thus visited his room little suspected the jewel it contained. He could not choose his moments of reception, and the convenience of others often compelled him to see them in his most agonized hours. His faculties however were always awake, and having once seen a preacher or man of letters, he never forgot his peculiarities of person or utterance. That the thought of death was a familiar and pleasant thought to him for a long time, his verses on Dunlap's Picture are the best evidence. I need no apology for quoting the following :

Thus, tenderly, Death watches over  
Each struggling spirit shrined in clay,  
Till at the mandate of Jehovah,  
He bears the ripened soul away.  
The bond, the free, the high, the low,  
Alike are objects of his love :  
And though he severs hearts below,  
He joins them evermore above.

His earnest request that no obituary of him should be written was complied with, and in its place were published some lines, written by himself ten years before, entreating strength of God, and concluding thus —

I thank thee, God ; and should there be in store  
Yet further trials, strengthen me, I pray ;  
And give me spiritual health, and may  
My riches be laid up in Heaven above ;  
My everlasting friend the God of Love.  
In earthly troubles, Lord, I ask thee, still,  
But Resignation to thy Holy Will.

Last but not least, James Kennard was the earnest and uncompromising friend of the slave. If I had space the record of the impression left by his character on the minds of his friends might be multiplied from a dozen different sources. The last few weeks before his death I spent in a journey to Niagara. Every fresh and delightful incident was registered for him, but the letter which contained them reached his bedside only on the morning of his death. The friend at his side in acknowledging its receipt says, "I feel grateful to God for having given me his friendship. The perfectly confiding and happy intercourse which had so long subsisted between us was the greatest happiness of my life." His sister writes, "He was to us like a mother. He always enjoyed our most trivial news. I am thankful to have outlived him, to have smoothed his dying pillow, and to have been permitted the privilege of nursing him so long." Another writes, "You say that ever since James died, you have felt his presence consciously. The same consciousness has been vividly with me. A. H. read your letter a few days since, and when he came to that, exclaimed, 'It is precisely what I have felt.' What person knowing only the manner in which our beloved friend passed the last ten years of his life, would have imagined him to exert so extensive and powerful an influence? — an influence that will continue as long as the lives of those that loved him. I cannot tell you how I miss his sympathy, his counsel, his society." "I have frequently been asked why I did not write a memoir of James, and I have had it in my heart to do so, ever since I saw how brief was the tribute in the Knickerbocker; but I never felt that I could represent to others how worthy he was to be honored and loved."

No one who knew him could feel competent to that. The present tribute is one of affection rather than justice, and while it is addressed to a wider circle than the forthcoming volume, it is hoped that the latter, under the charge of his friend and pastor, will better supply the wants of those who inquire further.

In what proceeded from James Kennard's pen, there will not be found one unhealthy or morbid line. Yet it is the journal of thirteen years of bodily suffering! Those who read

it, will regret that hundreds of his verses died before a hand could be found to commit them to paper.

I myself have known him, in spite of troops of ready friends, to carry a political article in his head three or four weeks, before he could get it written out. It was on this account, perhaps, that, whether in prose or verse, his expressions were always terse and healthy.

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"FOR TRUTH SHALL STAND."

FEAR not for truth, for truth shall ever stand  
 Though all the world around in ruins lie;  
 Though earthquakes in their fury shake the land,  
 And tempests seem to mingle earth and sky, —  
 Yet fear thou not, for truth shall still prevail  
 Though all the pillars of creation fail.

True, many a scaffolding, by men raised high,  
 From the fair fabric must be torn away,  
 And many a veil of fine wrought sophistry  
 Must be cast off before the light of day,  
 And many dwellings, builded on the sand,  
 Shall fall, yet fear thou not, for truth shall stand.

Time-honored fanes must crumble in the dust,  
 Yea, temples be in woful ruins laid:  
 And shields and weapons, half consumed by rust,  
 Be cast aside, yet be thou not dismayed;  
 Tumults and storms prevail throughout the land,  
 And many things shall fail, yet truth shall stand.

Though the brave arms be now outstretched no more  
 Whose might seemed once all powerful to save;  
 Though now that stream of eloquence be o'er,  
 Because the lips that spoke are in the grave, —  
 'Tis God supports by his almighty hand,  
 Then be thou not afraid, for truth shall stand,

L. E. G.

## WRONG-DOING.

A SERMON, BY REV. JAMES W. THOMPSON.

LUKE xvi. 10. (He that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much.)

ALL wrong-doing, from any motive and for any cause, is prohibited by the Divine Law. The Scriptures are very explicit in teaching this: and yet I fear it is not generally acknowledged and felt. I fear that the facility with which wrong may be done, and the strength and variety of the temptations to do it, and the universal practice of it, have blinded our minds to its real nature, to its direct opposition to the will of God, and to the abhorrence in which a being of perfect righteousness must ever hold it. Surrounded by evil examples, living in a corrupt society, — for the most improved is still corrupt, — educated in maxims that savor more of worldly prudence than of Christian wisdom, breathing an atmosphere more or less tainted by vice, it is hardly to be expected that we should feel all the enormity of wrong-doing as it is felt by sinless beings, — as God feels it. And yet, this is what we ought to do. It is important to our Christian progress that we should see clearly the danger, the folly, the sin of every deviation from its path; that we should look on all wrong-doing with a feeling like that which it produces in those who are incapable of it, or who have never incurred its guilt, that we should regard it as God regards it. Unless we have this view of it, what shall hinder us from pursuing it? What shall induce us to forsake it? Especially if our present interests are not visibly put in jeopardy by it, if by it we can prolong our enjoyment of a worldly life, if we can sustain our credit in society, or postpone the day of overthrow to our fortune, if we can make sure of any immediate advantage, whatever by it, what motive is there, independently of that view, sufficiently strong to deter us from it?

My aim in this discourse, my friends, is simply to quicken in you a sense of the evil of all wrong-doing in the sight of God, of the violation of his law in every wrongful act,



and of the unspeakable danger which attends and follows every such violation.

I say *all* wrong-doing is in conflict with eternal and immutable laws. Every wrong act is condemned by all the principles on which the good of the universe depends, by all beings in whom those principles are established, and by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God! The least wrong, done deliberately, sets the doer in an attitude of hostility to God as much as the greatest. With Him whose will is Absolute Right, of whom the Scripture says that his "throne is established in righteousness," the least wrong is a great wrong. He views it not only in its first impression and effect, — which is all that we can see of it, — but in its extended, remote and eternal consequences. He sees it as it spreads its poison in the soul and impregnates with disease the powers of our moral life. He sees it as it deranges the general order, opposes new obstacles to man's progress and the world's redemption, grieves the spirits of the just kindred in nature with Him and deforms the face of his beautiful creation. In short, He sees it at once in all its aspects, relations, influences, and effects. And seeing it thus, it has a magnitude which we entirely fail to appreciate with our limited faculties, but which will be perceived by us, with increasing distinctness, as well as increasing astonishment, in proportion as we rise towards a perfect communion with God.

The truth of these remarks will perhaps be admitted, and yet some exceptions be claimed in reference to certain kinds of wrong-doing. A particular act, for example, is generally deemed wrong; it is prohibited by the enlightened conscience of Christians; it is prohibited by the laws of society; it is prohibited by the word of God. "And so it should be," says the man who yet intends to do that very act. "As a general thing, it ought to be forbidden. The mischief would be great should it be freely permitted. But in my case, I cannot see that any great evil would result from doing it; I cannot see that any body would be injured in the slightest degree; I cannot see therefore why I should abstain from it, especially since it promises me much pleasure and a considerable advantage." He cannot *see*, and therefore wrong is for him right! He is blind and can perceive no evil, and therefore no evil

exists! He cannot trace the consequences of his action, and therefore it has no consequences! Mistaken man, what right has he to suppose that the bad effects of any wrong action must necessarily be visible at once? Because he cannot discern them, how shall he venture to the conclusion that God does not? Instead of this, he ought rather to dread them the more on account of their being concealed. If he could see them clearly and measure them accurately, he might, perhaps, nerve his mind to encounter them; but, unseen and undefined, no anticipation renders them familiar, no preparation properly diminishes their terror.

He does not see the bad effects! No; and it was not intended that he should. It is not God's method to show them always. The poor principle of expediency, of self-interest, is not that on which he would have us act. To abstain from wrong-doing merely because we see clearly its pernicious consequences, to do good actions merely because we see clearly that our interest requires it of us, is not an elevated, is not the Christian rule. There is a higher and better. It is to abstain from wrong because all wrong is in opposition to the law of God, at variance with his declared will, at variance with the sentiments and hopes, the peace and welfare, of all good beings, in heaven and earth; and to do good, because that is in harmony with the Divine nature, in obedience to the Divine will, in conformity to the standard of Absolute Right as exhibited in Jesus Christ. This is the rule by which all wrong, however harmless it may seem, is prohibited and condemned. "Thou shalt do *no* wrong to thy neighbor," is a commandment from the same Source and as universally binding as that which says, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself;" and indeed is implied in that.

It is no excuse now, it will be no apology hereafter, for any wrong act, that we saw not the evil consequences. Did we know that it was wrong? *that* is the only question. It does not help our case at all that we even thought we saw good in the result, or that we did the wrong act because of the good which it promised. Short-sighted mortal! Heaven has no need of your wisdom; it does not ask your judgment upon questions of duty; it simply requires you to do as you are bidden; taking care of the consequences by its own power.

What seems a good to you flowing from your wrong action may turn out a terrible curse. Trust not to the guidance of your own sagacity when a Higher Wisdom would direct you. Though tempted by golden prospects, though, the interests of friends, neighbors, country, seem to demand of you the evil deed, nay, though the cause of religion itself appear to ask of you the sacrifice, turn your back to the transgression, spurn the temptation, stand resolutely upon the Right, and that will insure you, in the end, unmixed and eternal good ; while the wrong, if pursued, though it may yield a temporary gain, will terminate in irreparable loss. For, what can succeed that God opposes ? What can stand which contradicts His nature, which interferes with His purposes, which defaces His creation, which mars His image ? And who can appear before Him to justify what He condemns, to excuse what He forbids, and to ask that His laws may be violated with impunity ?

Again ; it does not lessen the guilt of any wrong-doing that it is incurred by several in company, by society at large, or by a nation, instead of a single individual. The evil deed loses nothing of its deformity, its baseness, its opposition to the will of Heaven, its injurious effect on mankind, by being shared. A multitude of offenders may indeed sustain one another in a conflict with the sense of duty, with the pleadings of humanity, with the authority of conscience ; and the individuals composing it may experience less pain, — less inward accusation and less outward suffering, — than if they acted separately. Still, that does not alter the character of the action. What is wrong when done by an individual alone is wrong when done by a thousand individuals united. The crime which would bring me to a prison or to death is not changed at all in its nature when it is committed by a band of felons so strongly armed, so violent and desperate, that no civil force is sufficient to arrest them and bring them to punishment. The offence is the same whether committed by a single wicked individual, by a combination of ruffians, by the corporation of a city, or by the government of a state. If it is wrong for an individual, for example, to deceive, betray, rob, murder, it is equally wrong for a community or nation to do the same things. And, although there is no earthly power to punish

these crimes in the latter case, although the hand of human justice cannot apportion and distribute the guilt according to the criminality of each member of the community or state, yet, the wrong being done, God's unalterable law violated, the outrage against his moral creation committed, His eye sees it, His hand punishes it. Sooner or later, He strikes. Sooner or later the community, the nation, reels under the blow. Sooner or later it trembles and groans as the vials of His indignation are poured out upon it. A man may sometimes escape the punishment of his evil doing in this world, and postpone the day of his retribution till his present life is closed. Individuals may; but not communities and nations. Their punishment may indeed be delayed, but it is sure to come at last. The history of the world is, in great part, a record of the judgments of Heaven upon guilty cities, kingdoms and empires. It is a law of God which is never relaxed, that wrong-doing shall be punished; no matter who is guilty, whether one or many; no matter what motive prompted, whether lust of gain, thirst of power, love of glory, or even the desire to extend the blessings of liberty and religion, all wrong-doing, being criminal in the sight of Heaven, is certain to be visited with condign punishment.

"If this fail,  
The pillared firmament is rottenness,  
And earth's base built on stubble."

I fear that this truth is not so well understood as it ought to be. Indeed, I know that a contrary sentiment is extensively received. I know that sins of individuals which bear an odious name assume one, when committed by large bodies acting together, which the custom of the civilized world has made respectable; and, with strange fatuity, it has been believed by the mass of mankind, that in changing their names they change also their character. It is melancholy to think of the sins which blacken the earth, which blight some of its fairest portions, which fill thousands of hearts with anguish and mourning, but which, nevertheless, disguised by false names, receive the admiration and praise of Christian men and women. It is mortifying to contemplate the ethics of nations, even the most Christian; to see what a low and unworthy standard

of Right they set up as compared with that of Christ, to see by what reasons they endeavor to justify the most iniquitous principles and to defend practices at which humanity revolts ; to witness the appetite and the alacrity with which they rush into crimes which their own laws punish with severity when one member of the nation alone is found guilty of them. Look at Christian England in India, Christian France in Africa, Christian America in Mexico. We may be told that by the atrocities which we condemn in these nations civilization is extending her empire, liberty and religion are diffusing their blessings ! And it may be true — still, no people can do a wrong, the least wrong, with impunity. Though that wrong shall carry with it the elements of prosperity, peace, knowledge and liberty, to those on whom it is inflicted, still, being wrong, it is forbidden by the God of justice, who will surely punish it. The only rule for a people as for an individual is to do right and to avoid wrong, be the immediate consequences what they may.

Our minds are naturally turned into this train of reflection by recent public events. It is not many months since we heard that several thousands of our fellow-men had then just fallen on the field of battle, — some fallen dead, others gashed, mutilated, pierced by bayonets, and crippled for life. Now in this we all see that wrong has been done, — it is not here necessary to discuss the question *by whom*, — but the wrong is seen and acknowledged by every one. Every man among us feels that this was not the purpose for which human beings are so fearfully and wonderfully made ; that the sentiments of humanity and the principles of justice were grossly violated by these atrocities ; that the God of love and mercy could not look upon such scenes of havoc and carnage but with abhorrence ; that He has no attribute that can take part with the authors of them. Suppose each mother here had a son and each daughter a brother among those fallen, and that the tidings of their fate had this moment reached them, what lamentation would to-day fill these courts of the Lord ! — what a deep sense of injury would wring all our hearts ! To say that wrong had been done, cruel wrong, would then seem to you mild language. And the sentiment that nations should do *right* and only *right*, — that Christian nations should act ac-

according to the Christian standard, — would be received and approved without dissent.

I spoke of the ethics of nations as mortifying. Alas ! the ethics of the church, it is to be feared, are not much better. There is indeed no crime to which the church has not, in one period or another, lent its sanction. Often it has led the way in iniquity. It has had innocent victims in prisons, on the rack, on the gibbet. It has moistened many a field with their blood and enriched them by their bones. It has not understood and obeyed the great law of Christ, — the great law of the moral universe, — “Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.” It has not felt the awful guilt, nor dreaded the terrible retribution, of wrong-doing. It has been more jealous for the purity of its faith than for the righteousness of its life ; more swift to hunt out heresy than to detect sin ; more ready to excuse crime than to forgive error. Hence the church has as yet accomplished its mission but in small part. It was established to produce peace on earth and good will amongst men ; to diffuse throughout the world the principles of justice and humanity ; to foster virtue and truth ; to abolish all enmities and strifes ; to remove the sources of evil ; to transform mankind into a loving brotherhood ; and to purify the altars of religion for the worship of the God and Father of all. How little of this has it yet done ! How vast its present burden of duty ! What mountains of evil still lift their tops to heaven which it must cast into the sea ! What dark valleys of ignorance and error are still seen which it must fill with light and exalt to the stars !

As members of the Christian Church let us, my brethren, do what we can to quicken its life, to inform its spirit and to guide its course. And, through the church, — that is, through the power of Christian truth and Christian principle imbodyed in the church, — let us strive to purify the morals, to raise the character of the community and nation to which we belong. Especially let us be vigilant to detect and prompt to arrest all wrong-doing. Let our motto ever be, “The Right and only the Right.” Let us be rigid in enforcing upon ourselves the principles of equity and justice, and never presume to forgive our own souls the least wrongful action until it has been sincerely repented and entirely forsaken. So shall we set our

feet in safe places. So shall we lay up for ourselves eternal treasures. So shall we enter into sympathy and communion with the spirits of just men made perfect. And when all things now visible to the eye, — all the goodness and glory of the earth, with all its deformity and shame, — shall disappear from our sight, and we be called into the presence of more august realities, to give an account of the stewardship of life to the Judge of quick and dead, we may each hope to receive the approval which awaits fidelity to duty and obedience to the laws of God, — the promised commendation of Jesus : — “ Well done ! good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord ” !

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### MUSINGS IN SPRING.

THE beautiful Spring ! how joyously it leaps from the cold embrace of winter, and with transforming touch, awakens life and beauty in the footsteps of the departing season ! Sweet music is abroad, the liquid melody of birds, — the rippling of silver streams returning from icy bondage, — the dash of mimic torrents, — the humming of countless insect tribes, and the whispering breeze, waving the timid flowers to unfold their petals, and the budding trees to put forth their tender leaves and open their fair blossoms to the rejoicing sunlight ! This bright renewal of earth, — this new-born season of hope and enjoyment, how it warms the heart to fresher life ; and this bland air, redolent with sweets stolen from spicy buds and springing herbs, seems wafted from the paradise of youth !

While my senses revel in the delight, the chords of memory are touched, time seems to reverse his wings, and bear me backward to the morning of my life, when the world was bright before me, as the sunny landscape, now spread out in beauty beneath my eye. Again I look upon the face of nature, in the dear land of my pilgrim fathers ; I gather clustering roses and sweet-scented honeysuckles, from the vines which my mother's hand trained tastefully around our simple dwelling ; and I breathe once more the fragrance of the flow-

ering locusts, which wave their golden tresses amid the fantastic rocks that seemed to shut out the world from the peaceful valley of my childhood. Again the shadows of the lofty elms,—the pride of our little domain,—lay on the verdant turf, unbroken as I last beheld them ; and still the goldfinch hangs her curious nest, suspended from the slender branches, and the squirrel leaps from bough to bough, chirping merrily in the leafy covert. Friends beloved, and long since separated by death, or lost in the world's crowd, return to animate the scene, and hopes, and pleasures, which youth only knows, are pictured on the glass of memory, with all the vividness of present reality.

But the dream soon passes away, and as I gaze, a few flitting clouds, soft and fleecy, shadow the lovely scene ; one by one, like silver mist, they rise up and pass away, and the earth seems greener, and the sun shines with more resplendence, from the shade, which for a moment veiled their glory. Beautiful types are they, of youth's early disappointments, and bitter, but transient trials ! They pass away, and the heart remains unseared, and the eye of hope undimmed ; but they leave engraved the startling truth, so early woven in life's experience, of mutability, and evanescence.

But as the sun climbs on to his meridian altitude, darker clouds gather in his course, obscuring the fairest scenes of earth ; and the eye dimmed with sadness, vainly seeks to penetrate the gloom which overcasts the brightness of the heavens, and veils the beauty of creation.

How significant these shifting scenes ! how emblematic of life's vicissitudes, its transient pleasures, and oft returning sorrows ! But behind those clouds the eye of reason beholds the sun, still travelling in undiminished splendor, and the earth beneath the gathering gloom, wearing the robe of freshness, and the flowers drinking the welcome dews, which replenish their exhausted cups, and enrich their drooping leaves with sweeter fragrance.

The spirit of nature, so eloquent in all its teachings, whispers a lesson to the heart, and bids us, when the clouds of adversity, and the deep gloom of trial and bereavement darken our earthly course, to look upward to the celestial Sun, which is never dimmed, but shines on, through all the mutations of life,



pouring light into the eye, which is lifted to discern its brightness, and shedding the dews of consolation and of truth, upon the heart which is opened to receive them.

In each event of life, in blessings and sorrows, may be recognized a messenger of love, sent to purify and exalt our souls, and to bring us to the path which leads to eternal life. The sun of our brief earthly existence may rise with dazzling splendor, cheating our vain hopes with the anticipation of uninterrupted enjoyment. But clouds will surely intervene, and its noontide radiance may be shrouded in gloom, and its setting glory, hidden by impenetrable darkness.

Yet those who have gathered wisdom from life's experience, and from the teachings of God's providence; who have learned to "walk by faith and not by sight," may tread cheerfully and securely through every scene of life, for they are persuaded that the Eye that never slumbers, and the Arm which cannot weary, watches over and sustains them. Heavily the shades may gather, even around the portals of the tomb, but beyond, the light of immortality already shines, and ministering angels wait and welcome the freed spirit, and bear it to the mansions of unclouded day.

H. V. C.

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## HOW TO BE USEFUL.

I DOUBT not, my dear friend, that you recollect a conversation which took place in your quiet chamber, the night before I left you, — when you spoke of your earnest desire of doing something more to promote the good of others, yet felt that you knew not what course of action to pursue. How truly I sympathise in your feelings I need hardly say; for the thought that I was doing little or nothing that conduced to the improvement or happiness of others, has been truly painful to me — that were my earthly life soon to close, I should leave so few influences to make my memory dear to others. You will therefore be surprised to have me add, that I *now* do realize how much may be accomplished by those situated like ourselves, who, having passed through the usual term of school life, have leisure to devote to others, even though certain hours

of each day be consecrated to self-culture and improvement. I now begin to see something of the work before me ; to realize that for every human being there is an appointed station, which he alone can fill, and which if he fail to fill truly and faithfully, must forever remain vacant. The words of our Saviour, " For I have left you an example that ye should do as I have done to you," were not only addressed to his immediate followers, but to all of every age and nation, who should believe on Him, as the Guide and Redeemer of man ; and when we once feel the sacred obligation resting on us, shall we not deem it our highest privilege, our noblest duty, to strive to represent our Saviour, wherever we may be ?

But to explain to you the cause which has led me to these views. After leaving your pleasant home, and the many friends whose kindness will long be treasured in my memory, I received an earnest invitation to pass a month with our friend Mary ; and well knowing her beautiful and christian character, her pure and warm affection for her friends, you may easily imagine that I was not backward in accepting the invitation. I shall ever be grateful to a kind Providence for having brought me here, for it has been through her influence that I have been led to higher and happier views, and thus has she added one new link to the golden chain of love, that unites her to her fellow beings. Although not many years older than myself, and though devoting much time to the duties that devolve upon her as the elder daughter of a large family, and finding time, one hardly knows how, for passing several hours each day in intellectual pursuits, yet her great industry, her gentle devotion to others, her warm sympathy in their joys and trials, her calm and hopeful spirit of forbearance and love, make me regard her as *many* years my superior, and when I heard accidentally through others, of the influences for good she was diffusing around her,—for she would be the last to speak of her own kind deeds—I felt utterly humbled, and I might add discouraged.

A few evenings since, as we were seated around the bright fire, enjoying the genial warmth and comfort of our pleasant parlor, made doubly so in contrast with the storm and wind that raged fiercely without, our conversation naturally turned upon the sufferings of the poor and destitute at this inclement season.

Mr. W——, the faithful minister at large in this place, had joined us early in the evening, and when we spoke of the poor, and some little anecdotes were selected illustrative of the kind feelings which exist even among the most degraded, — the warmest sympathies of his heart seemed touched, and he poured forth his feelings in a strain of mingled pathos and elegance, that thrilled my inmost soul, and when I looked into Mary's truth-telling countenance, it was not difficult to read the deep interest she felt in the subject. When our friends left us, I freely expressed the feelings, with which you are already acquainted, and which I should hardly have had the courage to reveal, had not circumstances thus brought them forth.

Mary made but few remarks, but as I bade her 'good night,' she warmly pressed my hand, and in manner rather than in words expressed her sympathy, and then cheerfully added, "I engage you for a walk tomorrow afternoon; will you promise to accompany me?" To this invitation you may readily suppose I had but one answer, and the next day being bright and clear, we left our home early after dinner, warmly muffled in cloaks and furs, upon an expedition to a distant part of the town; for, as Mary had informed me in the morning, she wished me to visit some of the poor families, in whom she was much interested, adding, that perhaps personal observation would obviate my difficulties, better than the most eloquent discussion. Let me then describe to you some of the scenes which I witnessed that afternoon.

After walking some distance, we entered a narrow lane, and passing several houses, indicating in their exterior the poverty that dwelt within, we entered the last and meanest of the number. A bright little boy of three years met us on the stairs, as we were about ascending to the room above, and looking into Mary's face, exclaimed, "Mother's up stairs sick; they won't let me play there," but when she put an apple into his hand, with the unconsciousness of childhood, he ran down to show it to "Georgy," and his merry laugh rang through the house, in spite of ragged clothes and scanty fare. O how many might learn a lesson from the happy trust and cheerfulness of childhood! Too soon, "shades of the prison house" close around us, but is it not our own fault that the shades and mists of life gather so soon over the spirit, or rather that we

permit them to seem so dense, and do not let the bright sunlight of christian faith and hope pierce the clouds? But to return. We softly went up stairs, and entered the sick chamber. The room was neatly but poorly furnished, some of the articles evidently bearing the marks of having belonged to a more prosperous period. The mother yet in the prime of life, and retaining traces of delicacy and beauty, lay on the bed, apparently in the last stages of a decline. A woman of about sixty, who lived in another room of the house, was sitting beside the bed mending the clothes of the almost motherless children, and when I learned the kindness of this lone woman to her sick neighbor, watching with her night after night, patiently bearing with the irritability so often attendant upon disease, I felt, that though in an humble sphere, she was more truly accomplishing the great ends of life, than many an one of lofty rank and consequence in the world's eye. When we entered Mrs. H—— looked up, and in a feeble voice expressed her pleasure in seeing Mary again. "I feared I might not again see you," she said, "for last night my cough was so bad, and it distresses me so to breathe, that I felt that I could not live long, but I am better now, will you read to me from the book you did yesterday?" After saying a few kind words, Mary opened the New Testament, and read from the 14th and 15th chapters of John, and passages from Revelations, and then repeated these beautiful lines, "O when the hours of life are passed," &c. Never shall I forget the impression of the scene. Mrs. H—— looked as if her whole soul were fixed upon the subject, and as Mary paused, fearing to read too long, she exclaimed, "Would that I had been taught these things when I was young, and knew how to read for myself; but I am ignorant, and none but you comes to teach me. Do you really believe we shall live again?" "As truly as that I am now talking with you," she replied, and in glowing words she expressed her firm faith and hope, of being re-united to the friends from whom she had been called to part. "But I will not fatigue you," she added, as if fearing she had said too much, and approaching the bed, she pressed the hand of the dying woman, and gently said, "We shall meet again, — if not here, in another world, and then perhaps we shall both remember this hour. Do you not feel so?" "I hope so," she answered, but being

seized with a severe fit of coughing, we deemed it best to leave the room. But a few days after, we were informed of the death of the sufferer, and one who was with her at the closing hour, said that Mary's name was the last word she uttered.

Passing through another street, we came to a house far more attractive in its exterior, and by the verbinas, roses and geraniums, in full bloom in the window, I judged, and rightly, that the occupants were those of more refined and delicate tastes. How true it is, that whatever degree of poverty there may be, true delicacy of mind finds some way in which to express itself. A simple flower, a common painting, leaving far more to the imagination than is expressed in the flower itself, are but outward expressions of the conscious idea of beauty and purity that is never wholly wanting even in the most degraded. Could we but appreciate this, could we but have true faith in the capacity of every soul for good, how much more earnest and efficacious would be our endeavors.

Passing through a small entry, we entered a back room, where the most perfect neatness and order reigned. A female in advanced life, who for several years had been confined by chronic rheumatism, was seated in a chair, which served also for a couch, as for many months she had been unable to lie down. A widow woman who lived in another part of the house, took the whole care of her, and faithfully did she execute her charge. Mary, knowing the fondness of the sick woman for flowers, had gathered before leaving home, a little bunch from her own choice plants, and when she presented them to her, I wish you could have seen the bright expression that passed over her face, as she exclaimed, "O, you are too kind, this is just what I have been wishing for all day, for when I feel restless and weary, the sight of such sweet flowers makes me forget my sufferings, and when I am alone hour after hour, they are like pleasant friends to me, and I think that if the things of earth are so fair and bright, 'How beautiful beyond compare will Paradise be found.'" "But," said I, "do you never feel weary or discontented in being so helpless?" "He who has made me helpless, will give me strength to bear the trial," she answered, and as I looked into the calm and happy countenance, I felt that the Peace of God had indeed en-

circled her brow. Wholly dependent upon friends for her support, entirely helpless, her cheerful faith, her words of calm and hopeful trust, were a striking rebuke to all discontent and anxious foreboding. As we left the room, she urged us soon to repeat our visit, "for," said she, "I love to see young and happy faces, and God will reward you for all your kindness to a lone, sick woman. May his blessing go with you, in this life and through Eternity." I received her words as from one, far, very far, superior to myself, and felt that I might well learn lessons of religious wisdom and trust from her life.

Let me describe one other family, and I will bring my long letter to a close. The house we next visited was most unsightly in its exterior; broken windows, filled with rags, old hats, &c., doors half off their hinges, and utter want of neatness around the premises, plainly evinced the character of the inhabitants. The interior was such as might have been expected. An entire destitution of all the comforts of life, rags and squalid poverty were the pre-eminent features of the scene. The husband and father had long since been intemperate, and by idleness and dissipation had reduced his family to the state in which we found them. The mother, patient and gentle, yet somewhat deficient in mental capacity, strove to do the best in her power for her little children, yet wanting energy and judgment, what could be expected from her? A sweet little girl of a year old was nestling in her mother's arms, who seemed by her strong and devoted affection for her little ones, to compensate for other deficiencies. When I heard the poor woman's history, and entered the miserable dwelling, I mentally exclaimed, "Here, indeed, is a hopeless case; what good can be done?" But when I saw the eagerness with which the children gathered around Mary, as a known and tried friend, when I saw the patience with which she endeavored to teach the mother how her room might be rendered warmer and more comfortable with but a trifling expense, when I found that ignorance and want were no bar to her efforts, but that with true kindness, she endeavored personally to render the room more comfortable for the night approaching, I felt that she had that true faith of the heart, that warm love for others, which *should always* characterize the Christian; for was it not one of the great features in the character of Christ, that he always recog-

nized the divine spirit in man, and conversed not as man with frail man, but as an Immortal with Immortals!

As we were about to return, the Father entered, his countenance too plainly showing the excess in which he had indulged. I shrank back with some degree of timidity, but Mary advancing to the door, conversed with him in a low voice for a few minutes, while I was occupied in inquiring the names and ages of the children. When she called me, saying it was time to return, I again looked at him, and with surprise observed the traces of tears on his countenance. She motioned to me to say nothing, but cheerfully bidding them "good night," we again pursued our walk. "I have great hopes of the reformation of that man," she said, as we turned our steps homeward, "he has good feelings, and is willing to work, and might support his family comfortably, were it not for this one evil habit of Intemperance. I think that I have gained some influence over him, by some little acts of kindness I was able to render to one of his children when sick, and having gained some hold upon his better feelings, he is now willing that I should speak even of his failings, and to-night having accidentally touched some hidden chord of feeling, his heart melted, and his tears flowed like those of a child. Heaven grant that none may lead him farther into guilt, but that he may soon be a reformed and regenerate spirit."

We made two or three other visits that afternoon, but my limits will not allow me room to describe them. I returned home that night, feeling how little I had accomplished, how little effort I had ever made to gain the affection and love of others, and at the same time, how wide was the field of usefulness opened on every side. Let us only cherish the desire to do good, and faithfully embrace every opportunity that offers itself, to promote the happiness of others, let us watch those daily occurrences, which are too apt to be passed by unheeded, and if our sphere of duty seem to the worldly eye small or confined it will not be so in the eye of Heaven.

Only let us be conscious of filling *as large a sphere* of duty as we are capable of,—let us be *sure* that we are making the full use of our time and opportunities, and we need not be discouraged, for is it not the motive *only* that makes an act acceptable, and was not the cup of water, and the widow's mite, ap-

proved and blessed by Him, whose whole life was a living sacrifice to Truth and Goodness, and Benevolence?

Affectionately, your friend,

H. M.

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LETTER TO THE EDITOR. NO. V.

WASHINGTON, MAY, 1848.

HARDLY had my last letter been despatched, when there came our "three days;" the American capital with its scanty materials for a mob, being emulous it would seem of the *emeutes* in Europe. A history of some portions of the transactions I allude to, would form a melancholy appendix to that somewhat complacent description of the city; but there are a few other points less generally thought of, very much qualifying the first impressions of those days, as affecting the character of the place and its inhabitants, which I feel bound in honor to say a word about, — first briefly stating the facts of the case.

On Saturday night, April 15, the schooner Pearl sailed down the river, having on board near eighty slaves, who with wonderful secrecy and adroitness had assembled at the given signal, (some coming we were told from sixty miles distance,) and with a fair wind had got nearly out into the bay by Sunday afternoon. Information was obtained from the confusion, terror or treachery, of one who failed to be on board in time, and had been taken by the watch. A small steamer was made ready and sent down the river to Georgetown, (not by any help from the Telegraph,) which passed them, and returning found them becalmed in a little cove. All were below, and most asleep; and nailing down the hatches, their pursuers made them prisoners, without any resistance.

Tuesday morning they were landed at the wharf, and escorted to the jail; the Captain and two other white men being driven at full speed in hacks, from fear of mischief from the crowd. A good deal of excitement, as we heard, prevailed through the day; and for want of a tangible object was directed against the office of the National Era. A crowd was gathered there at evening, threatening and ominous, which did not



disperse till late at night. Some noise was made, and a few stones were thrown, but meantime the compositors were quietly at work within, smart showers of rain damped the ardor of the crowd without, and the steadiness of the Police prevented any real mischief. One man, rashly forward, was arrested, and that was all.

Wednesday evening a much greater crowd assembled; and instead of engaging in an assault, were persuaded to go round in front of the Patent Office and hear speeches. A deputation of near forty waited on Dr. Bailey, Editor of the Era, and brought back his courteous but decided refusal to remove the press. It seemed then to us who saw it, that violence was imminent, but after an hour's shouting and pelting, the crowd was again induced to adjourn over till broad daylight. A young man, a clerk in the Treasury, harangued them to such good purpose, that they dispersed in quiet. He said it was a bad business they were about, (taking occasion by the way to rail at the Abolitionists in good set terms,) dared any one to show himself as their leader, told them they would go off without doing anything, and finally said he would be their leader and meet them there at five o'clock, and so he led them off. At 5 P. M., next day, they began to gather, when he appeared bantering them a little for their tardiness. He had been up bright and early, he said, and had paced the street alone, from four to six, before breakfast, and not a face was to be seen. The affair by this time, had mostly evaporated of itself, and what was wanting to subdue the threats of violence, was supplied by the excellent management of the Mayor *pro tem.*, (appointed on account of the severe illness of the Mayor of the city,) and the judicious action of the government. The only sign of excitement since, has been in Congress.

The points I was led to notice were these. First, the sympathy which every body felt, and nobody cared to conceal, for the poor creatures who tried to effect their escape. We were told that scarcely any other feeling was expressed, than regret that they had failed, — much more openly and generally, it was said, than would have been possible a few years ago. Even among the men who gathered about the jail-door, (owners and dealers, some of them, from whom the least sympathy was to be expected,) I heard merely a modified version of the

same. They said they did not blame *them* for trying to get away, and seemed to show some little compassion for them — of course mingled with hearty execration of the captain and agent of the vessel. Even the selling and transporting them, was (we were told) "more in sorrow than in anger," — not an act of vengeance, however cruel, by most of the owners, but a disagreeable necessity, to deter others from the like attempt.

Next, the good conduct of the citizens in general. A large part of the crowd on each evening was made up of men of character and respectability, who used their efforts, with readiness and determination but quietly, to prevent any disturbance. The character of the city was felt to be in some measure at stake. A very strong municipal guard could have been formed, at any moment, if the occasion had called for it. What was most turbulent and destructive in the crowd, was made up partly of boys, partly of irresponsible and unknown persons from various quarters, and partly of men (most of them no way belonging to the city) who were glad to take advantage of a moment of excitement to get rid of an obnoxious press. The only proposition made was to purchase it at a fair price and carry it out of town — or, that failing, to take it, quietly as they might, forcibly if they must. And it certainly tells well for the general character of the assemblage, that in the very torrent, tempest and (as I may say) whirlwind of their passion, a few words adroitly spoken could "acquire and beget a temperance that should give it smoothness," and make it end in an idle menace or a joke.

And besides the whole affair showed the *morale* of the government in a very favorable light — I mean of course in its actual dealing with the threatened violence. While a great many were disposed to blame the proprietors of the Era for establishing themselves here, while some speakers were encouraging the multitude to set light by Constitution and Law in comparison with the "people's will," the "majesty of their strength," and all that, and while some of those in the employment of government were among the busiest, we were told, in encouraging a mob-spirit, finding an echo even in Congress, — the President, as in duty bound, put himself at the service of the city authorities, to do whatever might be advisable, in defence of law and order, and at his suggestion,

the whole body of clerks (amounting to seven or eight hundred,) were significantly informed that it would be considered a high offence in them to mingle in the crowd, unless to aid in preventing any violence. The whole physical force of the government was ready, to effect what its moral power might fail of doing. And after all, it is no disreputable comment on our institutions, that while other governments have so jealously watched and hampered liberty of speech, which has at length been vindicated by the people with fighting and blood, the government here, which is only the more deliberate and permanent expression of the popular will, holds out its strong arm to maintain that liberty, though in a case where it is exercised in direct hostility to the political action, the interests (real or supposed,) and the stronger prejudices of the individuals who administer the law.

The peculiar circumstances of the case seem to justify me in speaking for this once as an advocate, in defence of the character of my adopted residence. A fair mutual understanding, and an abatement of sectional jealousy and mistrust, are among the main moral wants of an American Republic just now. Anything that shows government or people in a more favorable light than we should be apt to get at a hasty view, is worth mentioning, by way of aiding, more or less, to meet that want; and is so far the best defence of those popular institutions, which the nations of Europe have been clamoring for so loudly. And considering the slow and sometimes violent process by which freedom of discussion has been established in the northern cities, one by one, it is certainly very hopeful, and very much a matter of congratulation, that its victory in this case has been secured here so easily. In comparison with any other capital in the country, this is very far from deserving the opprobrium with which it has been visited since these occurrences.

J. H. A.

P. S. I find I was mistaken in supposing that there was so little danger or apprehension on Thursday. It seems there was a strong undercurrent of resentment, at being baffled on Wednesday night, and that those most forward had determined to reinforce themselves, and accomplish their work at

Nothing but the firm attitudes of the authorities, the

prompt action of the President and Cabinet, and the admirable conduct of the police, as well as of both the Mayors, prevented a serious disturbance. This, however, was prevented so effectually, that deceived by the quiet and confident tone that was returning, few persons were aware of any serious ground of apprehension, for, while the crisis was passing, almost every one supposed it past. A body of some two hundred, which visited Dr. Bailey's house when the scene at the office was over, threatened to treat him "in their own style," announcing themselves as a band of Virginians and Marylanders. He, however, obtained a hearing, and recounted the history of his experience in Cincinnati, (where he has three presses I believe in the Ohio river,) which resulted in the establishment of a *daily* paper, that is flourishing to this day. The men grew good-natured, assented to one proposition after another, and finally dispersed after a short appeal from one of the speakers of the night preceding, leaving their leader in the minority of one, — saying as he left, that he had had several similar expeditions, and had never been baulked before.

It is worth while to mention, for the refreshment of some lagging memories, that the crowd was at one time larger and the symptoms more threatening, than on occasions where the object has been effected; and that (as I am told) *this was the first instance in which a popular movement, directed against an anti-slavery press, has been successfully resisted by the laws.*

J. H. A.

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#### EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

"I WAS particularly touched by your expressions of unhappiness at that which is so common yet which occasions distress to so few. You say that self-examination is most painful to you, because you find by it that you do not love God. You have become roused to a desire of ascertaining what is your real religious condition; you have been reading the Gospels alone and carefully, for the purpose of finding out exactly what Jesus requires of human beings. You are delighted at the clearness and simplicity of the truths he declares, and the requirements he makes, taking them as you do from his own

words. But you tell me that the positiveness and solemnity with which he announces that we must love God confound and alarm you ; for you believe there is no feeling in your heart which you can truly call the love of God ; and you know not how to set about obtaining it.

Your case is a very common one. Many find it easier to obey the second commandment than the first, as you say you do. It is difficult to bring that abstract, invisible, mysterious Being, who rules the universe, within the sphere of the heart's affections. The difficulty is an intellectual one, and yet it perplexes and baffles the capacity of loving ; and those most earnestly desiring to be true Christians frequently suffer most from it. Thousands think and care nothing about the matter, and live on in dreadful unconsciousness of the unnatural void within. I say unnatural void, because there is a place in every soul for God, and when it remains empty, that soul is in an unnatural condition. Thousands more, who have formed the fatal habit of using religious language glibly and unmeaningly, fancy they have the feeling because they seldom go deep into the inner world of their souls, and are satisfied with a ready power of pious expressions.

But you, I believe, belong to the class of earnest and sincere seekers. And, as I hope for your eternal happiness, I rejoice that you are now troubled in your mind upon this point. But out of your present pain will spring joy. For that there is such a thing as genuine, fervent love of God, I am sure ; that it is an unfailing source of peace, I am sure ; that it is within your reach, I am sure.

Do not spend too much time in studying God metaphysically. Avoid all speculative questions ; answered or unanswered, they do not form the Christian in the heart. Do not sit brooding over your deficiency, striving to analyze it. It is as possible to think too much about it as too little. If you really have the love of your neighbors as a pervading principle of life and action, hope much from its softening and elevating influence upon you. The lower love is a stepping stone to the higher. If you have in a great measure freed yourself from selfishness, and are daily striving to make others happy, even at the expense of many little secret sacrifices, you will find yourself involuntarily turning

each night for a secret reward. The thought of Him in

connexion with all you do that is good, with all the pleasant recollections of a well spent day, will bring you nearer to him, that is, you will have a more distinct conception of his character, a more realizing sense of his actual existence, his presence at your very side, his help, his kind approbation. Those who are brought up with such convictions from their very childhood, impressed with them while the imagination is lively and the heart tender, have a great advantage. But the more innocent and sincere your life is, the more chance you have of obtaining a childlike piety. This beautiful truth is distinctly set forth in the words of our Saviour. Indeed, I never yet desired to place any simple, important truth before the mind of an inquiring friend, without suddenly remembering something uttered by Jesus Christ, which seemed to render all other words superfluous and foolish.

Unless the heart is imbued with an affectionate consciousness of God's presence, help, and love, in early childhood, its want must be keenly felt before it can be supplied. You cannot love Him as soon as you are conscious of not loving Him. The habit of observing how wisely and mercifully He regulates all the events passing around you, especially those of your own life, the habit of noting with gratitude those thousand minor blessings in your lot which you have been accustomed to enjoy carelessly, the habit of praying to Him frequently, especially when you are perplexed and troubled, will all help you. Gradually, perhaps slowly He will become to you a most tender friend and father; the only one from whom you have no secrets, and desire to have none, the only one who knows and rejoices in every good deed you do; the only one who can understand all your trials and sorrows, looking upon you with a compassion from which no human pride can shrink, and above all he will present himself to your heart as the only one who never judges you harshly, never blames you unjustly, is always ready to consider each palliation of your errors with a perfect charity. He will be to you as much a loving, beautiful reality, as the earthly friend whom your eyes have seen, whom your heart has cherished with its strongest love. But oh! how much more pure, comforting, sustaining, ennobling, will be this love! Trust me, my friend, if you desire it, it will be yours. Do not despair too soon, and thus throw it from you. I believ

that those brief moments in which we have the most distinct consciousness of it, do afford us the best possible conception of the happiness of beatified spirits, and you, who have lately parted with one of the best of earthly fathers, loving him so tenderly as you did, yearning after him as you do, now that he is gone to the same invisible, spiritual world, where your God is hidden,—can you find it hard to love an unseen parent?

A holy old English poet whispers the comforting thought, that in such a case as yours, our Heavenly Father does in good truth take the will for all in all,

“And when the heart says (sighing to be approved,)  
‘Oh could I love!’ and stops,—God writeth, ‘Loved!’”

L. J. H.

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#### REDEMPTION.

WHEN the first morning woke  
On Eden's rosy bowers,  
And hymns of praise in transport broke  
From nature's youthful powers,—  
The earth, the flood, the sky,  
Bore in the song their part,  
Nor least in that rich harmony,  
Man's pure and grateful heart.

But passion entered in,  
With unsuspected tread,  
Indulgence ripened into sin,  
And Eden's beauty fled,  
Oh love, and joy, and truth!  
With altered beams ye burn,  
The freshness of creation's youth  
Gone, never to return.

Yet, Lord, if any thirst,  
Pure, living streams are thine;  
The founts, in Eden's groves that burst,  
Were never more divine;  
If innocence no more  
Her stainless lustre shed,  
As lovely rays will mercy pour  
On the repentant head.

Still may thy children bless,  
 Oh God, their Father's love,  
 The chorus of their thankfulness,  
 Once more be heard above.  
 Again let praises rise,  
 Again let rapture sound;  
 For man, the favorite of the skies,  
 Safety and peace hath found.

Jesus! Thy word hath power  
 To break the sinner's chain,  
 Firmness it gives in pleasure's hour,  
 And conquest over pain.  
 Vain is temptation's might,  
 Our hearts, our hopes are thine;  
 The rays that gild thy path of light  
 Around thy servants shine!

L. G. B.

## . EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA. NO. X.

THE publication, by Crosby & Nichols, of the *Memoirs of Dr. Channing* will prove an important event to our whole religious community. No book of an equally elevating influence, so far as we know, has appeared from the American press for a long time. Accompanying the recent large edition of Channing's works—a book furnished at an unexampled cheapness,—a price so small that it seems only nominal instead of being an equivalent for the value received,—it will go abroad to enlighten, to inspire, to strengthen and liberalize thousands of young men throughout the country. This Biography effectually sweeps away all those impressions of feebleness, self protection and shrinking from exertion, which had unavoidably associated themselves with Dr. Channing's person in the minds of those who knew him only after confirmed physical disorder had seated itself upon his constitution, and sets him before us, in the noble and symmetrical proportions of a resolute, muscular, self-sacrificing, gentle manhood,—the thoughtful, conscientious boy,—the aspiring, energetic youth,—the enthusiastic student,—the devoted minister, the genuine philanthropist, the wise and bold reformer, the meek and reverent believer, the indefatigable Christian disciple. Whoever can trace the history and development of such an intellectual and spiritual nature, set forth with clearness, simplicity and power as it is in these volumes, without being lifted up to new resolutions, feeling a firmer conviction of the dignity of his being and the grandeur of the true aims of life, must be made of sordid and earthly materials.

Mr. Channing, the biographer, is entitled to the earnest gratitude of every scholar and every good man, for the faithfulness and skill with which he has preserved this complete and striking portrait of his uncle's character. With a self-command worthy the spirit of the name he



bears, he has laid aside entirely from this labor—after a frank and manly avowal to that effect,—the views of society to which he is so honestly and warmly attached, to which most of his time is zealously devoted, and which were so liable to affect in many ways an undertaking of this kind, lying adjacent, in many of the subjects involved in it, to his favorite themes and theories,—and has adhered diligently, impartially to the scrupulous use of his legitimate data, and thus achieved an unblemished success.

It has occurred to us while reading the Memoirs that had the strictly biographical portions been included in two volumes, and the third volume—with perhaps a fourth,—been made to consist of *entire discourses* on important topics, on the plan of the volume partly promised in the preface,—instead of inserting in the body of the Memoirs the very extensive extracts from sermons which, notwithstanding the judgment employed in the arrangement, are of a somewhat miscellaneous and fragmentary character,—the whole would have possessed a still higher degree of perfection. But we are almost ashamed to suggest even this emendation, where there is such prevailing and surpassing excellence, in style, matter and method. The defect, if it be one, is more than outweighed by merits. We have only satisfaction to express, and only thanks to offer, for this worthy fulfilment of a long and highly raised expectation.

From the same publishers we have received "Gospel Narratives," by Rev. H. A. Miles,—a full, succinct and intelligible account of the four Evangelists and their books, containing information needing to be made thus popular, and deserving of a high rank among Sunday School books and in family libraries; also, Rev. A. A. Livermore's "Marriage Offering," a graceful collection of prose and verse, from distinguished and numerous writers, appropriate to new or long established wedlock.

Of the same class of literature with this latter work is Rev. E. H. Chapin's "Duties of Young Women," corresponding to a similar volume previously issued on the Duties of Young Men by the same author, from G. W. Briggs, publisher. Mr. Chapin has a decided faculty for addressing special states of feeling, and special conditions of life. The fervid glow that characterizes his elocution, communicates itself to his composition. Possessed of a quick sympathy and a sincere devotion to the good of humanity in all its forms, he is capable of constant usefulness, and is willing to expend his energies in any promising direction.

Our acknowledgments are due to the "Council of the Massachusetts Temperance Society," and especially to its President, Dr. John C. Warren, for a useful little book of statistics and persuasions in behalf of a good cause, sufficiently described by its title,—*"The Physiological Effects of Alcoholic Drinks, from the British and Foreign Medical Review of Dr. Forbes, with Documents and Records of the Massachusetts Temperance Society, illustrating the Origin of the Temperance Reformation, and its progress in the State of Massachusetts."*—The "Report of the Needle Woman's Friend Society," is a full and touching account of one of the most admirably conducted and benevolently assisted charities of Boston.

The several authors will please to accept our thanks for discourses entitled as follows: "Conscience the Best Policy;" a Fast Day Sermon preached by Rev. John Weiss at New Bedford: "The Power of Christianity," preached at the Dedication of the House of the Thirteenth

Congregational Church, in Harrison Avenue, Boston, by the Minister, Rev. J. I. T. Coolidge; and "A Discourse on the Life and Character of Rev. Jason Whitman," by Rev. Theodore H. Dorr. Each of these performances is fitted to its work, at the time and the place that produced it; each contains exalted views of social life, or of the practical offices of religion, or of the individual and professional character, deserving universal acceptance; each bears evident marks of having proceeded from a living mind and an engaged heart.

## INTELLIGENCE.

**ORDINATION AT WESTFORD, MASS.**—On Wednesday, May 24, 1848, Mr. John B. Willard was ordained as Pastor over the First Congregational Church and Society in Westford. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Gilbert of Harvard, from John, xviii. 37. The Introductory Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Chandler of Shirley; Selections from the Scriptures were read by Rev. Mr. Babbidge of Pepperell; the Prayer of Ordination was made by Rev. Mr. Abbott of Westford; the Charge was delivered by Rev. Mr. Bulfinch of Nash-ville, N. H.; the Right Hand of Fellowship was given by Rev. Mr. Barber of Lancaster; the Address to the People was made by Rev. Mr. Smith of Gro-ton; the closing Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. White of Littleton, and the Benediction was pronounced by the Pastor.

**DEDICATION IN HARRISON AVENUE, BOSTON.**—The House recently erected by the Thirteenth Congregational Society, formerly worshipping in the Purchase Street Church, was dedicated May 3, 1848. The Sermon was by the Pastor, Rev. J. I. T. Coolidge. The other exercises, by Rev. Dr. Gannett of Boston, Rev. Mr. Bartol of Boston, Rev. Mr. Reynolds of Jamaica Plain, and Rev. Mr. Huntington of Boston. This completed enterprise indicates the spirit and efficiency that have uniformly characterized the Purchase Street Society under their present ministry. The change of location was greatly needed, and we congratulate that people on the gratifying consummation of their efforts, as it stands embodied in solid and tasteful proportions, in their new edifice.

## ANNIVERSARIES.

**BOOK AND PAMPHLET SOCIETY.**—The annual meeting was held April 29, and the following officers were elected:—Francis Brown, Esq., President:

Francis Alger, Esq., Vice President; A. H. Sumner, Esq., Treasurer; S. G. Simpkins, Secretary. The Executive Committee consists of the above named gentlemen, with Charles Faulkner, Esq., James Tolman, Esq., and D. R. Chapman, Esq. The Society distributed, last year, 11,326 pamphlets and 1235 bound volumes. The annual Sermon was preached in Federal Street Church, May 28, by Rev. George W. Briggs, and was a fervent and most satisfactory discourse.

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**MASSACHUSETTS BIBLE SOCIETY.**—In the business meeting, held in the Vestry of the Central Church, Monday afternoon, May 29, Rev. Dr. Pierce was re-elected President, and Hon. Simon Greenleaf was chosen Vice President, in place of Rev. Dr. Codman, deceased; Corresponding Secretary, Rev. Francis Parkman, D. D.; Recording Secretary, Rev. George W. Blagden; Treasurer, Henry Edwards, Esq.; Auditor, Samuel May, Esq.; Trustees, Rev. William Jenks, D. D., Rev. Charles Lowell, D. D., Rev. Daniel Sharp, D. D., Rev. N. L. Frothingham, D. D., Rt. Rev. Manton Eastburn, D. D., Rev. William M. Rogers, John Tappan, William Worthington, Albert Fearing, Heman Lincoln, Samuel May, Amos A. Lawrence, George R. Sampson, Jacob Sleeper, Charles T. Russell, Francis O. Watts, James C. Dunn, and T. R. Marvin, Esqrs.—Resolutions offered by Mr. Greenleaf, expressing a conviction of the expediency of establishing an independent depository of Bibles for the Society, and recognizing the whole State as the appropriate field of its operations, were adopted.

In the public meeting, introductory remarks were made by the President, passages of Scripture were read by Bishop Eastburn, and the Report was presented by Rev. Dr. Parkman. Addresses were made by Rev. Mr. Huntington, Rev. Mr. Neal, Rev. Mr. Waterbury, and Rev. Mr. Woart, of Boston, and the Report was unanimously accepted.

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**AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.**—*Business meeting.*—At the Chapel of the "Church of the Saviour," Tuesday, May 30, 9 o'clock, A. M., Rev. Dr. Gannett, President, called the meeting to order, and Rev. Dr. Parkman offered prayer. Reports of the last year's proceedings were read and accepted. A vote of thanks to a prominent lay member of this body, for his efficient, disinterested and successful services in raising a subscription among the citizens of Boston to discharge the debt of the Association, was passed. G. W. Warren, Esq., Rev. G. W. Briggs, and Rev. C. Stetson were appointed a committee to nominate officers for the next year. A proposed amendment to the by-laws, requiring the annual subscription for membership to be paid in before the first of May, was adopted. The Committee of Nominations reported the following ticket:—For President, Rev. E. S. Gannett, D. D.; for Vice Presidents, Hon. S. Fairbanks and Rev. S. K. Lothrop; for Directors, Rev. E. Peabody, Rev. F. D. Huntington, Rev. J. W. Thompson, I. Bangs, Esq., and Albert Fearing, Esq.; for Secretary, Rev. F. W. Holland; for Treasurer, H. P. Fairbanks, Esq. On motion of Hon. S. Fairbanks, the names of the candidates for the Vice Presidency were transposed. Rev. Mr. Huntington, in behalf of himself and Rev. E. Peabody, declined re-election. Rev. A. Hill and Rev. C. Brooks were

nominated instead. The Association then elected Rev. Dr. Gannett President; Rev. Mr. Lothrop and Hon. S. Fairbanks Vice Presidents; Rev. J. W. Thompson, Rev. Alonzo Hill, Rev. C. Brooks, I. Bangs, Esq., and A. Fearing, Esq., Directors; Rev. F. W. Holland, Secretary; H. P. Fairbanks, Esq., Treasurer. Thanks were voted to the retiring officers. A motion offered by N. A. Barrett, Esq., to request the Executive Committee to leave the public annual meeting entirely open to voluntary discussion, after debate, was lost. A proposed amendment to the Constitution, offered by Francis Alger, Esq., providing for the establishment of Life-Directorships, was indefinitely postponed. The action of the Executive Committee in relation to the Secretaryship, was approved by vote. The Executive Committee was requested to issue circulars to all auxiliaries, inviting a full representation of them, at the annual meeting. It was voted that the report of the Secretary be hereafter read at the business meeting. Rev. Charles Briggs was appointed (by the Executive Committee) to perform the duties of a Home Secretary. Adjourned.

*Public Meeting.*—This was held Tuesday evening, in the Federal Street Church. The President made some appropriate introductory remarks, and after prayer by Rev. Mr. Corder of Montreal, the Annual Report,—which will be printed, was read by the Secretary, and being listened to with close attention, was accepted by vote. Of the Address by Rev. Orville Dewey, D. D., we shall attempt to give no abstract. It was a comprehensive, clear, discriminating and powerful production, treating of the position, advantages, peculiarities, prospects and immediate duties of Liberal Christians in this country. As catholic as it was profound, and as fervent as it was judicious, this grand discourse must have commended itself to every branch of our body. It should be circulated throughout the whole land. The views of preaching, of prayer, of family religion, were in a strain of pure and lofty piety, while those of reform should put to shame all narrow, partisan and selfish notions. It would be as unjust to the author as to our own sense of fitness and propriety to offer a bare *sketch* of a discourse so affluent in thought, and in beauty and power of expression.

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UNITARIAN COLLATION.—In the vast Hall adjacent to the Depot of the Boston and Worcester railroad, at 2 o'clock on Tuesday, May 30, some nine hundred persons, ladies and gentlemen, sat down to a most hospitable and joyful feast, prepared by the generosity of the Liberal laymen of Boston. In behalf of these, Eben Dale, Esq. offered some appropriate and spirited introductory remarks, when Charles G. Loring, Esq., the President, rose and announced that a blessing would be invoked by Rev. Chandler Robbins. After the abundant dinner had been zealously partaken of, thanks to Heaven were returned by Rev. C. A. Bartol. Mr. Loring then drew the attention of the company by a few eloquent and timely observations, touching on the beauty and nobleness of a large-hearted Christian charity, and the superiority of a spirit of goodness to any sectarian peculiarities, relating an interesting anecdote of Whitefield's preaching, and concluding with a graceful acknowledgment of the presence of the ladies. Rev. Dr. Pierce read the first original hymn, which was sung *congregationally*. Dr. Pierce then told some entertaining stories showing most conclusively that he is not so old a man as some others, and giving from a

friend this excellent maxim as a recipe for longevity: "Rise early; live temperately; work hard; continue cheerful." Rev. Dr. Kendall of Plymouth pleasantly contrasted the days of his settlement with the present. Lieutenant Governor Reed avowed his satisfaction at the recent rapid growth and diffusion of the sentiment that the Bible is the only legitimate creed of Christians, and a sufficient rule of faith and practice, making special reference to the manly and catholic views of Dr. Bushnell. Mr. Congdon of New Bedford cited amusing authority from a Quaker neighbor in favor of brevity. Rev. Mr. Fisher, of the Irish Protestant Society in Boston, introduced Rev. Henry Giles who advocated, by energetic and pointed appeals, the claims of Rev. Mr. Fisher's parish to the sympathy of the Liberal public, feelingly alluding to the humble beginnings of Christianity itself. Here the Chairman read a very interesting letter from Judge Cranch of Washington. After a hymn was sung, Rev. Charles Brooks paid a warm tribute to M. Coquerel of Paris, now a member of the French National Assembly, whom he designated as the most eloquent preacher in Europe, having the satire of Juvenal, the rhetoric of Burke, and the spirit of Channing, and whose theological opinions are entirely in harmony with ours. Rev. S. D. Robbins then referred to the recent publication of the Memoirs of Channing, and gave some expression to personal reminiscences of that eminent Teacher of Truth. The Chairman then spoke cordially and with deep emotion of the recent deaths of two honored and trusted men, who had both preceded him, within four years, as presiding officers, at this table, John Quincy Adams and Jonathan Chapman. A brief but eloquent eulogy on the character of the latter was added by Rev. Dr. Parkman. After solemn music, Rev. Mr. Waterston reminded the company of the labors of our brethren at the West, and of the presence of other brethren of the Christian connexion, whose missionary ardor and self-sacrificing exertions are so deserving of our admiration. Rev. Mr. Dean (Christian) responded earnestly to Mr. Waterston's call, testified to the immense influence of Channing's writings even on the borders of the wilderness, and gave some striking passages from his own experience.

Moses Grant, Esq. presented the exposed moral condition of young men in the city, as a subject of intense interest to every Christian. Rev. F. W. Holland called attention to a devoted minister in Galena, Illinois, who absolutely cannot find a place where to preach the Word, to a waiting congregation, for want of eight hundred dollars. A cordial letter was read from Hon. J. G. Palfrey, which from its author's noble position in Congress and his high character generally, elicited repeated applause. Rev. Mr. Huntoon thought highly of this feast, more highly of nature in general, and more highly still of woman. The Chairman put a motion, offered by Moses Grant, Esq., re-appointing the existing Committee of Arrangements, and it was passed with enthusiasm; thanks were voted for the use of the Hall, and after concluding observations from the Chair, and the singing of the Doxology, the company separated in excellent spirits.

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MINISTERIAL CONFERENCE.—This body met in the Chapel of the "Church of the Saviour," at 9 o'clock A. M., on Wednesday, May 31, and was called to

order by the Scribe. Prayer was offered by Rev. William Morse of Tyngsboro'. The Address, on the subject of "The Difficulties and Discouragements, Responsibilities and Duties, incident to the Position of Liberal Ministers at this time," was delivered by Rev. S. K. Lothrop of Boston. Thanks were voted to Rev. Mr. Lothrop, on motion of Rev. A. Hill. The organization of the Conference was effected by the choice of Rev. Joseph Richardson as Moderator, Rev. F. D. Huntington as Scribe, and Rev. G. E. Ellis, Rev. J. F. Clarke, and Rev. S. Osgood as members of the Executive Committee. A committee, composed of Rev. C. Brooks, Rev. Mr. Harding, and Rev. F. W. Holland, was appointed, on motion of Rev. Mr. Brooks, to consider the expediency of establishing a fund for the relief of aged ministers in poverty. Rev. J. F. Clarke moved that the Elders of the Christian connexion present, should be invited to take seats with the Conference, and the motion was passed. Subsequently, several motions of similar import, with regard to the Universalist, the Orthodox, and other denominations, were laid on the table, on the ground that the original title applied to the Conference,—that of the "Liberal Clergy of Massachusetts,"—was sufficient to prescribe its limits. It was ordered that the question of the adoption or rejection of a topic for discussion be uniformly taken without debate. Several questions being read, in connexion with the Report of the Executive Committee for the last year, the following was selected: "How may our clergy best obviate the dangers that threaten to harm their influence and limit their usefulness?" Rev. W. H. Channing spoke at length on the subject of Liberality and Union. He was followed by Rev. Theodore Parker on the same subject, and explaining and vindicating his theological position. Rev. S. Judd of Augusta, Maine, adverted to his local situation, and the peculiar difficulties besetting him, as well as to the advantages of that part of the country, and dwelt on the true Christian policy of a liberal body. Rev. Samuel Osgood contrasted the position of the Church of the Hierarchy, the Church of the Dogma, and the No-Church with that of the Church of Progress and the Divine Life as manifested in Jesus Christ. Adjourned till 3 o'clock, P. M.

At 3 o'clock, the Conference was again called to order, by the Moderator, and remarks were made on pastoral duty by Rev. R. Sanger. A Letter on the subject of Pastoral Visits, anonymous, addressed to the Conference, was read. Rev. T. R. Sullivan replied to some of the statements of Rev. Mr. Channing in the morning, and insisted on the essential and broad difference between the disbelievers in miracles and supernaturalists. He also dwelt on the distinction between Christianity as a system of principles, and any of the forms of the application of those principles. Rev. Dr. Dewey alluded to the difference between the views advanced in the address of Mr. Lothrop, and his own as conveyed in the address before the Unitarian Association, the evening before. Dr. Dewey maintained that the body of Liberal Christians occupy ground clearly and altogether distinct from that of the Rationalists, in relation to the authority of the Scriptures, and to the fact of miracle. He entered, also, a magnanimous and affecting plea for generosity, forbearance and a manly charity. In very striking terms, he censured the morbid spirit of discontent which speaks perpetually of the decline of our cause, and pointed out its absurdity. Rev. Mr. Holland introduced Elder McKinney, a delegate here from the Western Christian Conference of Indiana, who gave an interesting account

of the purposes and position of his brethren, offering and asking fellowship. Adjourned.

*Thursday morning.* Rev. W. H. Channing, having moved that the subject of the day before be laid on the table, offered the following motion, "That, in fulfilment of the purposes of the body of ministers of this commonwealth, who, agreeing in liberal and catholic views of Christianity, formed in '1820 the Berry Street Conference, with the avowed end of diffusing practical-religion and the spirit of Christianity, a committee be appointed to inquire whether some plan cannot be adopted by this Conference for promoting a larger unity in spirit, truth and deed, among christians." He then proceeded to speak on the making a belief in miracles a test of fellowship as an error and a wrong, and concluded by expressing a wish for the union of the liberal men of all sects. Rev. J. N. Bellows thought the question one not to be decided on abstract grounds, but by experience. Rev. J. F. Clarke pursued this idea, and avowing his firm belief in miracles, doubted whether they are literally the basis of any man's faith in Christ. Rev. Dr. Dewey argued that difficulties about portions of the record could never place the person admitting them on the same ground with those who reject its authority altogether. Rev. T. Parker adverted to what he considered the inconsistencies of Unitarian ministers on this subject. Rev. S. G. Bulfinch regretted the discussion, and entered into the argument for the miracles, pointing out the distinction between the School of Strauss and those who agree with Mr. Parker, the latter not having the coldheartedness of the former, nor the former the inconsistency of the latter. Rev. Dr. Noyes showed how it is that Unitarians, like other orthodox christians, stand on the Bible basis. Rev. W. B. Greene designated the diversities that obtain among Unitarians, and took the ground that no man denying the Resurrection is theologically a christian. Adjourned.

*On Thursday afternoon,* the topic of the morning was renewed, and Rev. E. P. Crafts spoke in behalf of an authoritative and supernatural Christianity. Rev. T. W. Higginson spoke in behalf of young men, urging liberal views and large fellowships, and censuring Unitarians as wanting in respect of positive tenets. The resolution of Mr. Channing was then adopted by the Conference, and the following gentlemen were appointed to constitute the committee:— Rev. W. H. Channing, Rev. Dr. Gannett, Rev. J. F. Clarke, Rev. S. Osgood, Rev. F. D. Huntington, Rev. T. T. Stone, and Rev. Dr. Lamson. Rev. F. H. Hedge then resumed the discussion, by request, and spoke on the church, unity, and authority, in their relations to each other, maintaining the necessity of authority to the unity of the church. He also referred to his recent travels abroad, to the evidences he had seen of the power and permanency, as well as the corruptions, of the Romish church, and gave a striking description of a Benediction by Pius IX., and the enthusiastic attachment of his people to that Pontiff. Rev. C. H. A. Dall regarded the restoring of the image of God in the soul of man, and that image, the life of Christ, as designating the positive work and creed of Unitarians. Adjourned.

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THOMAS CLARKSON.

FRIEND OF THE SLAVE.

BY REV. SAMUEL OSGOOD.

IN every age the greediness and pride of man have led him to play the despot, and make a slave of his weaker brother. In every age, Christianity has been the friend of the weaker, the champion of right against might. Again and again, the Gospel has justified the sacred commission of its Messiah. How it succeeded in abolishing the ancient slavery of the European races, we cannot now relate ; we speak now of the poor bondman of modern times — the African slave. What Christianity has done, and is called to do for him, will appear most satisfactorily, by considering the subject, not abstractly, but in connection with the career of that venerable man to whose recent grave humanity points with reverence, and whose name stands chief among the friends of the slave.

We must shun lengthened details. By a few rapid glances we must survey the fearfully interesting field.

We first go back to the last century, to the year 1785 — ten years after the beginning of our Revolutionary war — two years after the close of the struggle. Peace and freedom came to our fathers, and the noblest hearts among them were against making the slave the hopeless exception in the general jubilee. The first anti-slavery movement appeared in this country. To the mother country, however, we are to look for its pre-eminent champion.



On a pleasant summer day in 1785, among the many travellers on the road between Cambridge and London, there was one, who, unconsciously to himself, was preparing the elements of a great moral revolution. The good yeomen, as they passed him on their way to or from the Metropolis, must have wondered at the singular appearance of this young man. From his dress and other circumstances they might naturally think him connected with the neighboring university and destined for the church. But, what should affect him so strangely? Now he rides onward as if gazing upon vacancy — now he stops his horse, and walks musing along the path — now he sits down upon the turf, the very picture of sadness. What is it that so burdens his mind? If some gay collegian from Cambridge recognized the sad wayfarer, the wonder would be none the less. Success always stirs the blood and lights the eye of youth. Why should Thomas Clarkson be otherwise than happy? He had gained the first prize at the University, and now having been to Cambridge to read his successful essay, he is returning to London, where friends will not fail to greet him cordially, and smooth for him the way to eminence.

It is that very prize that makes him so thoughtful and sad. The subject of it was: "Is it right to make slaves of others against their will?" The young man had gone into the discussion with too much heart to allow his zeal to vanish in the transports of successful competition. What he had read, and heard, and written concerning the slave, haunted him day and night. England lies before him in all the summer beauty of its fields and gardens. The young traveller thinks only of Africa — its ravaged villages, and slave marts. That journey had almost a Damascus vision for him. As he sat by the wayside, he felt convinced that if his essay was true, "some person should see these calamities to their end;" it seemed too presumptuous in him, a young man of but twenty-four, to undertake a work requiring such solid judgment and extensive knowledge. Yet his career was from that time decided. Shrinking from the place of a leading reformer, he might at least contribute his mite to the work. He could translate his essay from Latin into English, and enlarge it with valuable facts. He went on with his task, was delighted to find that others had been moved to the same convictions, and were ready to help him with

new and important information. In a year, the book was published, and its reception by excellent men led the author to forsake his former literary ambition and hope of professional eminence, in order to give himself wholly to the cause of the slave. The thought that flashed upon him the year before during his journey was nurtured during a visit to some friends in Kent. Walking in the woods, he reviewed his past life, and questioned the future. Should he sacrifice his fair prospect for an enterprise little honored in its character, and very doubtful as to its result? His choice was taken and never abandoned.

"I had," he says of himself, "ambition. I had a thirst after worldly interest and honors, and I could not extinguish it at once. I was more than two hours in solitude, under the painful conflict. At length, I yielded, not because I saw any reasonable prospect of success in the new undertaking, (for all cool-headed and cool-hearted men would have pronounced against it,) but in obedience, I believe to a higher power. And this I can say, that both on the moment of this resolution and for some time afterwards, I had more sublime and happy feelings than at any former period of my life."

Thus determined he gave himself resolutely to his best work. His course was obvious. To distribute copies of his work among members of Parliament — to wait patiently upon several leading statesmen, and to enlarge his own knowledge upon the subject of slavery, seemed to him the true method to be pursued at the outset. His plans soon took definite shape, and able helpers joined him in his operations. By May 22, 1787, the little band was organized who were to act with such power against one of the mightiest monied interests and inveterate abuses, among the British race. Clarkson had visited the slave ships on the Thames, and collected stores of startling information as to the enormity of the traffic. He had seen the gifted and noble Wilberforce, and enlisted him as the parliamentary advocate of a cause long before near to his humane heart. Now one of the determined twelve, he gives his vote with them for the resolution against the slave trade, as being both impolitic and unjust, and joins them in a league for procuring its abolition. This was the stand first taken in the anti-slavery movement. "Down with the Slave trade." How much wiser and more efficient Granville Sharp's position would

have been, the sequel, which shows the motto, "Down with slavery itself," to be only consistent anti-slavery doctrine, will prove.

Of the committee nine were Quakers, and of those, one was the noted William Dilwyn from our own land. Granville Sharp, so celebrated for his services in reversing the oppressive decision, which allowed slaves to be brought to England, and for establishing the principle, that the slave is free as soon as he touches the English soil, is made chairman of the committee. Clarkson is the principal active agent in its affairs. The enterprise is indeed a vast one. Twelve men, with a few sympathizing friends, against a powerful mercantile interest, backed by uncounted gold, and inveterate prejudice. But twelve men eighteen centuries ago stood up against far greater odds. The contest must plainly come. There was much of the spirit of the Christian twelve in the matter. These Quakers with Clarkson and Sharp to guide them are not easily to be put down. How goes the issue?

For sake of distinctness, let us divide the course of the great struggle into its three principal points. The first begins with the organization of the committee, as just described, in 1787, and ends with the celebrated motion of Wilberforce against the slave trade offered by him in the House of Commons two years afterwards, 1789.

How different now the manner of Clarkson from what it was, during that journey of doubt and conflict. Once more a traveller, with no signs of hesitation in his appearance, he mounts his horse, and leaves London to visit the great centres of British slave trading. Bristol is his first point; he reached that place as night came on. The town looming up in vast dimensions under the hazy sky, might seem to him a fit image of the gigantic adversary which he was about to brave, and the sound of the evening bells struck like a dirge upon his soul. But misgiving soon ceased, and he entered the street more resolute and cheerful than ever.

A new and fearful field of observation now opens upon him. He saw the horrors of the slave trade as never before. To write a finished Latin essay from materials furnished by books, was very different from gathering the dreadful statistics from the crews of slave ships on the decks and in the cabins of

vessels that had again and again been the graves of living men. He found that the slave trade was almost as destructive to its votaries as to its victims. The sailors of the vessels were treated with the utmost tyranny by the officers, and cruelty and disease thus destroyed thousands of British subjects every year. He collected unequivocal evidence of atrocities against the Africans which fiction would not dare even to imagine. He found that in one case nearly a hundred of the principal inhabitants of an African town had been enticed on board some English ships under pretence of friendly negotiation, the chiefs had then been murdered, the remainder enslaved, and the town ravaged. He gathered facts as to the horrors of the middle passage. The startling statistics grew into an enormous mass, as he pursued his investigations. At Liverpool, he ascertained some facts, still more remarkable. In these visits, he made a point of collecting every possible specimen that might illustrate the capacity of the Africans, and the cruelty of the slave traders. He formed quite a Museum of the natural productions and native manufactures of Africa, and of the instruments of torture and confinement used in the slave trade. He allowed no obstacle to daunt him. To find a witness against a slave captain who had murdered a sailor, he crossed the Severn at Bristol, on a stormy night, when the ferryman told him that it was death to go. He did not abandon his researches at Liverpool, although some men in the slave trading interest had tried to throw him into the dock, and end his labors and his life at once.

Meanwhile the Committee had not been idle. Numbers of excellent men had joined them, and by the time of Clarkson's return to London in 1788, they were ready with their appeal to the British government. Petitions began to flow in upon the House of Commons. The time for public action had come. At the instance of Wilberforce, Clarkson came to furnish evidence to the privy counsel. He immediately called on Pitt, then Prime Minister, showed him his statistical tables and African curiosities. The great minister was surprised at the body of evidence thus collected against the slave traffic, and seemed deeply affected at the specimens of the productions of Africa, and especially at the manufactures of the natives in cotton, leather, gold and iron. Great was the alarm of the

slave interest at what followed. In the absence of Wilberforce on account of sickness, the Premier himself offered a resolution in the House of Commons, that the whole subject of the slave trade be discussed at the next session; and meanwhile, in order to alleviate the more atrocious features of the traffic, a bill was passed prohibiting the prevalent cruelties to the slaves during the middle passage.

The crisis evidently drew near. The next session of parliament was to bring it on. Wilberforce hoped to gain health enough to open the debate, and Clarkson spent the intervening months in labors, which in difficulty and amount seem incredible. There was no hope of success save in unequivocal facts that should prove the cruelty and impolicy of the traffic. These facts Clarkson had in readiness. His work on the Impolicy of the Slave Trade reached minds whom no moralizing could affect, and when the report on the traffic was laid by the privy counsel before the Commons, this bulky folio of inexorable facts was declared by the leading orator to be chiefly the monument of Clarkson's self-sacrificing zeal.

Now comes the second stage in the progress of the struggle. May 12, 1789, Wilberforce presented his twelve resolutions condemning the slave trade. He advocated them in a speech of three and a half hours, which Burke immediately declared to be equal to anything which he had ever heard in modern oratory. Pitt and Fox followed upon the same side. If wisdom, eloquence, humanity and religion were to decide the question, the views thus enforced would have triumphed at once. But the gold of the slave trader was still powerful, and a timorous conservatism struck hands with the Liverpool merchants and West Indian Planters to defeat the right. The subject was postponed to the next year, and again and again under various circumstances and agitations.

The year 1792 was now at hand. Procrastination seemed to have done its worst, and the hope was that the slave interest would be forced to allow the subject to be brought to a fair discussion. Where was Clarkson during this interval of three years? At work with all his might, now travelling with incredible despatch, now conducting a correspondence and investigation that made day of night, and almost shattered his constitution. Politically, the cause looked less and less promising.

The cry of general horror at his first revelations in 1787 had in a great measure subsided, and since 1790 the sharp voice of commercial calculation was heard above the deep cry of outraged humanity. He trusted however in a power stronger, though less ostentatious than the votes of hackneyed politicians. The English people under his direction were appealed to anew. Every principal town was visited by him in person, and an abridged statement of the facts embodied in the great report was universally circulated. Parliament was stormed by petitions for the abolition of the infamous traffic. Notwithstanding the defeats of the previous year, Mr. Wilberforce in 1792 brought forward a more radical motion than ever, one that aimed not as before to prevent the importation of slaves into the British colonies, but to abolish at once the whole traffic in slaves by British subjects, on the African coast.

Would that we could give a graphic sketch of what took place in the House of Commons in the April of that year. The pages of the Parliamentary Debates of that time have a singular interest. What can be more thrilling than to listen to the eloquent voices of the two rival statesmen of that day, advocating the same great principles of humanity. Wilberforce was brave as ever, and Pitt and Fox stood by him, as if no conflicting interests had ever divided them. What nobler spectacle does good Providence ever present on earth, than the gifted orator consecrating his vast gifts and resources to sacred principles, and raising his voice, not for gold or party, but for the good of man and the glory of God. Legislative halls have never rung with nobler words than were heard in the British Commons during that noted month. Then the triumph of the cause was virtually achieved, in spite of the distant date 1796 inserted in Wilberforce's motion by the opposite party, and the years of further procrastination occasioned by the temporizing of the House of Lords.

But in all this blaze of brilliant oratory, are we in danger of forgetting the devoted, yet not eloquent man, who furnished those statesmen with the facts that inspired their eloquence. Turn from that Senate hall, and follow plain Thomas Clarkson in one of his expeditions of investigation, and then say if he can be forgotten.

At one time, it became very important to obtain information as to the method of procuring slaves in Africa. The custom was, for the natives, upon the arrival of slave ships on the coast, to send canoes up the river well armed and manned to seek slaves. How were the slaves obtained? By purchase at the fairs, said the slave merchants. By robbery and murder, said the abolitionists. It was evident that the expeditions were successful. Sometimes 800 or 1000 slaves, were brought down together, bound, and laid in the bottom of the canoes. It was said that no white man had ever been with the natives in these expeditions. Clarkson would know the truth, and expose the probable atrocity. He learned that a friend had once conversed with a sailor, who had gone up the river on one of these excursions with the natives, and could tell all about it. Nothing was known of this sailor, except that he belonged to some ship of war in ordinary. This meagre information was enough to set Clarkson on fire. He was determined to find the man. He went to six of the naval depots of England, visited 260 vessels of war, and examined their crews. But all in vain. One port only remained, and disheartened as he was, he started for Portsmouth, a distance of between two and three hundred miles. The first day he boarded 40 vessels, and the next morning entered his boat to complete his rounds. The fifty-seventh vessel was the *Melampus* frigate, and there he found his man. The information furnished, surpassed his expectation. The man had been with the natives upon two expeditions inland, and gave satisfactory proof that the slaves brought back, were not purchased prisoners or criminals, but the quiet inhabitants of peaceful villages, who were dragged from their huts at night and led in bonds to perpetual captivity. Clarkson could hardly contain his joy at such important evidence. What energy is shown in the incident. It was thus that this indomitable man did his work. Who will presume to compare him invidiously with the orators who made so brilliant a figure in the debates of those days? Let the name of Wilberforce retain all its laurels, and may they never fade. Shame, however, on the man who is willing to slight the fame of Clarkson to add honors to that great Christian statesman. Let both stand side by side as in the triumphs of 1792.

a long time was to elapse before the promise of that

year could be fulfilled. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. Pitt and Fox and Burke were to die before the result was realized. Vexatious delays made the friends of the slave sick at heart, and combined with over-fatigue to bring Clarkson to the verge of the grave. The third period of fifteen years, 1792 — 1807, completes the great conflict. From 1792 to 1794, our hero continued his labors, and his friends in Parliament strove to carry their point. But in vain. Clarkson was obliged to retire from the field with shattered health and exhausted means. The Reign of Terror in France had made the very name of liberty a reproach, and for years the cause languished. Still, however, Wilberforce and his band were true and earnest, determined not to forsake freedom, because its name had been taken in vain — determined not to doubt the stars of Heaven, merely because a star-like meteor had vanished in smoke and blackness. After nine years of comparative retirement, Clarkson appears once more in the field. In 1804, the bill for the abolition of the slave trade was carried through the Commons, but postponed in the Lords. The next year the motion was renewed and again deferred. In 1806, resolves were passed on motion of Fox in the Commons condemning the traffic, and both houses concurred. On the 25th of March, 1807, on motion of Lord Grenville in the House of Lords, the traffic was entirely abolished. Thus the month of March, 1807, is a golden date in the annals of humanity, for during this month both England and the United States voted to abolish the slave-trade. England may claim undue honor for her part in the suppression of the traffic. Small praise belongs to her habitual policy. A few devoted men ensured the great triumph, and their efforts would have been nought without the votes of the Irish members admitted into Parliament by the Act of Union. Obstacles of incredible baseness were thrown in the way of the reform. It was urged by one that the bill would harm British interests by lessening the demand for *gunpowder* on the African coast, and, by another, that it would destroy the market for *refuse fish*. Such being the spirit of the opposition, the greater the credit due the philanthropists who persevered to the end.

We may deem it matter of congratulation that our Congress was in advance of the British Parliament, although but by a few



weeks. Happy coincidence. Happier still, if our Congress had kept equal pace with Britain in the abolition of slavery itself.

Fittingly Clarkson thus closes his noted history of the struggle against the slave trade:—

“Reader! thou art now acquainted with the history of this contest! Rejoice in the manner of its termination! And if thou feelest grateful for the event, retire within thy closet, and pour out thy thanksgivings to the Almighty for this his unspeakable act of mercy to thy fellow creatures.”

At this time, Clarkson was comparatively young. Of the forty remaining years of his life, we can say but few words. He now devoted himself to writing the history of the abolition movement. (1808.) Previously he had written his elaborate *Portraiture of Quakerism*, (1807,) and thus recorded his admiration for the Society of Friends, which had surpassed all others in sympathy for the oppressed. In 1813, his *Life of William Penn* appeared. In 1818, we find him at the famous Congress of Sovereigns, at Aix la Chapelle, pleading with them for the slave, and gaining the ear of Alexander himself, in behalf of the Russian bondman.

In 1823, a new era for the slave opened,—one that was hardly looked for, except in the remote future, by most of the old crusaders in the assault upon the slave trade. The anti-slavery movement now reached its second and consistent stage of progress, and its motto now was, “Down with slavery itself.” “Who knows,” asked Clarkson towards the close of his history, “but that emancipation, like a beautiful plant, may in its due season rise out of the ashes of the abolition of the slave trade, and that when its own intrinsic value shall be known, the seed of it may be planted in other lands.”

In 1823, men, younger and stronger than himself, deemed that time had come. Now Wilberforce and William Smith (the latter a staunch Unitarian, too little appreciated now,) both veterans of the old campaign, stood up in Parliament again for the slave,—for his thorough emancipation, and gave their sanction to a movement which they were too old to lead. Buxton and his helpers, among them Brougham and Macauley, went forward with the work. The veteran Clarkson gave his blessing, and though too old to be active as in the

former struggle, he gave all his strength towards the movement extending from 1823 to 1833, which ended in the emancipation of the slaves of the British West Indies. When, in 1833, Buxton and the emancipationists triumphed, no man's heart beat more happily than his. He had then lost his eyesight, in his intense labors of philanthropy. He remarked to a friend who visited him, two years since, that the deprivation was not without comfort, for he had become blind in a good cause. Aptly Milton's words occur to us in connection with this venerable man, his successor in the cause of freedom, as in the loss of vision :—

“What supports me, dost thou ask ?

The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied

In liberty's defence, my noble task

Of which all Europe rings from side to side.

This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask

Content, though blind, had I no better guide.”

In the autumn of year before last, (September, 25, 1846,) this venerable patriarch of humanity went to his rest and reward. For some years his sight had been restored to him, and the vigor of his mind continued to the last. In 1836, he published a somewhat elaborate Scriptural Dissertation, his “Researches into Ancient Revelations.” His interest in every humane cause was unflinching. Few scenes in history are more interesting than that of Joseph John Gurney's visit to Jamaica in 1840, where he read a written passage from Clarkson to an assembly of 1200 of the emancipated slaves which was received by them with great respect. Death overtook him in the midst of his labors, and important letters which were sent to him by the prime minister in regard to the condition of sailors, whose cause Clarkson had so warmly advocated, reached him as his eyes were closing forever.

We have been at pains to ask information as to his appearance in old age, from a gentleman who visited him shortly before his decease. Although too infirm to rise from his chair to meet his guests, he was the embodiment of dignity and benevolence. His figure was tall and commanding, his expression benign, his conversation varied and interesting. His was an old age to be purchased only by a life of such purity and virtue.

No brilliant genius is claimed for him — nor any extraordinary intellectual gift. His greatness was moral. His conscience was the commanding power. His sense of the Right was the source of his might. Accurate, judicious, persevering, he was beyond all others the man to lay a solid foundation of facts for the basis of a great moral reform. To beauty of style he has small claim, although we had rather write in his inelegant style than in the spirit that dictates Jeffrey's sarcastic review of his book on Quakerism. His solid facts are attractive as other men's eloquence, and occasional dulness is not without a certain interest, from the assurance given by his awkward periods that the strict letter of the truth will never be sacrificed to witty point or graphic description. If he ever incurs the danger of being his own trumpeter, we must remember the difficulty of distinguishing between regard for his own good name and regard for a sacred cause. He was surely willing to be humbled for the sake of humanity.

He died in his 87th year. What a life was that — comprehending what events — illustrating what principles. Heaven be praised that men of bloody hands are not the only prominent heroes in the vast drama of this momentous epoch, and that the men of mercy and peace are winning more and more the admiration of mankind. Poetry, too, prone to glorify the soldier, thus from the pen of Wordsworth celebrates the Friend of the Slave :—

“Clarkson! It was an obstinate hill to climb,  
How toilsome — nay, how dire it was — by thee  
Is known: by none perhaps so feelingly.  
But thou, who starting in thy youthful prime,  
Didst first lead forth that enterprise sublime,  
Hast heard thy constant voice its charge repeat,  
Which out of thy young heart's oracular seat  
First reached thee. O true yoke-fellow of time,  
Duty's intrepid liegeman! See the palm  
Is won, and by all nations shall be worn!  
The blood-stained writing is forever torn.  
Thou henceforth wilt have a good man's calm,  
A great man's happiness. Thy zeal shall find  
Repose at length, firm friend of human kind.”

## PINE BARREN STORIES. II.

## LUCILLA—THE HERNSTEINERS.

LUCILLA was my eldest daughter. She was the acknowledged beauty and genius of the family, and she had scarcely reached her thirteenth year before it was quite perceptible that the acknowledgment was in her opinion decidedly just. Lucilla had certainly the fault of vanity, but she was unselfish and true hearted. Tractable and generous, it was the easiest matter in the world to convince her that she had erred, but impulsive and volatile, the lessons she received were sometimes traced in sand.

At the age I have named, she began to exhibit a tendency to romance, and little scraps of poetry grew quite abundant in quotation on her lips, and sometimes in her own hand-writing on colored billet paper headed — *original*. I must confess in some of the specimens which met my eye the term appeared fully applicable in regard to style. At all events Loo was a poetical *looking* creature. Her dark eyes were bright with animation and intelligence, while her unfettered form swayed gracefully to the impulse of her buoyant spirit, ever joyous and elastic, yet ever womanly and delicate. She had all the elements of a fine taste, as yet uncultivated, and if I trembled at her abundant lack of judgment, I was comforted by a certainty of sound principle, and that the labor which lay before me would be lightened and richly compensated by the excellence of the native soil.

There was a small sitting room at one extremity of our domicile where I sometimes went with my work when the advancing coolness of autumn made a little snug fire desirable. There also Lucilla loved to retire alone, with her pen and her book, when the tide of youthful fancies growing turbulent must needs overflow in poetic effusion. I indulged the taste, considering it a harmless one, and she now and then produced something that excited amusement, and sometimes to her annoyance, no little sport, in our domestic circle. One of her subjects was the escape of a caged robin, belonging to the boys, and an especial favorite. Little Madge, the youngest of

my children, and the pet of the whole house, had a heart overflowing in tenderness towards all living things, and unable to resist what her imagination construed into the lamentations of the imprisoned songster, she had gathered courage to brave the probable displeasure of her brothers and give him liberty. Lueilla, an unperceived witness of the transaction, gave us, next day, the poetical sketch, which, as she did not long continue her intimacy with the muses, I may be pardoned in this single instance for introducing. The boys liked the picture, but would not allow that Madge deserved in it so graceful a position. "After all," they said, "Loo was too pretty to scribble, and what was more, she was getting vain of her prettiness, which was quite uncanonical in an authoress."

#### THE RELEASE.

Sir Robin from his prison high  
Looks out o'er hill and dale,  
"How fair," he cries, "the summer sky,  
How sweet the summer gale."

He hears the birds, with cheerful song,  
The green boughs rustling through;  
He sees the light clouds sail along  
Their upward ocean blue.

"Would that such liberty were mine!"  
The imprisoned poet sings,  
"Dear birds — I hear your songs divine,  
I mark your radiant wings.

"What care I that my gilded bower  
Is decked with proud display;  
I may not brush the field-born flower,  
I may not tilt the spray.

"To cheer me, oft my gentle mate  
Will pause my prison near;  
But while she mounts on wings elate,  
I lonely linger here.

"The water's in a gilded cup,  
That laves my captive feet,  
And daily am I smothered up  
With fruits and flowerets sweet.

"But freely, freshly flowed the rill  
Where I was wont to drink;  
And fruits and flowers more luscious still  
Grew wildly at its brink."

Sir Robin droops his plumed crest;  
He stints his song of sorrow :—  
He will betake him to his nest  
And moan again tomorrow.

\* \* \* \* \*

On yonder crimson cushion sits  
A childlike form of love,  
Such as an angel soul befits  
To float the earth above.

And as she drinks, with ear intent,  
And rosy lips apart,  
The pathos of that sad lament,  
Compassion stirs her heart.

A warmer glew is on her cheek,  
Tears on her lids are lurking,—  
As, struggling through her bosom meek  
A purpose deep is working.

And now a light is in her eye,  
And on her lips a smile;  
She riseth up, half doubtfully  
She standeth still awhile.

Step after step — she onward goes;  
Upon the gilded wire  
Softly her trembling fingers close;  
She cannot now retire.

Her cheek is tingling more and more,  
Her heart is throbbing fast,  
She lifts the latch — she opens the door,  
Sir Robin's free at last!

She follows with a straining eye,  
And a gush of wild delight,  
Far up into the blue arched sky,  
The bird's exulting flight.

One morning Lucilla entered the sitting room with a listless air, glanced at the mirror as she passed it, and seating herself, placed her work-basket on the stand beside her, but meddled not with its contents. She looked uncommonly well. She had been tying up her hair with blue ribbons, and the curls, though they lost somewhat of their natural grace under the studied arrangement, were certainly most becomingly disposed.

"That seems to be your favorite attitude," said I, smiling at the peculiar way in which she rested her head on the tip of her forefingers, and gazed abstractedly on the opposite wall. "Do you consider it particularly graceful?"

She blinked a little and dropped her eyelids—but a smile struggled round her mouth, and at last broke all over her countenance as she answered,

"I have a particular reason for it—but not the one you think."

"Is it not painful? I declare your cheek is quite purple. Remove your finger foolish child."

Loo now laughed outright.

"I am only trying an experiment, mamma. You know how fond the old poets were of dimples, I think I can have dimples of my own making."

"And how long have you been trying this sensible experiment?"

"Oh, not long—it requires perseverance of course. I have longed for a dimple ever since I read the old volume of Petrarch. It is really such a classic beauty."

"I fear you will find no Petrarch to hand your dimples down to posterity—but now seriously, Lucilla, let us have no more of this. How much time did you exhaust on those elaborate curls this morning?"

She was subdued in a moment. She took up her work with a most crest-fallen air, and after a short silence said in a trembling voice, "I know I am foolish—I—" She was interrupted. "Loo," cried William, bustling in, "I have finished my ship,—and such a beauty! All she wants is some ribbon for streamers—what can you give me?"

"I believe you must go to Elizabeth,—I used the last of my ribbons this morning."

"What these blue strings on your head? Why, Ned, she looks like a full rigged ship herself—does she not?"

Both the boys laughed rather provokingly, and I must plead guilty to a half-suppressed smile myself. It was hard upon the poor girl—she colored up, and her eyes looked ready to fill—but my own Loo triumphed—her never failing good temper got the mastery over us all.

"If these will do for your ship, Will, you may have them and welcome," and she smiling and most gracefully took off the blue streamers and handed them to her brother.

I should perhaps apologize for the introduction of this trifling and childlike anecdote, but it is characteristic. Lucilla was two years older than my second daughter, Elizabeth, of whom I shall have occasion to speak hereafter. Lucilla's name will perhaps more frequently occur, because if not a more interesting, she was decidedly a far busier personage than Elizabeth. She was the suggester of almost all our excursions, and there is scarcely a story in my collection, to the knowledge of which I was not in some measure guided through her agency.

I love to recur to these earlier days when my children made the one family circle of which I was the centre.

"Let us go this afternoon to visit the Hernsteiners," said Lucilla. "The dear old man has asked us again and again, and I really long to see the trees that produce those fine figs he brings us, and that frow of his that he seems reluctant to talk about."

Accordingly, guided by some not very explicit directions left by old Hernsteiner at his last visit, we undertook to ride through the woods on a jaunt of discovery.

The Hernsteiners were a Dutch family. There were many of that name in the Pine Barren. The old couple we were about to visit, were among the earliest settlers, and lived far removed from all neighbors. There is little to tell of them, but they were in themselves sufficiently peculiar to make one of the few sketches in my collection.

On the afternoon I have mentioned we came suddenly upon a little plantation consisting of a patch or two of potatoes, and one of Indian Corn, a few fig and mulberry trees, and several beds of common garden vegetables. The house was the smallest that I have seen; yet not the most desolate, for the



rude fences about it were in good repair, and where cultivation had been attempted it had evidently been by no sluggish hand.

"This must be the place," cried Lucilla, and so it proved.

It was here then that we first made acquaintance with the home of the little Dutchman, and with his bigger, not better half, who now came forth to receive us, in her proper person the most enormous specimen of woman kind my eyes had ever beheld. She wore a short, striped, grey petticoat, and on her head a clean linen cap, but she was bare-armed and bare-footed, and appeared with a hoe in her prodigious grasp, which so far from seeming out of keeping with her sex and mien, was only too delicate an instrument to be thus rudely handled. I say the dame was not the better half of her husband, for he was truly the kindest hearted creature in the world. Good nature laughed out of his little twinkling blue eyes, and when he was so happy as to see an opportunity of obliging a friend, his movements had all the quickness and agility of youth; though his lean shanks and his locks as white as cotton, betokened an advanced old age. No less than his gentle spouse he was a perfect original both in looks and character. I fancy I can see and hear him even now, though he has been dead so many years, the little warm-hearted, sprightly old man, with his extra long-tailed coat, and his tiny, shortest of waistcoats, — his poor, long fingers working and twitching while he poured out with that nasal twang a score of Dutch songs, that might be genuine, or might be hockery-pockery for anything we know to the contrary. What a nose he had; — and what a voice. They called him Leather-lungs, and well they might, for he could be heard, of a still summer's evening, from one extremity of the settlement to another wearying his listeners, but never exhausting himself. I have fallen asleep after being disturbed late at night by his clamour, and awakened at daylight by the same sounds. Yet though many were annoyed, none could be offended. Old Hernsteiner — when he died there was a vacancy left, no other could fill. Who that had heard him would not say so?

Then it was that Dame Hernsteiner came out in her glory. Deeply engrossed with the rigid management of her affairs, of which the inspection of the good man's conduct formed in her nation the most essential and laborious part, she had been

a close housekeeper; often making his premises of too warm an atmosphere, so that he was fain to abscond for days together; during this interval he doubtless made himself more comfortable than at home, but in due time he paid a grievous penalty. There were no bounds to her anger, no limit to its out-vent on the recreant's devoted head. The dame once threatened to pour melted lead into his ears the first time she should find him napping after one of his "howls," as she called his Apollonian wanderings. Melted lead! what a horrible idea! "Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing," it would have out-done the "cursed hebenon" of the Dane. It was the very caricature of cruelty. He would have cried out like Beatrice, "What fire is in mine ears?" Whether or not Dame Hernsteiner intended literally to perform her threat the object of her wrath seemed little regardful, and to the last he continued to wander away for days at a time, during which he was perpetually cheering the village with his song:—

"Nor yet at eve his note suspended  
Nor yet when eventide was ended."

The first Sunday after his death, the interesting relict appeared at church not like "the new made widow"

"Crawling along in doleful black,"

but to the consternation of at least all the female part of the congregation, she presented her enormous figure laboriously bedizened in the most ostentatious colours. Her dress was a many hued, large flowered calico, a red shawl, blue ribbons, and a yellow silk pocket-handkerchief well known to the whole parish as old Hernsteiner's best, and which he used to throw over his bare head in service time, either as a shield from the draft, or an indulgence to his habit of repose. This, far from being appropriated to any purpose of grief, now flaunted in the dame's grasp like a banner of victory.

Our good clergyman preached to an inattentive audience that day, and highly to the widow's satisfaction, no doubt, a theme was supplied for at least a week's gossip.

For my own part, I was so much disgusted, that I did not go to see her all that winter. I heard of her occasionally, visiting among the neighbors, and there was a report towards spring, that she had taken home a niece of her own for companionship.

That this girl was Dame Hernsteiner's niece was in itself sufficient to prejudice many against her, and no one it was said could look upon her for a moment, and doubt the relationship. The same gigantic proportions, the same hooked nose, and carrotty locks characterized the external appearance of aunt and neice.

I was not incited by these accounts to renew my visits to their plantation, nor should I probably ever have done so, had I not received a message from the dame begging my advice in an attack of "flammatory rheumatiz," which she said had confined her for three months back.

I found her in bed quite helpless, and suffering as much from her own ill temper as from the disease itself. She complained bitterly of the want of attention on the part of her niece, whose tall, ungainly person soon after presented itself with a pail of milk upon her head, which she disposed of as easily as one might handle a tea-cup, and giving me a good humored smile in answer to my salutation, she went quietly to her household occupations as if she had not been six feet tall and of broad proportions. I noticed that all was in good order about the sick room, and that Jane showed no impatience under the frequent and unjust rebukes of the invalid; so I forthwith took her into my good graces, and from that day renewed my visits to the Hernsteiners.

I never could induce Jane to converse freely with me, but I soon became satisfied of her genuine excellence of character. In all the frequent intercourse that I afterwards had with her, I never heard her utter anything approaching to a moral sentiment, but I saw that she "acted well her part" and it was sufficient. My girls looked upon her as scarcely less a paragon in worth than in size, and she speedily became one of their prime favorites.

Dame Hernsteiner lingered on, to test the enduring patience of her niece another year. She died at length and was buried, by the united desire of the whole parish, at an opposite side of the church-yard from where reposed the bones of the good old Dutchman. The industry and parsimonious habits of the dame had produced their natural result, and *Jane the Giantess*, as she was generally nick-named, was left sole inheritor of all worldly wealth of the Hernsteiners.

A. M. W.

## SPIRITUAL COMMUNION.

THEY throng around my nightly couch,  
That pure and holy band ;  
With eyes of faith and tender love  
I see them near me stand.

Come, come, ye blessed ones, I say ;  
Where'er your dwelling lies,  
I feel that still ye look on me  
With kind and gentle eyes.

'Mid nature's lovely scenes I walk  
When daylight's hours are bright,  
And spiritual beings still  
Seem near, though veil'd from sight.

And when the shades of evening hide  
The glories seen by day,  
The things invisible grow bright,  
As nature fades away.

They come, they come ; with earnest eyes  
I gaze on them once more.  
I feel the pressure of their hands,  
As I have felt of yore.

The aged, with their silver locks ;  
The strong and full of grace ;  
The young, and beautiful, and true ;  
The child with cherub face ;

These, these the guardian angels seem,  
That watch around my bed ;  
I love to think their hands are laid  
With blessings on my head.

E'er surely 'tis no idle dream,  
To which my spirit clings,  
That those unseen are with me now,  
Though veiled by earthly things.

And still I look with trembling hope  
To that bright world of bliss,  
Where endless years mature the love  
That only dawns in this.

## RATIONALISM.

THE spirit of free inquiry of the present time is not matter of anxiety but rather of hope. For only by freedom will the mind and heart expand. Freedom is as necessary to the mind, that it may grow and increase in healthy proportions, as the deep atmosphere is to vegetation; that the trees may shoot their branches towards the sky; from which they in part draw their nourishment. So it is that a sense of freedom gives life and animation to the mind and nourishes the soul, while it rejoices to reach upward and onward, and in every attainment, finds strength and heart for fresh acquisition.

Free inquiry brings out the truth, quickens the apprehension of men; calls attention to, and creates interest in, our possessions, and makes us vigilant of our rights and privileges. For ourselves we by no means regret, upon the whole, that a body of men have arisen, who question long received opinions and put us to the test of explaining upon what ground we stand as Unitarian Christians.

Dr. Dewey's sermon on Tuesday evening of last anniversary week, was a clear statement of our position. Everybody understood him, and all are disposed to thank him for his lucid statements, his catholic spirit, the hope and comfort he imparted to all our hearts. We wish the whole Unitarian body could have heard that sermon; for we believe the views there expressed calculated to produce that unanimity, the want of which many complain of. And yet after the discourse, in the discussions of the week, the question came up, In what do we believe? How far and to what extent do we receive the Scriptures? And we would remark in the outset, that we defy any man, after what might be esteemed a fair treatment of any of the great questions that belong to us as immortal beings; life, death and eternity; retribution and our state of being beyond the grave; the views upon these subjects revealed in the Sacred Scriptures, which if not certain knowledge approximate so near to it as to give satisfaction to the mind—we say we defy any man, descending from his appropriate sphere, the place where his mind acts most naturally, to be able to submit the Socratic method of inquiry, and clear up, step by step,

all the difficulties that belong to these subjects, which God has affixed to them for wise ends, and which are the veil that hides Deity from the too familiar gaze of finite and erring creatures.

In the discourse to which we allude, and to all the sentiments of which we heartily accord, it was said, "We believe in common with all other Christians, in God; in Christ; in the Bible, and in the doctrines and duties which it teaches. But we believe in God as one, not three self-conscious beings, in Christ as in a peculiar sense the Son of God, and that he died to bring us nigh unto God, not to reconcile God to man; in re-generation, but not in the passivity of the subject of it; in retribution, but not in the literal eternity of its duration." And if memory serves aright, it was said, no one of us believes in the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures, in plenary inspiration; and good men of all times, since the revelation through Christ, have felt it their privilege to question separate parts of this history of a divine revelation, without impeaching their title to believers in it as coming from God to man.

There is a very broad distinction between the Rationalist and Conservative class, and it is this. Both use reason in the study of the Word, but the former denies any supernatural character to it, while the latter looks to it as a book of authority. The Rationalist believes in the Bible as he believes in Shakspeare; receives what recommends itself to his mind as true; in short the Bible to him is just like any other book of human device and speculation and no more.

We propose to answer the Rationalistic inquirer here and all who are perplexed about the subject of a supernatural revelation. The Unitarian body is challenged to say what it believes and what it does not believe; in short it is asked to make a new statement of the grounds upon which it esteems itself a church, having a unity of purpose and sentiment.

We believe in the Scriptures as a book of authority. There is evidence that these Scriptures were compiled from authentic MSS., and if we understand the objections the Rationalist makes, he does not found his difficulties upon the historical testimony of the Scriptures, but upon the incredible facts of those Scriptures. The books themselves, as being authentic narratives, are not questioned. The Rationalist says the subject matter of the books themselves vitiates the narration and

that they refute themselves. But this only carries us back to the question if any revelation from God to man is probable.

We say it is probable, and might be expected from the nature of man. *A priori* his needs and wants, his ignorance and liability to error make some authoritative system of truth absolutely essential to his salvation. The prayer of the publican, God be merciful to me a sinner, must be the point of view from which any man can see the truth. All learning and study must come to this feeling of want or they are useless. Here, so to speak, is the key note of all research and investigation ; for a theology that supplies not the wants of the soul, which answers not the cry of humanity is a vain thing, a mere mythology. Let us not play the part of the Alchemists in theology and delude ourselves with some philosopher's stone in opinion, and forget the practical objects and ends of all true theology. What would be thought of a theory of medicine, based upon general physiological laws and not upon the facts of disease and pain incident to man ? How much would such a system of medicinal practice be worth to the world ?

Man is a sinful being. This will not be denied. He needs help, aid, forgiveness. The system which he accepts must help him out of this despair, and give hope to his being. And here it is that Rationalism fails. It is very consistent with itself, very logical, starting from the point that no miracle is possible, and then denying the Gospel narratives ; it is very bold and very cold and very self-sufficient ; it leaves out of mind the very element for which all religion was sent to our race, namely, to save man from sin and fit him for Heaven.

It seems to take Heaven as the natural and inevitable home of our race and to deny the conditions of life which God has chosen to affix to our being.

It does not seem to recognise man's probationary state in the present life, his moral education through a series of struggles and difficulties. It makes man a high being, which we deny that he is, by any necessity, but which we grant he may *become*, through the reception of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Its thoughts and beautiful theories seem predicated upon the notion that the ideal Christ will take captive the human heart, by a native affinity of man's nature ; and thus he will not by natural biasses and attractions to Holiness and

en.

We say this matter of a supernatural and authoritative revelation is not, cannot be, settled upon abstract grounds; for anything supernatural would be denied, and justly, unless a sufficient cause could be adduced to warrant the departure from the usual course of events. Such a cause we see in the mission of Jesus Christ, coming with credentials to prove his divine power to God's creatures, his brethren, those he loved and whom he died to save.

That man might be a being capable of the greatest attainments and fit to live in Heaven and be the associate of angels, God made him liable to sin and gave to him the power of self-destruction. And this power seems necessary to his final exaltation. He is a free agent, free to fall and free to rise. But in the contest with sin, man's probationary state, he plays a very unequal game with his adversaries, the passions and appetites, the evil desires of his nature. The desire to do wrong, the natural desire, must be stronger than the desire to do right, before any state of temptation can exist for man, before this life can be a probationary state, and discipline the soul for Heaven; and we find it to be so. The passions and appetites come with promises of pleasure and gratification, immediate enjoyment, and seek to enslave the soul. The passions say, as did the serpent unto the woman, "Ye shall not surely die." And man looks at the forbidden fruit and sees it to be pleasant to the eyes, and desires to have it. Always is it so. The lower nature is clamorous and promises peace and ease, while the contrary course is one of sacrifice and denial, and the rewards of resistance are distant and future. Eve in the garden, tempted by the serpent, is a very picture of the human heart from that day to this, and alas, her yielding to the temptation carries the parallel farther than we could wish.

We cannot shut our eyes to this fact of our being, that vice and sin are delusive and infatuating, while virtue and goodness come with a crown of thorns and a cross, whose motto is, "Deny thyself." Who lives and feels not the contest is unequal? Who is so blind and self-sufficient as not, at times, to feel the need of a voice from Heaven, to encourage the sinking soul, worn down by the importunity of the passions, the sophistries of society, and ready to yield the prize but now so nearly won?



Here do we find the need of an authoritative system of truth to help us. This is why we say all must start in this investigation with this cry from the soul, God be merciful to me a sinner. We speak of the need of an authoritative system of truth, because this restores the balance; nay, weighs down the scale on the other side and gives to man the victory over Sin. Now is it possible for man, aided by the Son of God, to stand firm in the hour of temptation; to resist the enticements of the passions; to overcome and conquer himself. The Rationalist, the heathen philosophers teach men to rely upon themselves; Jesus teaches men to rely upon God. We have never been able to see how Christianity disrobed of its divine character is anything better than the morals of Socrates and Seneca. Indeed on some accounts it is not so good. And let us not be misunderstood in this last statement. The Christian system of morals is so high, its requirements are so large, its views so contrary to maxims of worldly policy and expediency, that it is doubtful if the human heart would receive it unless accompanied with the voice of God; while Socrates and Seneca speaking from a lower level would more easily reach the understanding of man.

But this is no reply it will be said to the philosophical argument against miracles. No, truly, it does not say *how* they happened but it says *why* they happened. They do not stand out in history as facts *without* reason, if their *modus operandi* is beyond reason. We have the assurance of those whose lives have been passed in the examination of testimony in courts of justice, men whose faculties have been sharpened by difficult cases involving beggary and wealth, reputation and disgrace, life and death, that the evidence of the truth of the gospel narratives is as complete as anything can be, this side of demonstration; that the writers were honest, and saw and heard what they have related. And if Jesus did not come from God and speak by divine power, the burthen of proof lies with those who deny his miraculous character, to show where those fishermen of Galilee got their model for such a being; and where they got their system of morals, so much beyond all human philosophy, that it often seems to contradict all human reasoning, and yet is ever true when faithfully and humbly received, for it is to be proved true by experience.

Indeed it may be said that the moral system of Jesus contradicts all current systems of his time, as much as his miracles appear to depart from the received laws of matter.

‡ And now we would ask the Rationalistic inquirer where is the great topic that has not its difficulties ; for we confess to difficulties in the Christian system ; we feel we have not certain truth ; we do not *know* all that we believe. Who has ever got beyond the facts of gravity and attraction ? Who has solved the vexed questions of light and heat, electricity and magnetism beyond all doubt ? Why are there exceptions to the theory of definite proportions in chemical affinities ? Are they exceptions or not ? Is it not our limited knowledge that causes them to appear such ? We ask the Rationalist to answer these and kindred questions before he seriously asks us to reject a Book which has stood the test of so many generations, and which has been as a lamp unto the feet of our fathers ; a Book which was the stronghold of the Puritans, as they stood amid snow and ice on the rocks of Plymouth, and which by its counsels and promises has nerved so many hearts to die for duty and the right. Where did it come from ? Tell us its history ; account for its wonderful power in its very words and pictures ; what deep hearts wrote its pathos and invented its poetry, and from what well did they draw who imagined its wisdom ?

We saw Lucretia Mott, as she stood in the Anti-Sabbath Convention, in her meek Quaker garb, the pattern of neatness and simplicity and counselled the abjuration of all authority. They who called this convention did not go far enough for her. She was consistent at least, and we thought at the time, what a beautiful thing it would be, if this Earth could at once be changed into a Paradise. What sweet spirits, it is said, dwell in the breasts of these inquirers ! Well it is so. Lucretia Mott talked calmly, and evidently felt what she said. She was in earnest. We expect to meet her in Heaven. But we are puzzled at this scheme of throwing off all authority and resolving ourselves into a state of nature. If we understand what is meant aright, we are to give up the Bible and the Sabbath, as exploded follies, dissolve the government, and each man take care of himself.

We would ask, are we to have any organization of any kind ? Are regular hours of eating, tyranny ? Are roads an infringe-

ment of natural rights? Have cities a right to build bridges, even with drawers, and thus *hinder* navigation? Are schools and regular school hours unnecessary? Is the division of men into trades and professions a bad arrangement for convenience and higher skill in the useful arts? We are certain these questions will not be answered in the negative. We ask then where rule is to cease and liberty to begin? If organization is necessary, to carry on the business of the world; if law, self-imposed restrictions for our own and others' greatest good, must lie at the foundation of civilization, why may we not organize religious worship, and have set times for prayer and praise? And is it not in keeping with the Divine beneficence, that, in our weakness and ignorance, a code of moral laws should be given us; motives, encouragements and hopes held out to us, something the world could agree in, to reverence and regard; a bond of union among neighbors and nations; some central point of attraction for all conditions, tribes and colors to unite and harmonize the human family?

We believe we have such a code, speaking to us with authority. God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son.

Having thus far in our remarks shown the necessity of a book of authority, that man might have a hope of salvation, in the otherwise unequal contest he wages with his passions and lower nature, we would now look briefly at the influence of the opposite opinions upon those who have cut themselves loose from long established views and customs.

The most conspicuous instance of failure is to be found among the Fourierites, who have in almost every instance found it impracticable to carry on, for any length of time, in practice what seems so charming on paper. This idea of worshipping God by hoeing corn and building houses, is too wide a generalization for most hearts; and is indeed only Pantheism. There is something fascinating in this picture of universal brotherhood; each one laboring in his true place, according to his natural taste; with time for culture, for social pleasures, for rest from toil, each living for all and all for each; liberty, fraternity, equality, the ruling principles; no poverty all do not share, and no abundance all do not enjoy; every child having

the opportunity of education and each one doing his share of the work of the world — but the scheme has failed in this country, we believe, from the absence of that element, we have shown to be necessary to man, a religion of authority, the directing voice of God, which is better than human wisdom and all philosophical systems.

We would not do our brethren injustice for the sake of making out a point in our argument. We know good and religious minds have joined their body, but we ask if they have not felt the want of some definite system of religious thought, some organization for religious worship, of a sabbath day ; and is it not this want that has scattered their order and created an instinctive fear of their plans for the amelioration of society ?

God knows how imperfect is our social state ; what wrongs disgrace our christian profession ; what inequalities, injustice, selfishness and oppression are found among us ; how sad a picture our world presents. But does any one think the christian system, as revealed in the Scriptures, is not sufficient to cure and remedy those evils ? Is not the fault in ourselves rather than in our system ? Let us strive to perfect liberty and fraternity under the direction of Jesus. It is not so much change that is needed, as a deeper devotion to the cause in which we are embarked — the spread of Christianity in our world.

And how is it with the various schools of philanthropy, some of which have cut themselves loose from the church and would move on to their objects independently of law and religion ? Do the people, who are ever ready to answer a true appeal, respond to their call ? Do not many regret, the lovers of freedom for all men, of peace and temperance — do they not regret the violence and maledictory spirit which often disgraces professedly philanthropic meetings ; a violence the Gospel does not sanction, and, if adopted, would not permit ? Has not the Anti-Sabbath Convention lately held in this city retarded the cause of human freedom, *by aiming a thrust at institutions which originated the very idea of freedom ?*

For these and various other reasons which might be adduced, do we look with mistrust upon many of the new movements of our friends and brethren. We believe society is to be reformed and regenerated in God's way, and not in man's way ;

that through faith in God, in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, and by the power of his Gospel, attested by miracles and many wonderful acts, is man and society to be saved from sin and fitted for Heaven.

J. N. B.

## THE RATIONALE OF PRAYER.

A SERMON, BY REV. G. REYNOLDS.

MATTHEW vi. 7. But when ye pray use not vain repetitions, as the heathens do, for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking.

JAMES v. 16. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.

THE text clearly reveals the difference between true and false prayer; and also the differing results of each. The vain repetition,—the utterance of a mere jargon of words, in which the heart has no interest shall accomplish nothing.

The fervent expression in prayer of the feeling that glows in the good man's breast shall draw down the favor and benediction of the Father.

The distinction between seeming to be and being is fairly drawn. Prayer is not the expression of that which has no inward vitality, but the outward manifestation of feelings that stir the man. The feelings are shown to be the all important things; the outward statement to be but the necessary movement of a full heart. The first question then to be asked is, what is this feeling which is the essential element, the very foundation of all true prayer.

Nothing but a heartfelt realization of the relation in which we stand towards God; and a hearty desire to be true to that relation. What is our relation to God? That of recipients of his present bounty, who are yet dependent upon his future favor for life, strength and all things. Such being the position of man it must of necessity produce in the true soul gratitude and humility. *Gratitude* because the Father's goodness has blessed us every needful thing. *Humility*, because we

have been ungrateful and disobedient; false to our light, and unfaithful to our privileges;—because we are weak and erring and entirely dependent upon God. This gratitude and humility consciously existing in the soul is we say the essential element of prayer, and it naturally and necessarily leads to prayer itself, which is an offering to the Most High of thanksgiving and petition. *Thanksgiving*, for what we have received, —*petition* for what is needful for our future well being. *Thanksgiving* for present comforts and joys; —*petition* for pardon that we have made so poor a return, that we have sinned, gone astray; — petition that strength may be given to us, so that hereafter we may fully and faithfully obey God, and develope in harmony and beauty the glorious nature with which he has endowed us.

It now appears clear that prayer is no mysterious thing, but the *natural result* of our *dependent condition*. It is as simple as the child's thanks or requests to its parent; *it is* a child's thanksgiving and petition to a *heavenly* parent.

From the naturalness of the thing itself springs the obligation to observe it. Prayer is the necessary expression of a true soul; — we are therefore bound to bring ourselves into a frame of mind in which we *can* and *do* pray because the *possession* or *want* of such a frame of mind is a sure index of the *truthfulness* or *falsity* of our spiritual condition. He, whose feelings do not drive him to thank God for his goodness, must either have a frozen heart, or else have no appreciation of what he owes to his Maker. He, who does not feel impelled to pray for aid from the Source of all strength, must have either a sad want of faith in the promises of the Gospel; or as sad a faith in his own strength; — or yet again be wholly unmindful of his duties, his powers, his destiny.

In either case the mere fact that he cannot pray or does not wish to pray proves that he is in a false and dangerous state. He has no just idea of what his relation to God is or he *would* pray; and we urge upon him to strive to be in the prayerful state in order that he may return to the true condition from which he has fallen. Again the duty of prayer is urged upon us because certain needful gifts are promised to him who utters the fervent petition, and *to him alone*. We have no right to neglect it for the same reason that we cannot, without sin, do

or leave undone anything the doing or not doing of which will in any way peril our souls. However strong we may be, we may become yet stronger, by connecting ourselves with God by prayer. The fervent prayer avails much, and no confidence in our own powers will justify us in neglecting it. However much we may strive with those powers, any failure to succeed will be inexcusable if we have not in the appointed way sought assistance from on high.

Finally we are urged to pray, because the duty is explicitly recommended both by the precept and the example of Christ and his apostles. "Watch and *pray* lest ye enter into temptation." "After this manner therefore *pray* ye, Our Father which art in Heaven," are the words of Jesus; and he himself spent whole nights in watching and prayer that he might thereby fit himself for days of labor.

"Pray without ceasing," "I will that men pray everywhere," are the commands of the Apostles, and they themselves continued instant in prayer, being found together of one accord in one place. The duty of prayer then derives its obligations from these reasons that the prayerful state is the only healthy state; that we derive strength through prayer; that we are expressly commanded by Scripture to pray, the precept being enforced by the example of Christ and his Apostles. Such being the case it would seem scarcely necessary to urge its fulfilment upon Christian men.

But though few will deny that the grateful prayer of *thanksgiving* is the natural and beautiful expression of a true soul, yet many cannot understand how any prayer of *petition* can avail aught; nay many cannot believe that it is right that they should offer any. If, say they, God is a being of infinite goodness, wisdom and might, then he not only has the *power* to do that which is truly best for us, but he also has the *desire* and most *assuredly will*. Ought we then not to content ourselves with humbly thanking him for what we have received, without presuming to interfere with his government by lifting our weak requests to his throne? If we make requests, do we not prefer the decisions of our finite wisdom to those of infinite wisdom? Do we not indeed doubt the perfect love of God?

This statement and these queries have much force; but it can-

not be denied that they are utterly opposed by Scripture. In that form of prayer given to us by our Saviour, there is a large portion devoted to petition. "Give us this day our daily bread ;—forgive our debts as we forgive our debtors ;—lead us not into temptation ;—deliver us from evil ;" are *all petitions*. When the hour of Christ's death drew nigh he prayed and his prayer was one of *request* (tempered indeed by those words which should never be upon the lips of the Christian man, "Not my will but thine be done,") but a prayer of *request* it nevertheless was, "Oh my Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me." And when that Saviour hung upon the cross the prayer of intercession, of *petition*, was on his lips, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

How are we to reconcile the doubts of the understanding and the words of Scripture ?

We seem to have made the whole difficulty by answering in our own way the question what is best for us. The declarations of Scripture are plain that God judges that it is for our truest good that many blessings should come only when we heartily ask for them. If in his wisdom and love he had not so judged he would have granted them without prayer. *Let us impress this truth clearly upon our minds, for it solves the whole problem.* We say then that God demands of us that we offer the prayer of petition, because he in his wisdom and love *judges and knows* that it is best that we should receive the greatest blessings only when we heartily wish and ask for them. A little reflection will show us *why* it is truly best. We are thus continually reminded by our own desires and words of our entire dependence upon God. This dependence it is that we are always tempted to forget. Living in the midst of tangible things—surrounded by outward interests, and strifes, there is always danger that we may forget our close connection with God and our constant dependence upon him, and make the outward things which we apparently gain by our own strength and possess and use in our own right our firm rock of support,—*our all*. It is then well and needful that we should understand that the highest blessings can be drawn down only by communion with the Most High, by prayer and petition to the Father, by the lowly bending of the knee, the humble bowing of the heart.



Endowed as we are with great mental powers, entrusted with our own destiny, and enabled to accomplish great works,—to build up,—to get gain,—to influence our fellows, there is ever a tendency to elevate our own nature and to be unmindful of God's agency; to forget that we are but servants, and to exalt ourselves to the dignity of uncontrolled and independent powers. It is fit that then we should feel that the attitude of humble petition is our rightful position; so that, while our lips utter the filial request, its lesson of dependence should sink deep into our hearts.

But not only does the prayer of petition teach us the lesson of human dependence, it teaches also man's entire independence. God is indeed the source of all light and strength and joy. Truly every good gift and every perfect gift cometh down from above, but there remains with man the power to receive or reject them all, at will. In all God's dealings with men, the grand idea of moral responsibility, of human responsibility towers over all. The Spirit is poured into the soul to vivify and to sanctify, but it comes through the law of freedom, not the law of subjection. It comes because it is humbly prayed for or it comes never.

Observe how in other things God guards man's freedom. We gain nothing outward or inward but as we choose. To a great extent our own wills determine our situations in life. God presents motives for a wise decision strong and many, but there he stops; we decide.

We choose our companions whether evil or good, and abide the result. Seeking haunts of dissipation or the society of the debased we dissolve our whole soul in sensuality, or we lift it to a truer life by the choice of pure influences and pure companions. More clearly still is the freedom of our will shown in the ruling of our hearts;—of them we are absolute masters and lords, subjecting ourselves to appetites and passions, or rendering obedience to pure affections, as we please. Now this same law of choice so clearly discernible in all other things God observes in offering us spiritual aid,—he preserves inviolable the freedom of the will. The Spirit knocks at the door of our hearts, but it enters not until we open by prayer the door.

is evident that so long as we ourselves do not desire the

gifts or aid of the spirit, while we continue moral agents no power natural or supernatural can impart them to us. To impart them without our will would be to hurl us from our position as men, as moral beings, and make us no better or higher than irrational creatures of instinct. And even if they could be imparted to us, every one of them, without the destruction of our moral agency, what good could they do us if our whole nature rebelled against them? Truly they would be swept away by our passions as a thousand other holy influences daily are.

But suppose on the other side, that incited by motives — alive to our own feebleness and fickleness, we consciously desire the aid of a higher power, (what is that but the soul's prayer spoken or unspoken!) cannot then the Holy Spirit descend with all its quickening power, to enlighten our folly and to replace human weakness by divine strength?

Not in opposition to our desires, to destroy our free will — but in alliance with them to strengthen and sanctify it. And let not the result of prayer be confounded with its reflex influence, that emendation of the man produced by holy musing. It is no natural effect, but a supernatural influx of the Spirit in accordance with a certain immutable method. An influx which is gained by man's obedience to a well described law, and only by this obedience, which law is nothing more than this, that a man possess a *conscious, hearty, thorough* desire for it, that he breathe the true prayer of petition.

We find then ample reason why many blessings should be granted when humbly requested in prayer. This is one, perhaps the only sufficient, way by which the conviction both of human dependence and of individual responsibility can be impressed at the same time on the soul. It is the natural, the necessary, the only expression of that true state in which by a conscious exercise of the will the soul is thrown open to the inflowing of the Spirit; finally, to be prepared to offer aright the prayer of petition constitutes of itself that preparation of the whole man which is essential to any improvement of the aid received from God.

But perhaps here it is objected that God establishes general laws by which he governs the world, and it is impossible to suppose that the prayers of men can *change* his purposes.

The objection has no force. No purpose of God, and no law of his government is changed by granting the prayer of petition. The general immutable law is that certain blessings shall be received only when prayed for;—and the granting or not granting according as the man prays or refrains from praying is in perfect agreement with the law. The truth is the objection makes synonymous two words which are far from being synonymous, *and here is its weakness*. It makes a change of purpose and a change of action identical things, which they are not.

God never changes his *purpose*, which is that every man should receive within proper bounds those good things for which he asks. But the very *purpose* itself makes it necessary that his *actions* should change to conform as far as he judges best to the prayers of men. I confess that I have but little respect for that idea of God which supposes that he puts into operation a few unchanging and unfeeling forces called general laws, and then that he enforces them without any reference to the differing experiences and wants of men,—making the world but one vast field in which all are in the same way mowed down like grass before the scythe.

But I do bow down and adore that Providence which, by the continual supervision and presentation of motives, makes all the varying actions and the granting of the prayers of men perfectly consistent with the fulfilment of his wise decrees; the accomplishment of the best good of all, and the best good of each.

But do you say that you do not understand *how* a constant change of God's action to conform to the prayers of men can be consistent with the fulfilment of a general providence? Neither can I. But we can both understand that an infinite being might in the midst of mutation and by mutation work out general ends, which is a very different thing from understanding the *how*, the tracing step by step his method of working them out, which last requires omniscience. We do not understand the method, not because there is none, but because the problem has an infinite number of conditions, and we have finite minds.

An example will illustrate. We know that all the countless worlds around us revolve in perfect harmony, each in its ap-

pointed circle: planets moving round their suns, and the great system of planets and suns slowly wheeling round a central sun, and this they do in perfect peace. Yet we know also that by the law of gravitation each and every star attracts and alters the course of each other star; that at each successive moment, as the stars in their course change their places, so also the forces of attraction change, and again the orbit of each star alters. And yet so has God balanced this infinite number of attractions that in spite of countless perturbations the whole system sweeps on safely in its untroubled course. We can conceive that an infinite mind might so arrange them all that in the midst of untold variety there might be preserved one grand unity of movement. But who will attempt to say now he accomplishes it. Take another example. Every word which we speak and every action which we perform affects others, and through them affects the world, so that while the world exists it will be better or worse throughout all time for each word or action of every man. And when we consider what an infinite number of influences are at work, can we understand by what method in the midst of them all, and by the means of them all, the great ends of Providence are wrought out? We have faith to believe that God does accomplish these ends, but who has the presumption to say that he sees the *way*.

Why cannot we understand the way? Simply because there are an infinite number of causes at work, intermingling with and opposing each other, and composing with their effects that tangled maze we call human life, in which is included the life of the whole for ages, and the life of the individual for a moment; and at the contemplation of which the mind grows dizzy. Why do we understand and know that God can rule the whole to the accomplishment of his ends? Because he has omniscience to trace each action through all its effects to its final result, and infinite wisdom to comprehend what corresponding providence each and every action demands; and omnipotence to carry out fully all his mediate designs to the entire accomplishment of his final purposes. Just such a problem is involved in the question how can a constant change of God's action, to conform to each man's prayers, be consistent with the fulfilment of a general providence. It is not

impossible that it should be consistent, nor improbable, and by the revelations of the Gospel we know that it is not only possible and probable, but absolutely certain that God hears and answers prayer, and yet in the midst of all his eternal purposes move on to their consummation. The problem is simply too great for finite beings; we do not understand it fully because we have not infinite capacities. We conclude then that God can and does answer the prayer of petition — that the command which requires such prayers is founded upon a knowledge of what is truly best for men — finally that the prayer of petition is, equally with that of thanksgiving, the necessary expression of a true soul, whose observance is an imperative duty.

But, say men, we have for years conscientiously performed the duty and yet we do not perceive that our prayers have had any effect. A question is suggested whose consideration will furnish an appropriate conclusion to this hour's reflections, — Why are so many prayers ineffectual? First, because we ask for things which are not for our good, and which therefore God in his love cannot grant. Secondly and principally, because we do not observe the essential conditions of true prayer. I would enlarge upon this point. A prayer is the fervent expression of a feeling that actually stirs the man, or it amounts to nothing. Viewed thus, much, very much, that passes for prayer is a vain heathen repetition. Men do not *pray* because they have deep emotions and they must, but they *make prayers* because they think that prayer is a duty; because such is the custom of good men: or because they are told that thus they may secure the favor of God. Hence their failure of success. These are not the effectual fervent prayers of the righteous, but the vainest babblings of men.

Again, prayer is not the expression of a general and undefined feeling; but of feelings of gratitude and humility founded upon a clear conviction, that there are peculiar blessings for which thanks should be rendered and that the soul has peculiar wants which must be supplied — which peculiar blessings and peculiar wants are then present to the mind. Hence again the failure of our prayers. We pray, and as we say we thank God for his benefits, yet we have no clear

idea of what these benefits are, whether they are our social, intellectual or religious privileges, whether we are grateful for the senses and their thousand joys, the mind with its giant powers, the soul with its heritage of immortal life. We pray for aid but without any just appreciation of what we need or what we want. The service amounts to little and is about as natural as a set speech of gratitude and petition would be delivered by a child at regular intervals to its parent. This prayer and such prayers do not fulfil the conditions of true prayers. That is the voice of the whole man speaking to his God. The expression of emotions that burn and will have utterance,—gratitude that warbles forth its song of thanksgiving for felt blessings, contrition that sighs for pardon and deliverance from sins that crush, humility that craves the aid that the soul must have or perish. From whence come these emotions? From deep self-knowledge gained by as deep self-communion. Ah here we touch the source of our failure! Our prayers are artificial and they are shallow, and they yield a scanty supply. They utter no joy nor sorrow nor want of the spirit, and they bring back no answer to the spirit. When they are the outgushing of the whole soul they shall reach the throne of the Father and bring back answers of peace, the inflowing of God's spirit into our spirits. Prayer is the soul's sincere desire not for what it wants, but for what it knows it needs, and this real intelligent desire is alone the effectual fervent prayer, and it alone avails aught; all else is vain repetition that accomplishes nothing.

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MISFORTUNE OF A GOOD CAUSE. — "There is no doubt of this; that very seldom does any good thing arise, but there comes an ugly phantom of a caricature of it, which sidles up against the reality, mouths its favorite words as a third-rate actor does a great part, under-mimics its wisdom, over-acts its folly, is by half the world taken for it, goes some way to suppress it in its own time, and, perhaps, lives for it in history."

## COME UP HITHER.

The following lines were written at sea, after having heard of the death of a venerated father, and with the hope that a mother still lived. But she also was in her grave when the lines were penned.

My father has gone to the spirit land,  
To the land where there is no dying,  
And by day and by night I hear his voice,  
His voice—forever crying  
Dear daughter, come up hither!

Come up to the land where the holy ones  
Their anthems of joy are singing,  
To Him who sits upon the throne  
Immortal praises bringing.  
Dear daughter, come up hither!

Daughter, rejoice in thy father's joy,  
The joy of his glorified spirit,  
Heart of man has ne'er conceived  
The bliss I now inherit;  
Dear daughter, come up hither.

Dear one, thou canst not see me now,  
And yet we are not parted;  
Our spirits' home may be the same—  
The home of God's pure-hearted;  
Then daughter, come up hither!

Bid all my loved ones come to me  
E'en while on earth they linger,  
Oh, point them to my blest abode  
With faith's unerring finger,  
And bid them come up hither!

Daughter, I leave thy mother to thee,  
Cherish thy widowed mother;  
And if thou seest her spirit droop,  
And instantly wouldst soothe her,  
Bid her to come up hither.

Dear ones, I would not now return  
 Even to your embraces,  
 Yet upward I would see ye all  
 Gazing with eager faces,  
 Striving to come up hither.

TO MY PARENTS IN HEAVEN.

Mother, hast thou joined my Father  
 In that glorious Spirit land?  
 Now methinks I see ye standing  
 Gazing on me — hand in hand —  
 Calling, come up hither!

Oh ye blessed, shining angels!  
 Love ye still your lonely child?  
 As in life, still watch ye o'er her,  
 Calling, with your accents mild,  
 Daughter, come up hither?

Joy! Oh joy! I hear your voices  
 Sounding in sweet harmony!  
 Now, whene'er I droop or falter,  
 Bend to earth and whisper me,  
 Daughter, come up hither!

Ye, whose accents ever charmed me,  
 Sainted ones, I come! I come!  
 Let me daily hear your voices  
 Calling, from your glorious home,  
 Daughter, come up hither!

Ye are with your Heavenly Father,  
 And with Jesus, Lord of all;  
 Heavenly spirits! I will join you  
 Even *before* the final call,  
 Mortal! come up hither!

Yes! the soul may soar to Heaven  
 While the body dwells below,  
 And the eye be gazing upward  
 Through the streaming floods of woe  
 While ye say, Come up hither!

M. S. B. D



## LETTER TO THE EDITOR. NO. VI.

WASHINGTON, JUNE, 1848

THE first full report of the Smithsonian Institute will be published in a few days ; and from that we shall find how much has been going on in a quiet way, to carry out its ample design. In the meantime it may be interesting to give a general account of it—such as I have gathered from the partial reports already published, and from conversation with the Secretary and other persons.

The sum left in trust to the United States by Mr. Smithson, to promote “the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men,” amounted to a fraction over five hundred thousand dollars ;\* lying unemployed for upwards of eight years, the interest amounted to half as much more ; so that on the passage of the Act of August 10, 1846, seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars were at the disposal of the government. And now the question is, what has been done with it ?

Three different objects were advocated with equal zeal by the friends of each, all of them worthy of the munificent foundation. First, a national Literary Institution, of the highest order, comprising a Library the best that could be collected, with every apparatus to make accomplished scholars. Next, a great school of science and art, with scientific apparatus, a museum of curiosities and specimens, practical lectures, and a gallery of fine arts. And lastly, (what seems the simplest interpretation of Smithson’s words,) a foundation on a munificent and generous scale, to stimulate research, reward discovery, to bring out in the form of memoirs or treatises the highest results of the Scientific labors of our country, and trace the progress of knowledge in every department, bringing it in the best shape within reach of all who are desirous to

\* It is often said that that sum was lost, by being invested in worthless stocks ; but incorrectly, because 1. Money loses its identity when deposited in the Treasury, becoming part of the national credit, and perishing only with it ; and 2. The United States will recover the whole or part of the corresponding sum, which was invested in that stock.

know. This last is the plan urged with great enthusiasm and energy by Prof. Henry the Secretary.

Combining the several objects proposed, Congress requires that a building shall be furnished, to contain accommodations for them all. For this, the accumulated interest, (or one third the entire sum,) is appropriated. It is now rapidly going up on the open space south of the markets; in an admirable situation for beauty of effect—not perhaps the most convenient for practical purposes. The design is the later Norman,\* or, as it may with more strict propriety be called, the Lombard style, as it prevailed in Germany, Normandy, and in Southern Europe, in the twelfth century. It comprises a centre building, with two wings, connected with the main buildings by low ranges and a cloister. The entire front is 421 feet, and the extreme depth in the centre, including the carriage porch, 153 feet. The height of the principal tower is 145 feet, and that of the main building, to the summit of the battlement, 58 feet. The design includes all the accommodations demanded by the charter, to wit: a museum, 200 feet by 50; a library 90 feet by 50; a gallery of art, in the form of a T, 120 feet long; two lecture rooms, one of which is capable of containing from 800 to 1000 persons, and the other is connected with the chemical laboratory; a committee room for the Board of Regents; a Secretary's room; a room for the effects of Mr. Smithson; a painter's room, &c. The two wings, for the Library and Laboratory, will be ready in a few months; the entire building, in about four years. The style is studiously irregular, being a mass or pile of connected structures, each fitted to its own particular purpose, and having no symmetry to mar by additions that may be necessary hereafter. The Library is calculated for 100,000 volumes; but can be indefinitely enlarged; and so with the Museum gallery. The sum seems a large one to expend in building, and so it is, considering the original donation. As a national affair, into which it is destined I trust to grow, with the Smithsonian for one department, it is just right, not at all lavish; costing one fourth

\*By a misprint the writer was made to say in a former letter that the Smithsonian buildings are in the "Roman" style.

as much as the unfinished Treasury, one-tenth the Capitol, or about as much as twelve hours' war.

The report of the building Committee, (with a full account of the structure, and some curious experiments to test the quality of the material,) shows the extreme fidelity and labor with which every step has been taken. The same committee have in charge also, the publication of the first elaborate work under the auspices of the Institution. It is a treatise entitled "Hints on Public Architecture," to contain views of the principal public buildings in the country, a selection of the plans proposed for the Institution, and a full description, with illustrative plates, of the one adopted; together with a great amount of interesting, practical information as to everything connected with material, finish, cost, style, &c., of public buildings. As a sample of the style of the work, the illustrations are estimated to cost two thousand dollars.

Next for the more quiet labors of the Secretary — less conspicuous but quite as important. After deducting \$20,000 appropriated for the beginning of the library, \$4,000 for scientific apparatus, and other sums for salaries and the like, he has for his main purpose the control of perhaps six or eight thousand dollars a year, which, when the building is finished, will be nearly doubled. At present he wishes to publish nothing in the name of the Institution, but what has substantial value, as original investigation and discovery. Accordingly out of the multitude of memoirs poured upon his hands, on all variety of subjects, and of every degree of ability, he has at present adopted only one. This is a work on the "Indian Mounds" and other antiquities of the western valley, pronounced by the New York Ethnological Society to be by far the most complete, elaborate, and able work, ever written on that subject. It will make a large volume, printed in the handsome quarto form of philosophical transactions elsewhere, and illustrated with wood cuts most exquisitely designed and engraved. The illustrations will be furnished, and one thousand copies printed at the expense of the Institution. A copy will be presented to every college and important scientific body in the country, and to all similar institutions throughout the world, with a request

for similar works in exchange. The author will then be remunerated, perhaps by a premium or donation, and by permission to print an edition for his own benefit, using the types and engravings free of expense. This may serve as an example. Another is a treatise or memoir on the potato-rot, professing to be the fruit of original investigation, and of much practical value. After being examined by Prof. Henry it will be put in the hands of some of the first chemists in the country, and their scientific reputation must answer for its merit, before it will be accepted and printed.

It is a part of the Secretary's design also, to prepare a series of treatises, on the different branches of science, natural, moral, and æsthetical, showing the actual position and periodical advance of each department of knowledge. Lectures have been already delivered here, under his direction, by Dr. Scoresby and Prof. Nichol. A part also of the scientific apparatus at his command will be employed in surveys and explorations in various parts of the country, and memorials will be distributed to men of science and practical knowledge in various places, so as to gather, from their observations, the greatest possible available fund of information. A glance will show the immense unexplored field of research which this will lay open; in magnetic, astronomical, and meteorological observations, in aboriginal antiquities and civilization, laws of climate and health, causes of local or seasonal diseases, &c.

I have just alluded to the grand ideal American Institute, (not that which a few years ago assumed the name,) of which the Smithsonian Institution is at present both the visible beginning and the comprehensive germ. It would be interesting to see how much is done already towards it in the national structures and establishments already existing here, and what new features must be developed hereafter, as this beginning creates wants by degrees, which it is incompetent to supply.

J. H. A.

## INTELLIGENCE.

**INSTALLATION AT PETERSHAM, MASS.**—Rev. Martin M. Willis, recently of Walpole, N. H., was installed at Petersham, as the successor of Rev. Mr. Nute, June 4, 1848, in the Congregational form, without council; the exercises being conducted by the Pastor elect, Rev. Mr. Wilson, and William Parkhurst, M. D.

**ORDINATION AT ROCHESTER, N. Y.**—Mr. Rufus Henry Bacon was ordained as Pastor of the Unitarian Church and Society in Rochester, June 7, 1848. The exercises were as follows:—Introductory Prayer and Selections from the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. May of Syracuse, N. Y.; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Lothrop of Boston; Ordaining Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Hosmer of Buffalo, N. Y.; Charge, by Rev. Dr. Barrett of Boston; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Buckingham of Trenton, N. Y.; Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Holland, Secretary of the American Unitarian Association at Boston; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Dr. Barrett of Boston.

**INSTALLATION AT SCITUATE, MASS.**—Rev. Ephraim Nute, formerly of Petersham, was installed at Scituate, June 21, 1848. The services were as follows:—Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. McIntyre; Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Pope of Kingston; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Greene of Brookfield; Prayer of Installation, by Rev. Mr. Gray of Boston; Charge, by Rev. Mr. Stearns of Hingham; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Pope of Kingston; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Osgood of Cohasset.

## ANNIVERSARIES—CONTINUED.

**SOCIETY FOR PROPAGATING THE GOSPEL AMONG THE INDIANS AND OTHERS IN NORTH AMERICA.**—The annual meeting of this Society was held in Boston on Thursday, June 1, 1848, when the following gentlemen were elected as the officers of the Society for the ensuing year:—President, Hon. Chief Justice Shaw; Vice President, Rev. William Jenks, D. D.; Secretary, Rev. Francis Parkman, D. D.; Treasurer, Hon. James Savage; Assistant Secretary, Rev. Samuel K. Lothrop; Assistant Treasurer, Benjamin Guild, Esq.; Auditors, Hon. Richard Sullivan, and B. Guild, Esq.; Select Committee, Rev. S. Barrett, D. D., Rev. Convers Francis, D. D., B. Guild, Esq., Rev. S. K. Lothrop, and Rev. C. A. Bartol.—From the Report of the Treasurer it appeared

that the amount of a liberal legacy had recently been added to the funds, and the whole property of the Society, including the Alford Fund, appropriated to the Indians, is now \$51,026 51. The Rev. Christopher T. Thayer of Beverly was chosen a member of the Corporation.

**MASSACHUSETTS CONGREGATIONAL CHARITABLE SOCIETY.**—The annual meeting of this Society was held on Monday, May 29, and the following is the organization of the Society for the ensuing year:—President, Hon. Chief Justice Shaw; Vice President, Hon. Edward Everett, LL. D.; Secretary, Rev. Francis Parkman, D. D.; Treasurer, Hon. James Savage; Counsellors, Hon. Josiah Quincy, Hon. Peter C. Brooks, Hon. Daniel A. White, Hon. Abbott Lawrence, Hon. James Savage, Rev. George W. Blagden, and John A. Lowell, Esq.—Hon. Joseph Bell and Rev. J. A. Albro were elected members of the Corporation, in place of Hon. Judge Hubbard and Rev. Dr. Codman, deceased. The Report exhibited a very encouraging state of the funds of this excellent charity.

**THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE, PIETY AND CHARITY** held their annual meeting on Monday, May 29, and chose the following persons as officers for the ensuing year:—Rev. Francis Parkman, D. D., President; Rev. Samuel Barrett, D. D., Vice President; Rev. Alexander Young, D. D., Secretary; William T. Andrews, Esq., Treasurer; Samuel May, Esq., Auditor; Rev. Joseph Allen, Rev. George E. Ellis, Rev. Amos Smith, Rev. F. D. Huntington, Rev. J. I. T. Coolidge, Trustees.

**MORNING CONFERENCE AND PRAYER MEETINGS.**—These occasions from their very nature cannot be properly or fairly reported. They were held on three mornings of the week in different places, were largely thronged, especially by persons from out of the city, were sustained by earnest and effective words from many speakers, and possessed an unusual interest.

**PEACE SOCIETY.**—The principal interest attached to the meeting of this year grew out of the discourse delivered by Rev. Dr. Dewey, a masterly, bold and impressive discussion of several branches of the Peace question, since published. Rev. Mr. Beckwith, in his satisfactory Report as Secretary, made special reference to the Mexican War, and the need of renewed effort in connexion with it. Most of the old officers were re-elected.

**SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.**—Spirited and eloquent addresses were made before this Society on Wednesday evening, May 30, by Rev. Mr. Palfrey of Belfast, Me., Rev. Mr. Osgood of Providence, R. I., Rev. Mr. Dorr of Lexington, Rev. Mr. Fuller of Manchester, N. H., Rev. Mr. Worcester of Boston, and Rev. Mr. Dall of Needham. The Report, which was interesting and able, was presented by Rev. Charles Brooks, and the meeting was opened with prayer by Rev. Mr. Brooks of Newport, R. I.

**MASSACHUSETTS CONVENTION OF CONGREGATIONAL MINISTERS.**—At the meeting of this body, the Report of the Committee appointed last year to inquire into the existing relations and rights of the Calvinistic and Unitarian portions of it,—recommending no action, but only making a few suggestions and including a history,—was accepted. A minority Report, not differing from the other in matters of fact, but using a different tone, was also offered by a portion of the Unitarian members of the Committee. Rev. Dr. Ide of Medway declining, Rev. Dr. N. Adams of Boston was chosen first preacher, and Rev. Dr. E. A. Park of Andover, second preacher. Rev. Dr. Adams resigned his office as Scribe, and Rev. A. C. Thompson was elected. On motion of Rev. Dr. Lowell, a large and important Committee was raised to report on the history, character, influences and moral relations of American Slavery. Rev. Dr. Gannett preached the annual Sermon to a large, gratified and highly refined audience, on the Position, Power and Offices of the Pulpit.

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**CLOSING SERVICE.**—The Communion Service was administered in the Federal Street Church on Thursday evening, Rev. J. W. Thompson preaching a touching and spiritual sermon, and Rev. E. B. Hall offering the elements from the table, the whole forming an appropriate and solemn conclusion to this busy and excited, but profitable week.

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#### ITEMS.

THE unsectarian character of the recent anniversaries at New York is noticed in various papers. It is encouraging to know the fact, and equally so to find denominational journals referring to it with commendation.

REV. ALEXANDER KING of Dublin is advocating the cause of a pure and honorable Protestantism for Ireland, as against Roman Catholicism on the one hand and the narrow and absurd policy of the Protestant Episcopal Church and the English Political Protestantism in Ireland on the other, with much eloquence and ability, as well as in a remarkably liberal and generous spirit, in the churches of various denominations of this country. We have heard him with deep gratification, and wish, for their own sakes and the sake of a philanthropic cause, that our congregations generally might enjoy the same privilege.

FEW indications show the advance of a true social refinement, and a high order of civilization, more infallibly than an increased attention to the laying out and tasteful adorning of quiet and rural places for the burial of the dead. The Forest Hills Cemetery in Roxbury was consecrated June 28; Rev. Dr. Putnam making the address, and other ministers of the city, of various denominations, aiding in the exercises. The spot is one of singular beauty, possessing natural advantages unquestionably superior to those of Mount Auburn, though at present, of course, wanting some of its hallowed associations. Hon. H. A. S. Dearborn, Mayor of the city, whose skill and taste are universally acknowledged, in such undertakings, has superintended the disposition of the grounds in person.

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## AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF THE APOSTLE PETER.

BY REV. HENRY A. MILES.

THERE is an instructive incident in the life of this Apostle, on which I have often reflected ; and I feel prompted to name some of the lessons which it has suggested to my mind. The incident referred to occurred at the time Jesus washed the disciples' feet. Surprised at the menial service which his Master undertook, Peter declares peremptorily, "Thou shalt never wash my feet." But finding Jesus bent upon teaching by his own example the duty of serving one another, even to the humblest offices of kindness, Peter immediately withdraws his refusal, and goes the length of requesting even more than the Savior proposed ; "Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head." Such was this ardent and impulsive disciple ! Observe how Jesus represses his sudden zeal. In a country where it was the practice to bathe before supper, it was only necessary to wash the feet after walking *from* the bath, and one was clean every whit. This was all that the occasion really required, and no more than this did Jesus do.

This conduct of Peter has led us to reflect upon the tendency of the human mind, in religious matters, to fly from one extreme to another. The history of opinions affords a singular commentary in illustration of this tendency. Ages of skeptical unbelief, and ages of undoubting faith, have alternated with each other. A few years ago the charge against the Established Church of England was, that the laity were



indifferent, and the clergy were unbelieving. All at once there has sprung up in that country and in that church a credulity which accepts of tradition, and the writings of old monkish authors, as ample authority for the revival of worn out customs and absurd superstitions. Sometimes you will meet a man who is a disbeliever in everything but what he calls the religion of the soul. He does not need a Bible, he does not need the Sabbath, he does not need the Sacraments. His soul is sufficient to itself. After living a while in this state with himself alone, perhaps experiencing, as a quaint old author suggests, but poor company, his soul begins to look out of itself. It sees that outward helps are after all very good things. Soon he begins to exaggerate their importance, perhaps even comes to the conclusion that there can be no salvation without them. How many have represented the doctrine of future punishment in such horrible and appalling forms that at length their own minds have revolted against it. Then they have rushed to the opposite extreme of affirming that there is no future retribution at all. These are but a few examples of a tendency to extremes which every where reappears. Peter does not stand alone. His conduct was but a type of the conduct of other disciples of every age, and of every name.

This incident has, moreover, led me to reflect upon the importance of seeing the *principle* on which every religious doctrine and practice rests. Now Peter did not see the principle by which our Savior's conduct was governed. Hence his inconsistency, first declaring that he would not be washed at all, and then offering for ablution his feet hands and head. Had he seen the *principle* of the case, he would no more have made the last request than he would have offered the first refusal, and here is intimated to us a great truth. The "too much" springs from the same want of intelligent conviction as the "too little." Thus it is that extremes meet. A man who is full of a false and blustering zeal for religion, has no more intelligent understanding of the case, than the man who is utterly indifferent. He who exaggerates the doctrine of future punishment so much that his mind cannot entertain it, has no more a true belief in a future judgment, than he who denies it altogether. And so in every case which can be named. The "too much," I repeat it, springs from the same want of intel-

ligent faith as the "too little." The proof is that men's minds will swing back and forth, from one of these conditions to the other, and always pass over the true point, where they should rest. And where a man has no clear comprehension of the *principle* involved in any doctrine or practice, what is to prevent him from imitating Peter, now refusing any washing, then asking all washing, now hot, and then cold, now on one extreme, and then on the other, and on either only because he has no well understood and rational faith.

This incident has taught me that there is a middle course, a central line, a golden mean in matters of religion, as in everything else. It is our duty to find it. We must use our reason and common sense. We must consider what properly belongs to the subject, is consistent with all truth, and is agreeable to the fitness of things. It is sometimes difficult to do this. It is vastly easier to take some extreme, like Peter, on one side or on the other, and to say we will not be washed at all, or else we will be washed all over. But truth lies between, in that middle point, where Jesus stood, and there the poise of our mind should settle. It is from this well known proneness of men's minds to take extreme positions, that moderate opinions are much more likely to be true. The multitude jump one side or the other; *in medio tutissime ibis*. No sooner do men see an error than they begin to travel away from it as fast as they can. At length they have so far crossed the equator that they begin to approach the very point they would shun, coming round to it by way of the other pole. They act as if they thought that the reverse of wrong must be right; whereas the reverse of wrong is often only another form of wrong, while the right lies exactly between. But there are some men who can never take any interest in a plain moderate truth. It must have something peculiar or striking about it. It will not awaken their attention and excite their feelings until they inflate it, and exaggerate it into a lie. Some such feeling as this I cannot but attribute to Peter. Merely to have his *feet* washed, this was a common thing, and what any man every day did. But to be washed all over, while he sat at meat, this was something new and striking, what he could feel an interest in and readily accept. How plainly can we trace the operation of this principle in the history of theology! No doubt there is a sense in which

the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, are one, one in their works and counsel and will. But to represent them as three persons, and yet one person, three Gods, and yet one God, "equal in substance power and glory," this is something startling, awful, mysterious; and many say they must believe this or nothing. No doubt man is a depraved being, having alienated himself from God, through the influence of evil example, and the power of wicked works. But to represent him as *born* entirely vile, without the power of one good affection or one good work, this is something new, before revelation unheard of, and to man's reason appalling; and he must have faith in this, it is said, or in nothing. No doubt Christ died for us, the just to save the unjust; but such a sacrifice as this is the same in kind as other beings have made. The doctrine must be dressed up in some mysterious and awful form. We must believe that Christ died as the literal *substitute* for the sinful, that the Father sheathed his angry sword in the innocent body of the Son, and this must be our creed or nothing. And thus how many have imitated Peter's readiness to add something to the plain requirements of Christ! The example of Jesus shall be our warrant to keep free from these extremes. It is our duty to find the middle ground, the golden mean, to plant ourselves there, to go not with those who would have more, as we would not with those who would have less. But how can we do this if we will not consider what properly belongs to the subject, what is consistent with all truth, and agreeable to the fitness of the case? How can we do it, if we will not use that same reason and common sense in matters of religion, which we use in everything else?

Finally, our Savior's firmness in the case before us is also very instructive. He did not yield to the request of his impulsive disciple. He did just that which was fit and proper for the occasion, and he did no more. Let us never yield to the clamors of those who are entreating us to go farther than we do, if we feel that it holds to conscience and duty to be just where we stand. Of course, it is easy to say that our zeal is lukewarm. So it must seem to those who are twice as ardent as we. But the question is still an open one, whose zeal is most according to knowledge, and of that we will not allow the most extravagant, to be the most competent judge.

What if many are ready to condemn our plans, as mere "half-way measures" — a phrase often somewhat odious, as it implies that we are timid and time-serving. Better is it to have a half-measure all right, than to have the other half, if it must be all wrong. So some may condemn our faith, our religious belief, as they do condemn it, and among other things call it the half-way house to infidelity. A half-way house indeed! And did you ever know any moderate and reasonable opinion which was not a half-way house between two extremes? A half-way house indeed! And this is its very merit; for this we will cling to it, and honor it, that it is a half-way house, and midway between the skeptical and the credulous, between the indifferent and the fanatical, between those who say, thou shalt never wash my feet, and those others who say, Lord, not my feet only but also my head and my hands. There where Jesus stood, we would stand. On what we believe to be true and right, we will be poised, settled, steadfast, turning not to the right hand, nor to the left.

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### THE MARTYR OF THE XVI. CENTURY.

It was midnight, the drifting clouds fled across the sky, as if chased by some unhallowed spirit, now piling themselves up mountain like, opposing all their force to the invisible enemy, now scattering in flight, leaving openings in the clear blue sky, through which looked down the quiet stars upon the hushed city of Vienna. Intense repose brooded over the place, but could the watchers from the starry worlds have possessed space-penetrating power enough, they would have perceived at least one anxious being who was gazing on the unquiet sky with the deep interest of him who hangs upon the clouds for life or death, freedom or captivity.

Near the outskirts of the city rose a massive structure, gloomy and dungeonlike; its barred windows, and high walls, bespoke its nature; it was the prison house of the Inquisition, that dread place whose gates when once closed upon the unhappy accused, rarely again opened to them, unless unlocked by the

sacrifice of the priceless treasure of conscience, and true faith. In one of its most comfortable apartments, now paced backwards and forwards one who had been imprisoned on the charge of the heinous heresy of denying the Holy Trinity, and other marvels of the Athanasian creed. With firm yet unequal steps, he trode the narrow limits, within which he was confined. Now he paused at the door to listen to the weary tread of the sentinel who walked the rounds of the prison corridors. Then he watched eagerly from the long and narrow window the restless clouds, as the wind drove them hither and thither, and then with eyes suddenly cast down he would seem to be measuring the distance to the ground.

His room looked out upon a small garden, which formed the back of the prison, and which he knew was deeply ditched around. He had marked in his daily watchings every peculiarity in the ground, and he now but waited for the security of the after midnight hour, to attempt his escape. With a beating heart, he heard the call of the city sentinel which told him the wished for time had come. Soon every sound ceased in the prison, the footfall of the guard was no longer heard, and the hush of death prevailed.

The eager watcher then bound around his waist a loose cloak, placed in his bosom a small book, which he drew from a place of concealment under his bed,—it was a copy of the New Testament,—which had revealed to his inquiring mind the pure and precious truths for which he was now suffering. With a noiseless step he went to the window, and with a quiet but strong hand he removed the bars which it had been the labor of some time for him to loosen. One slipped from his grasp, and as it rang upon the floor, with an echoing clang, the prisoner pressed his hands to his forehead, with an expression of despairing agony; he hardly dared breathe, so intense was his fear, and when he heard the heavy step of the sentinel hastily aroused from his slumbers, when it approached just opposite his door, stopped, and the rattling of keys intimated that the watchful warder was about to enter his room, he would have willingly given up all hope of freedom, for the promise of assured escape from detection of his rash attempt to secure his own freedom; but the deep silence seemed to re-  
the sentinel, for after a few moments, he proceeded on

his round, but for some time he paced back and forth, as if distrust still lingered in his mind, finally the steps grew fainter and fainter and soon ceased altogether, and then the prisoner breathed more freely.

After waiting a little while to be assured there was no further danger of interruption, he succeeded in removing the rest of the bars, then tied together his bed clothes, fastened them to the window, and thus dropped himself noiselessly into the garden. The friendly clouds were now gathered about the moon, leaving just light enough for him to mark his course. He soon reached the ditch, and here another difficulty awaited ; it was not so wide but a vigorous leap would carry him over it, but he dreaded lest the sound should arouse some of the sentinels he knew were posted in some quarters, where, he could not exactly tell. He thought it best as it seemed rugged and uneven to creep down one side and up the other ; after some difficulty the feat was accomplished, and Servetus, for he it was, found himself in comparative safety, outside not only of the prison bounds, but of the city which had proved so fatal to him. He paused but to offer up one prayer of devout thankfulness, and then sped on his way, feeling the importance of every hour.

On he went till the glorious sun rose above the distant mountains, and he knew that then, at that very moment, his flight must be discovered, and immediate pursuit would follow. He was however, two or three hours in advance of his pursuers, and he thought for a time he could keep on his way, as even mounted they could not immediately overtake him, but he dared not trust himself very long in the open road, and he soon withdrew into the forests, and shielded with its solitary depths where no passer by could find him, he rested in quiet security. There he heard from afar the tramp of horses, shouts, and eager voices, those he knew that must be in pursuit of him, but they had not the Indian sagacity to guide them, and they failed to track his path. When night came he resumed his course refreshed only by a draught of cold water, and some of the coarse wheaten bread he had saved from his prison fare, and concealed about him, against an emergency like the present.

For many weary days he continued his journey, sometimes

resting at the house of a friend, in some of the little villages through which he passed ; but so great was the dread of the power of the Inquisition, that even these friends who were most attached to him, seemed to give fearfully and almost reluctantly the shelter and refreshment he required. Servetus had quite time to reflect upon the past and mature his plans for the future, and he determined to retire to Naples, and there to live in a quiet obscure manner, and not to bring himself again before the world, in such an obnoxious way, but to be content with the enjoyment of his own faith without attempting to reform that of others. Happy was the freed prisoner when he found himself out of the Austrian dominions, and within the borders of free Switzerland, free in name, and yet hardly more free in reality than the papal countries, for it was bending itself under the yoke of the stern and inflexible Calvin, who with iron brow, and heart tempered in the white heat of fanatic zeal, till it was steeled to every whispering of humanity, ruled with almost despotic power over the Protestant Cantons of Switzerland.

Servetus paused upon the borders to decide upon his course ; he was determined to go to Naples, still a strange infatuation possessed him to go to Geneva ; he felt an irresistible inclination to see and converse with Calvin, once again. For years he had corresponded with him, he knew his deadly hatred to the theological views which born of an earnest mind, and matured by the closest investigation and comparison of the holy word, had become a part of his very being. He could not hope by his arguments to overcome this trained doctrinal gladiator, but he thought he had in him a generous antagonist, who would sympathize with him, in the persecution he had received from the power he deemed as much opposed to Calvin as himself. He knew not that it was Calvin's hand that directed the Inquisitorial eyes upon him, — that it was Calvin, who informed the magistrates of Vienna, that he had written the "Christianismi Restitutio," which rendered him liable to their laws. No, the generous nature of Servetus could never have believed, that he who called himself a reformer, aye, and a minister of the peace loving and forgiving Jesus, could so far stoop to gratify revengeful feelings, as to say any person, much less one who had opened to him

frankly each page of his doubting and inquiring mind, who had discoursed with him ever with a friendly though earnest spirit points of controversy which arose in their mutual investigation.

Therefore without a doubt or fear as to the reception he should meet with, not an anxiety with regard to any personal danger he might be in, he entered Geneva, took lodgings in a humble inn, and wholly unsuspecting sought an interview with Calvin. The stern reformer could scarcely conceal his surprise and chagrin, at seeing the formidable contemner of his most beloved doctrines, whom he thought safely immured for life within the walls of the fatal prison of the Inquisition, free, and clinging with still more of conviction and pertinacity to the heresies for which he had already keenly suffered. He might, would he but have admitted it, have felt, that the seclusion of a prison was the best place to strike yet deeper the roots of any idea or principle that had once seized upon a mind like that of Servetus, but judging as Calvin did, looking upon the theological opinions of his opponent as the most dangerous which could be promulgated in the christian world, as loosening the very foundation of all faith, he could not but deem it the rankest obstinacy in him to cling to them as he did.

Once more he went over the old arguments with him ; every isolated text of scripture which wrenched from its true position could be brought to bear upon the great and favorite doctrines of election and predestination, every argument on which could be rested the theory of the atonement and the Trinity, were brought forward, the utter depravity of human nature, its horrible birthright, the dreadful heir-loom received from the first of the race, was insisted upon with fearful vehemence. In vain Servetus brought answering texts, — in vain he plead that the whole spirit of the bible, and not single passages should be considered, — in vain he plead that our Father in Heaven was indeed a Father, and not the stern inflexible iron judge, the reflection of Calvin's own mind, whom he painted in such terrific colors as sent the children of earth, from before his face, and led them to worship the Son with the reverence which should be given only to the Father.

Calvin's strong expressions and vivid picturings seemed almost blasphemy to Servetus, and they parted with the impression on the mind of the latter, that he had no longer a



friend in the stern and uncompromising Genevan, but he did not know—he could not have believed that his conversation with this inflexible man, had only quickened into more active life, a resolve which had long had place in his mind, matured by time and brooding upon the misdemeanors of Servetus, if he ever came within the limits of Geneva to denounce him as a heretic and deliver him up to the “powers that be.” The following evening as Servetus was sitting in his humble room, meditating upon the great truths that had dawned upon his mind, dwelling upon the beautiful love of the Father, who had sent such a pure and sinless example, to lead the world once more to see and recognise him in his brightness and perfection, while he was drawing the contrast between God as he appeared to his mind, the loving Father, the pitying friend, the hearer and answerer of prayer, with the cold, stern, stony figure of justice, Calvin dignified by the name of God, he was startled, and his reflections interrupted by the tramp of feet upon the stones, and in a moment his door was thrown open, and the ministers of justice entered, and declared him a prisoner arrested by the command of the magistrates of Geneva, on a charge of blasphemy and heresy.

Without any resistance and with dignified calmness of manner, Servetus arose and followed the officers. The few books and papers which were upon his table were seized in the hope of corroborating testimony being found among them. He was carried to the prison, and consigned to one of its gloomy apartments, to await his trial. But the worthy magistrates of Geneva found themselves in an embarrassing position; hurried on by the warm appeals of Calvin, whose boundless influence they had not courage to resist, they had arrested one over whom they had no legal claim; he was not a native of Geneva, or even of Switzerland, he was a passing traveller, resting for a brief space within their borders, he had been guilty of no treason against their laws, no crime could be laid to his charge, but that of thinking for himself, of differing from the popular voice in peculiar doctrinal points, but even this they knew not except from the suggestion of Calvin, for he had not come forward with his obnoxious opinions, no heretical thoughts had been published or publicly avowed within their limits, and what right had they thus to kidnap the trusting

traveller? This was a question that frequently came up to their minds, they knew that this extraordinary proceeding would attract attention to their movements, and they determined therefore to obtain every sanction and support they could. They despatched messengers to the magistrates of each of the Protestant Swiss Cantons, to obtain their co-operation and advice. These unanimously concurred in referring the matter to an ecclesiastical tribunal, which was accordingly convened.

What mercy could such an one as Servetus expect from a tribunal composed of divines, of the strictest school of Calvinistic theology and over whom Calvin by the force of his powerful mind, and iron will, reigned supreme. In vain were all the reasonings of Servetus, in vain did he claim the right of private judgment; he was met only with reproach and contumely, he was silenced by the power of words, not arguments. Every effort was made to induce him to retract his opinions, rewards were proffered for this world and the next, and the fiercest punishment threatened should he refuse. The flames which should consume his mortal body were looked upon but as the type of the endless burning which ever scorching, but never consuming, would be his portion hereafter.

But neither rewards or punishments had any effect upon the calm, determined mind of Servetus; with an unbending form, and serene face, he listened to all his accusers could say, but still held fast to his integrity. What! retract his opinions, disavow the truth which seemed to be traced in letters of light by the finger of God upon his heart; no, not once did it enter into his mind; these truths became dearer to him for all he had suffered; he would carry them undimmed to the throne of his heavenly Father and there receive their confirmation, or meekly learn his error, but never in this world would he relinquish them.

Angry and indignant that they could exercise no influence over the mind of Servetus, the irritated council determined to use their prerogative to the utmost, and they accordingly condemned him to be burnt to death in the public square of Geneva.

On the 27th Oct., 1553, an unusual sensation seemed to pervade the people of Geneva and its environs, crowds pressed

into the city, the streets were filled with a busy multitude, in their holiday attire, and yet with something of a saddened and awe struck air about them ; they rolled along towards the public square, which was soon blocked up by an immense crowd. What were they gathered there to witness ? The pile in the centre of the square told but too truly the fatal tragedy which was there to be enacted.

At the appointed hour the bells of the principal churches tolled forth a mournful requiem, and Servetus, his noble form erect, and instinct with conscious integrity, but with the gentle demeanour of one who is doing a simple act of duty, was led forth, and securely chained to the fearful stake, around him were piled bunches of light faggots, mingled with blocks of wood, and when the signal was given the executioner touched the lighted torch to the combustible materials, and in a moment the flames shot wildly up, at first as if in sport playing around the outskirts of the pile, darting their bright tongues mockingly towards heaven and leaping from faggot to faggot, with a light crackling sound, but soon the heavier wood caught, and the fierce lurid flames assumed a body and power, no longer dancing gracefully about, but burning with an intense and fearful heat, which made itself felt to the very outskirts of the gasping, shuddering crowd. Every moment they expected to hear the retraction which could even yet save the life of the heretic Servetus. Friendly voices called to him to abjure his errors ; but to raise his hand, in acknowledgment of the holy Trinity, and he should come forth unscathed. But no sign of faltering gave he, firm and unflinching he stood, his eyes raised upwards, and his lips moving in earnest prayer. Soon the flames caught his hair, and as they shot about his face, few in that multitude could look steadily upon the awful spectacle.

But there was one, who turned not away, over whom came not the shadow of regret, but who feasted upon the burning heretic as upon the accepted sacrifice sanctioned by Heaven, and a most offering to the Most High. This was no other than John Calvin, who stationed at the window of a house which overlooked the square, watched with an almost frenzied satisfaction this horrible "auto da fe ;" not a compunctious visiting came over him, not a reproachful murmur of confidence betrayed, but only calm and quiet satisfaction that he had put

his hand upon the head of the serpent he thought was instilling poison into the theology of the world. But who would not rather have been the noble Michael Servetus, suffering the greatest physical torture, burning at the stake, the quivering flesh consuming slowly, but surely, the laboring breath struggling to escape, while choked and almost suffocated by the wreaths of smoke which rolled around and over him, than the self-satisfied Calvin, whose own heart taught him no better appreciation of the Fatherly love of the deity than to believe such a sacrifice could be a "sweet smelling savour" to him.

Thus died in the 44th year of his age, Michael Servetus a learned Spaniard, the victim of religious intolerance, a martyr of the 16th century, a truth loving and noble man. He was the son of a notary at Villa Nueva in Arragon; at a suitable age he was sent to Toulouse to study the civil law, there the discussions of the reformers were carried on with great warmth, and his mind becoming excited by the subject, he took the holy Scriptures, and unbiassed by any previous prepossessions, he studied them with an earnest desire to learn the truth; a careful investigation led him to the conviction that the doctrine of the Trinity had no foundation in holy writ, but was a superstructure raised upon the simple pediment of Christianity; his ardent mind could not rest satisfied with keeping his convictions to himself, he wished others also to be enlightened, and he accordingly published a tract setting forth its errors entitled "*De trinitatis erroribus*," which production he followed up, the next year, by his "*Dialogorum de Trinitate*." These works drew upon him the eyes of all the theological world — and led the way to a correspondence with Calvin, with whom he discussed all their points of difference.

Not being very successful in the law, he studied medicine, into which he carried the same researching, investigating mind, which distinguished his theological studies. His papers show he made a near approach to the discovery of the circulation of blood; he practised medicine in Chanhein, near Lyons, for three or four years, but removed from there to Vienna, at the request of the Archbishop of the city. In 1553, he published his natural doctrinal system, under the title of "*Christianismi Restitutio*," but without his name, and probably would have remained undiscovered, and lived a long and useful life, had

not Calvin, to whom he had confided the fact, betrayed his confidence, and the fatal result we have seen in his becoming the martyr of the 16th century.

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## A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

BY MRS. C. W. H. DALL.

"An unspotted life is old age."

FAR away from the turmoil of the town, lies a sequestered country village. Neither its soil, nor its people, are of the richest, but as if to compensate those who dwell there, for the loss of worldly wealth, Nature here lavishes her choicest treasures. Every hill top is garlanded with flowers, and the trees of the swamp are hung with festoons of the wild vine and the creeper. Sparkling rills burst forth from the green carpet of moss, which is spread out over every defile. Beneath the hedgerows the houstonia and the "blue eye" peep up timidly. The paths through the forest are purple with the violets, the white feet of *Arethusa* glance in and out of every brook—and later in the season, blushing berries tempt the truant child, gleaming from among dark clusters of leaves. Embosomed in hills, this village presents a great variety of landscape. Many a little farm, lying on its borders, concentrates the beauty of a whole county in a less favored region. Foxes have not yet forsaken its burrows. The baying of hounds is heard at sunrise. Partridges still "covey" amid its undergrowth, and the frequent crack of the rifle tells the story of the spoiler. Among these gentle and poetical influences dwelt the family of a retired clergyman and his wife. Many were the "angel visitants" whom they had gathered at their hearth, and called their children; many were the ties with which Providence had graciously united them to earth, but before we met, some had been already loosened and some transferred to another world. Their eldest daughter had been taken in the first dawn of her beauty and promise. The father had prided himself on her scholarship, and rectitude of pur-

pose. The mother dwelt on her filial consideration for herself, the sisters on her self-possession and good judgment, the whole village on her truthfulness and sweet temper. Yet, the Father spake, and they gave her back. With direful struggles of the heart, yet, they gave her back, and a green nook in the village churchyard received the cast off garment of her soul. Strong hearted sons they had lost also, but of them we knew little. When we first went to the village the family consisted of two married sisters, living far away from home, a son, college bred — but now following the homely labors of the farm, two young daughters Charlotte and Clara, still the light of the old homestead, and a second son — one who had given high promise of future eminence, but upon whom the hand of disease had pressed too heavily. With a quiet and faithful spirit he resigned his cherished expectations, and submitted to a surgical operation, and with one limb the less devoted himself thenceforth to the teaching of the young, a task for which his gentle patient spirit eminently qualified him. Charlotte and Clara were nearly of an age, and the fancied union of twin sisters was a faint semblance of the unity of thought and purpose subsisting between them. Clara was the youngest, but the dark hair parted over her brow, her soft grey eye, her gentle mien, and still gentler smile, gave token of no common maturity of character. She loved the society of her elders, and held offices of trust in benevolent associations of the village. Some years before her sister had she taken her seat at the Master's table and over a little band of Sabbath School children held she faithful supervision. On the whole, she gave one the impression of a singularly faithful, quiet and reserved nature, of a judgment to be relied on, and a tenderness that would not fail. The elder sister was her complete contrast. A sunny, enthusiastic, bounding spirit beamed out of her large brown eyes, and rippled with gold the waves of her fine hair. Hopeful, happy, loving, she was like Clara only in her affection for her sister, but free as the sunshine, joyous as the lark which soars to meet it. Singularly lovely, when the pensiveness of affection clouded for a moment the clear heaven of her brow. Singularly inspired, when the voice of the outer world was echoed from the depths of her poetic spirit.

The summer in which our tale opens, was a busy one for the

two girls. The invalid brother, worn with long teaching was to go to Europe for his health. Charlotte was to be parted from Clara. One morning we found her bending earnestly over her pen. "What are you writing, Lotty?" we said before she caught the sound of our approaching steps. "A love letter," she answered simply, lifting her face like a true hearted child, as the tides of color ebbed and flowed.

Then for the first time we learnt that she was soon to be the bride of one, self-denying, intelligent and thoughtful. "He was only too good for her," she said. The wedding must take place, before the invalid brother departed, for especially dear was he to both the girls. So a double purpose opened their hands, and quickened the motion of the needle. All summer long they toiled, patiently and faithfully. It grieved us oftentimes to find them still at their task, when the red sun had gone down, and the whippoorwill had begun his song. Still they prized these hours of sisterly communion so much that no stranger dared to intermeddle with their joy. At last, came the hour of the bridal. The eldest of the married sisters came from the western part of the state, for Lotty's new home was to be near her, — and busied herself about the bride. Calm and beautiful was her matronly face, and more attractive still the assiduous, yet unobtrusive attention she bestowed upon the young sister. In "sister Hatty" Charlotte trusted as in a second mother. "I never felt more calm," said the bride when some jested with her, and a peace too deep for words nestled in her heart while she spoke. "Love and truth" twined in evergreens, by Clara's thoughtful hands, fluttered above the bridal party. The minister opened the service by reading in a sweet and solemn voice, a part of the marriage sermon in Mountford's Martyria. Then he reminded them of the wedding at Cana, and for what purpose marriage was instituted and had become honorable in all. Then came the solemn prayer, in which the hearts of all present joined, invoking God's benison on their covenant. Then the promise, not the old promise, so often necessarily broken, of love and obedience, but "to act towards each other, this life, as Jesus Christ in God's word did require." Then followed the declaration of Marriage and a short prayer, commending them again to God. Before the benediction, was an address to the newly

married pair, entreating them to lead their household in family prayer, and to permanently unite their own hearts on the altar of God. Music broke the first solemn pause, and with sweet words of thanksgiving was the remainder of the evening wiled away. Many had remarked at the time, how pale and thin was Charlotte's cheek, and that an unnatural flush deepened on Clara's brow. The invalid brother departed; Thanksgiving came. Clara and her parents passed the festive hours with the bride, but from that hour Clara's eye was less bright, and with a crimson cheek and painful step she moved about her ordinary duties. Still she did not complain. It was not till the opening of Christmas week, that she sent for her physician and took to her pillow. Three or four days of sickness followed, during which she maintained her grateful happy spirit, and called herself "comfortably ill," and then a state of "coma" supervened. A consultation was called, and on the morning of the 25th of Dec. 1847, the Saviour bent over her humble couch, and received into his arms the beatified spirit, as a birth-day gift. During her insensible state, she lay with her mother's hand clasped in hers. Every now and then a smile broke over her countenance, and she would begin to sing, or murmur the first line of some familiar hymn.

"Sister Hatty" had come home on a visit, and was fortunately at her side, to lighten her mother's care. On the 28th we laid her to rest. The same voices that had serenaded the bride, but a few months before — in tones that pulsed with grief, now broke the still air of her father's house, with the words, "Sister, thou wast mild and lovely." Often had Clara and Charlotte sung these lines together, and we trembled as we thought of the throbbing heart beneath the mourning dress of the latter. She had disappointed us all. She had quelled her passionate sorrow, and wore her touching smile about her face of stone. We laid the departed to rest, far down beneath the snow, in the frozen earth, and with a northwest wind driving the sleet into our eyes. \* \* The bride returned to her new home. She was not well and not even the dawning hope of a mother effaced the memory of her first bitter trial. An alternation of the most unintelligible and complicated complaints beset her. For nearly six months she lingered, now losing and then gaining ground, and bewildering the minds of



all who knew her physical condition. Intense pain she sometimes suffered, food was distasteful, and her emaciation became frightful. About the middle of May, the absent invalid returned. At the same time, Charlotte was taken from her own home, to sister Hatty's peaceful dwelling. From this time forward, it was a privilege to be with her. Much she suffered in body, and she had an indescribable longing to be with Clara. She knew that she was going from a husband whom she idolized, but she said it was for only a little while. "I am going to Elizabeth and Clara," she said, "you will all come soon." Her brother went to see her, and told her of his foreign travels. He had not heard of his first bitter bereavement, till he reached New York. It seemed too much to look forward to a second. He read to her, he talked with her, but had scarcely reached his home before he was again summoned to her side. Her illness was become more serious, yet still they hoped. In its progress they cut off her beautiful hair. "I do not know what my husband will say," she said, "for he was proud of its heavy folds, but I dare say he will like it, and want me to wear a pretty little cap, if—if—I get well." "I am glad you say if, Charlotte," said the kind voice of sister Hatty, "It is thus that we should speak of all things earthly." "It is a long time," she replied, "since I have proposed anything to myself, without adding that in private." No one can tell how much her longing for Clara aided the work of disease. She kept her beautiful smile to the last, and dwelt much upon her many blessings. On Saturday, the 10th of June, after a thorough examination of her case, by the most skilful physician in the county, it became evident that she could not live. As she lay on her snowy pillow, the children as they came from the garden showered flowers all about her, and out of their midst shone her dark brown eye, and the happy smile of her infancy. Throughout the remainder of her sickness, she thought more of others than of herself,—desired to save them from sad emotion, and when she asked for anything, did it gently with a fear that she was causing too much trouble. "Open the window, sister Hatty," she said, "It is a beautiful world, and I shall not be long in it." "And are you not going to a beautiful world, dear Charlotte?" "Yes!" she answered, "but I love this world because I know it." She had not many

of her souvenirs about her, but she told to whom she wished them to be given and left her last words for her absent friends. On Monday morning she asked for her parents, but understanding that they could not reach her, submitted cheerfully to her Father's will. She spoke no special farewell, save to her husband. She thanked him for his tenderness, and with her whole store of self-sacrifice and purity of heart, wished that he might yet be happy with *another*. "I wish," she continued, desirous to save him the distress which his countenance indicated, "I wish we had selected a spot in the cemetery, that I might know where I shall lie." "Charlotte," said her sister, "would you not like to lie by Clara?" Her whole face lighted up in a moment. "Oh yes, that would be beautiful!" she said, "but I thought it was too far." To the promise that was then given her, she returned a request that the headstones might be made precisely alike. "And now, dear Hatty," she continued, "brush back my hair, for I want to look natural."

Seeing how sad they seemed, she added, winding her arms about her sister's neck, "Do not look sad. I hope it is not wrong, sister Hatty, but I would a little rather die. If you do not feel as if you could talk cheerfully, pray read or sing to me." Before her sister could finish the first verse of the 23d Psalm, she caught it from her and repeated it to the end. "I learnt it when I was a little child," she said, "and I know not how often I have repeated it since." Often through the day, she fell into refreshing slumber, but waked from it suddenly with a clear, untroubled consciousness. Once she asked a friend to play for her. As the notes of a favorite verse died away, she said, "It sounds like the morning breeze." Afterwards her weary muscles tried in vain to frame the words, "Our Father." At last, she articulated "Our Father—Amen." It flashed upon her husband's mind that the prayer, which they always repeated before sleeping, she wished to hear once more. Slowly and earnestly he said the words, and her silent lips followed them. At the close she said, "Amen!" and with her heavenly smile fell into slumber. A quivering in her throat came on, and she asked gently, "Sister Hatty, am I dying now?" Shortly after, she roused again, and asked for music. They sang two hymns;

as they stood by her bed, and while their voices trembled through the line,

“Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,”

she dropt asleep once more, and soon after breathed her last. Her patient, much tried brother departed with the dawn for his bereaved home, and “Sister Hatty,” sustained till the last duty was fulfilled, sought a refuge from her finally victorious suffering, in the love of God.

Two days had passed; on the 14th of June, 1848, her coffin rested in the porch of our little church; on it lay a wreath of myrtle and white clover—a happy reference to the simple rural taste, and elegant enthusiasm, of her who slept beneath. A crowd of those who loved her gathered from the village. The voices with which hers had so often mingled broke once more the stillness—now of the house of God—with the words of her favorite Mt. Vernon. From the wisdom of Solomon and the words of Christ, the Pastor gathered his Scripture reading. Then followed an address, in which his own touched heart only responded to the plaintive tone of the whole assembly; closing it with the beautiful hymn,

“Father, that, in the olive shade,  
When the dark hour came on,  
Didst with a breath of heavenly aid  
Strengthen thy Son,”

he continued in solemn prayer to commend the bereaved family to God.

Before his tremulous tones had died away, the mournful music of “Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb,” floated on the air. Once more the pastor rose, and blessed the afflicted with the “peace that passeth understanding.” Never is a funeral so touching as in the country at evening. The sun was scarce half an hour high when we followed her to her quiet grave. In our beautiful churchyard, flowers tell of the affection still cherished for the departed. Green turf was beneath our feet, and a spreading oak over our heads. A grave had been opened, and Charlotte’s coffin was lowered till it met that of Clara. “They sleep in one grave,” said the brother.

"And how peacefully she spoke of it," faltered the husband. Our tears fell fast upon the coffin, but the setting sun shone gorgeously into the grave, and sent rainbows quivering through them as they fell.

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## THE TEACHER'S ESTIMATE OF HIS WORK.

WE have stayed our hurried steps at the death-bed of the latest hour : — the last of those many, many hours which in successive births and deaths made up the existence of a year. Among that large number stand those we spent as teachers. The teacher's hour ! Almost a technicality, now, of the Sunday school. Of this, it is to be hoped we may say,

"It died, as dies the natural flower,  
A self-reviving thing of power."

An hour ! — it is but a minute point in one year. Heaped together, they are but as a handful of spray, cast scattering from the great flowing river of time. In that awful eternity of the past and present none but the all-seeing eye of God can discern them. But in their spiritual issues, who shall tell their value ! We teachers do not realize what it is. We make a low estimate of our work ; and therefore of our duties in it, and like the doomed in Hades are laboring to raise a continually falling weight. Looking at the institution from without, we see that it is verbally and substantially honored. Perhaps the teacher has cause for gratitude that he is *permitted* to obey the Master's injunction — "Go your ways. And into whatsoever house ye enter say, Peace be to this house." Among the interests of this generation the "History of Sunday Schools" has already taken no insignificant place, thanks to the untiring zeal of a long-tried friend and supporter. But we speak of its moral and spiritual power and we say it is not appreciated within itself. Its foes are they of its own household. The comparative triviality of reasons for the discontinuance of the teacher's labors — the despondency of those who remain, stand as the most common if not most prominent witnesses of this fact. Oh, would that when our turn comes

to point the moral — "This is the last of earth" — it might be asked concerning us, as of that illustrious old man, "Where else would he himself have been so willing to have yielded up his life, as at the post of duty, and by the side of that very altar to which he had devoted it?"

The extreme youthfulness of teachers, which is a characteristic of Sunday school education, only testifies to the truth of our first witness. Few grow old at their post. Is there a teacher who will need to go out from the experience of his own heart, for a voucher to the credibility of the second witness? The despondency of the teacher! How often have we exclaimed, "To what purpose is this waste — this expenditure of time, of energies and affections? At best the Sunday school must be ineffective. One short hour in the week, in which to labor, and a warfare at that. Each successive Sabbath the work to be begun — the current of the six-day life to be turned back. We read that in one night the waters of the great river were turned back from their channel, and, by it, a conqueror entered the citadel. Not so for us — we *never* conquer. Again, and again, the river runs into its old bed. In the customs, fashions, habits of the world, our children's souls are walled up, and the walls are too strong for us. And moreover, who asks for our labors, or thanks us for them? "To what purpose then this waste? Why give that which is holy to the dogs? We need our time, our energies for ourselves, and our affections for our God, and the homes in which he has placed us." What teacher will not confess this to have been sometimes the language of his heart?

In like mood and manner said the watching disciples, "To what purpose is this waste?" and fell asleep. So we sleep instead of watching. Happy for us if our Saviour's gentle voice awake us, saying in our guilty ear, "What! could ye not watch with me one hour?" Then, our sickly dreams and distorted fancies fly away as darkness before the coming day. Then, the labors of the Sunday school teacher shoot up on the scale of duty, and the costly offering is no more a waste. He is comforted, he thanks God that he is permitted to hold the relation of teacher. But he has no self-gratulation; for he remembers that our Saviour said of Mary's offering, 'This that he hath *done* shall be a memorial of her;' and he hides his

face before the rising spectres of things left undone. The teacher's duties placed on this higher line of graduation, are illuminated like the lofty spire glittering in the sunrise, while the valley lies in shadow. And he now says, "What better *could* we do than watch with the Saviour for our little hour of life?" To what better purpose *could* we devote our energies and affections than in this voluntary consecration of them? And this high ideal makes him happier and better. If he remembers failures in his class, days of languor and listlessness, when careless, unimpressed hearts seemed to be brought instead of kneeling devotion, he remembers also seasons when he and his walked in the clear sunlight of heaven, attaining thus a height which otherwise had cost long and severe struggle, and, in the opposing accidents of outward and inward life, might *never* have been gained. He realizes now the greatness of his aim—the spiritual progress of himself and those connected with him. His vocation—to attain unto it. He sees the peculiar dangers and liabilities of each one of those he calls his own, as they thread the difficult way of life. Knowing also that many hidden providences of prosperity and adversity are in store for them, he sees

"Vast mountain steeps before them lie,  
Which they must tread upon before they die,"

and he would fain give them the pilgrim's staff and fill for them the scrip; though it still rests with the wayfarer himself to lean upon the staff, and to eat of the bread. And here must come in the entire faith, which only a just estimate of his work will excite, that for every true and earnest thought, or word, or deed, there is an exact result. Facts in the characters of his scholars may disappoint and contradict, but he may safely leave them to the world's judgment, which assuredly it will pass; interceding, only, for a lenient sentence—such palliatives as God allows, who, in judgment, remembers that we are but dust. He *must* believe that his labors are not in vain; but let him not ask that his faith may be turned into sight. If, at rare intervals, a glimpse of the blue beyond peers through the clouds, let him rejoice, and journey on in the strength of his joy, unto the mount of God. He *must* believe, that somewhere there is a harvest of the planted seed, though

he be doomed to see an unseemly growth of tares which "the enemy" has planted. This, he must learn, is in God's hands, and he must be willing to leave it there. "All souls are mine, saith the Lord:" and sooner or later, it may be in bitterness of spirit, he will appeal to the Great Creator as the "Guardian of souls," and commend to him those he loves. Only as the teacher thus regards his calling, as beginning and ending with God, and so finds it dignified and exalted above mere mental labor, can he be prepared to hold his trust in life, and yield it up in that hour which breaks all earthly dependencies, and turns the spirit of those who depart and those who remain, back to the God who gave it. H. S. W.

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WOMAN'S POWER.

Oh, how they err, Woman, who call thee weak!  
 For thou art strong: of overcoming might  
 Thy heart's warm tenderness, thy soul's deep love:  
 Thine eyes and ears aye open to receive  
 The beauty and the music of God's truth;  
 "Hungering and thirsting after righteousness;"  
 Feeling how much, — and yet enduring all:  
 Timid and trembling, yet omnipotent  
 In strength, whene'er the voice of duty calls, —  
 "Last at the cross and earliest at the grave;"  
 The heavenly visitant of poverty;  
 The angel messenger of peace and love  
 To erring, fallen man; the hope forlorn  
 Of slavery's wretched thrall; first in each work  
 Of mercy and each word of love; thou art  
 Not weak, — for thine is Heaven's own power,  
 The might of Virtue! H. W.

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AFTER DINNER SPEECHES. — "If charity or politics cannot be done without such things, I suppose they are useful in their way; but let nobody ever imagine that they are a form of pleasure. People smearing each other over with stupid flattery, and most of the company being in dread of receiving the compliment which shall oblige them to speak!"

## CHRISTIANS THE ONLY PROPER NAME FOR THE DISCIPLES OF CHRIST.

A SERMON, BY REV. JOHN PIERCE, D. D.

**ACTS xi. 26.** The disciples were called Christians, first, in Antioch.

THE date of this historical fact is about eight years after the ascension of our Lord. Before this period, they were called by themselves and their friends, most commonly, as in the text, disciples ; at other times, devout men, brethren, men of God ; but by their enemies, they were usually denominated Nazarenes, as a term of the greatest reproach which could be heaped upon them.

Let it be noted, that they had not the distinctive title of Christians, till after Gentile converts had been introduced into their body. To the bigoted Jews this was at first an unaccountable occurrence ; and it demanded all the influence of the apostles, supported as they were by miraculous powers and attestations, to mitigate the inveterate prejudices of their countrymen.

From their proud notions of superiority, and of an exclusive title to religious privileges, they were in danger of designating themselves by some name, which would imply peculiar honors for themselves to the disparagement of converts from heathenism.

To counteract every such propensity, and to lessen inducements for party divisions, which had been common enough when there were no converts to the religion of Jesus but Jews, immediately after the admission of Gentiles into the Church of Christ, "The disciples were called Christians, first, in Antioch."

Would to God, that they had never submitted to bear any less honorable appellation ; much more, that they had never been forward to enlist under merely human guides, and by these means to cherish towards opposing sects the malignity of hostile combatants.

With the earnest desire of counteracting every such tenden-



cy in ourselves, and of vindicating the title of the followers of Christ, which has the express sanction of scripture, it is my purpose to assign a few plain arguments to induce us, as the disciples of Jesus, at the present day, to content ourselves with the appellation, which was first given to the disciples at Antioch.

I. There is, first, an evident propriety in the denomination.

It has been an established usage, in every period of the world, to denominate persons from the guides, they chose to follow ; and especially from those, whom, they have made it evident, that they did follow.

Thus the followers of Plato have been, with one consent, termed Platonists ; of Aristotle, Aristotelians ; and of Epicurus, Epicureans.

The only exceptions to this remark are, when enemies load one another with offensive titles, as terms of reproach.

On this ground, what more proper, than that they, who choose Christ for their Master, should be allowed to be denominated Christians ; especially when they manifest a good degree of the spirit of their Lord ; and, above all, when they refuse any sectarian denomination ?

Why do any reluctantly accord to others the venerated name, when they have no valid reasons for withholding it, and choose to denominate them by titles, which, they know, are disclaimed, and which are associated with sentiments, that their opponents never fail to declare they regard with abhorrence ? Why do they descend to such arts ; but because they are determined by all possible means to expose their adversaries to reproach and contempt ? Alas ! what is this, but a faint delineation of most controversies about religion, which have prevailed in every age of the Christian Church ? Bitter controversialists utterly refuse to allow one another the appellation of christians, and load each other with reproachful epithets, in face of that apostolical remonstrance, "Who art thou, that judgest another man's servant ; to his own master he standeth or falleth ;" and equally in defiance of that apostolical decision, "He shall have judgment without mercy, who hath showed no mercy."

In any other cause, it is deemed a matter of common courtesy to allow men whatever denomination they choose. The

reason, why similar courtesy is withholden in religion is, that ardent partisans are bent on giving those, who will not enlist under their banners, the worst name they can fasten upon them to expose them to the suspicions of fellow christians, and to strengthen their own influence by the ruin of others.

Alas! how much injury is done to christianity, when its conflicting sects, instead of uniting their forces, as far as they can conscientiously go, for the support of a cause which they all profess to hold sacred, contribute by their jealousies, alienations, and contentions, to weaken their influence, expose themselves to the contempt of their mutual enemies, and prejudice many against the gospel, who might otherwise be induced to embrace it with their whole hearts. To this circumstance, it is believed, is owing, more than to all other causes united, the prevalence of infidelity in christian lands.

II. Secondly, the disciples of Christ should be content with the appellation of christians; because party names, though given for the purpose, do not designate, with exactness, the sentiments of those who wear them; but, on the other hand, often lead to erroneous and hurtful conclusions.

The only exceptions to this remark are to be found in those, who take their opinions wholly upon trust, from their spiritual guides. In such cases, to know their sentiments, as far as they have any, it is necessary only to ascertain the sentiments of their leaders.

But consistent Protestants profess to derive their religion from the Bible alone, without the undue influence of any human authority. Of those, who "stand fast in this liberty, wherewith Christ hath made them free," no sectarian title will exactly express the sentiments. For while they will agree with one sect in some of its characteristic features, they will widely dissent from others of the same sect; whereas the name imposed on them supposes them to embrace all the sentiments of the denomination, by which they are called, as laid down in the books.

Now every one, who is conversant with ecclesiastical history, knows that, while the Bible remains the same, the opinions of almost all the sects, into which the christian world is divided, are perpetually varying, and accommodating themselves more and more to the progressive improvements of modern

times. Hence what flagrant injustice is often done to good men by imposing on them a denomination against their consent, and then by ascribing to them, sometimes with both presumption and proof to the contrary, the most offensive sentiments of all, however widely they may differ from each other, who wear this denomination? What more unfair, more unjust, more cruel, than such a procedure? And yet what more common among all denominations?

In this way, when designing or uninformed men wish to destroy the influence of an opponent, and expose him to contempt, the device is to fasten on him the most opprobrious name, however loudly he may abjure it, and to impute to him the most odious sentiments, although he may repel them with horror. Truth obliges me to say, that this practice, however unjustifiable, is by no means confined to one denomination of christians. There is much of this "leaven of malice and wickedness" in all the leading sects, which divide the christian world.

Let those then, who wish for a sectarian appellation, call themselves, and be called by others by the name they choose. On the same ground, it is but common justice, that they who consent to no other denomination but that of christians, should be permitted to bear the name they choose.

III. This denomination is, thirdly, to be preferred by those, who believe that it may be instrumental in encouraging them to form their religious opinions more by the Bible, and less after the model of merely human guides.

The natural tendency of choosing for ourselves any sectarian denomination is carefully to study its distinctive principles, and conform to them, as nearly as possible. What attentive observer of men and things can doubt, that the care with which the youth of past generations have been trained up not only in the peculiarities, but also in a reverence for the terms of their sect, has both given them a sectarian bias, and rivetted in their minds prejudices, which the most attentive subsequent study and reflection have not been able to remove?

Now let the Bible be the only book for acquiring religious principles, and regulating the practice; and it seems reasonable to conclude, that some of the worst of these prejudices may be obviated.

If then this pleasing result be, in any measure, produced by choosing for ourselves the sole denomination of christians, with what earnestness should we appropriate to ourselves this title exclusively?

Our inquiry, in this case, will be more likely to be, what says Christ, who alone has rightful dominion over our faith, than what say the most enlightened, if uninspired, of his followers? In proportion as we learn to bow to his authority alone, we shall come to treat with comparative disrespect the claims of fallible mortals. The Bible will become more and more highly valued, as our only sure guide to virtue and to glory; and we shall learn to peruse with greater caution the most celebrated productions of fellow mortals.

IV. Fourthly, for christians to content themselves with this appellation alone, promises to become one of the most effectual ways for abating a party spirit in religion.

How much this needs to be abated, no one, I think, who is acquainted with the state of christendom, will be backward to acknowledge, or can fail to lament. The contest lies not merely between believers and unbelievers; but it is obviously the most virulent and unrelenting between those, who equally profess their faith in the gospel, in the Saviour it unfolds, and in the awful retributions of eternity. In too many of this description there seems to be a disposition to deny to each other the christian name, and to impute to each other the worst of characters and motives. Consult the publications of the day, devoted to the peculiarities of the sects; and, alas! what angry controversies, what bitter revilings, what criminations and recriminations remind us of the spirit which prevailed in our journals, during the fiercest contests of political combatants!

Every one, acquainted with the gospel, must confess, that the temper thus betrayed is opposed both to the example and commands of the blessed Jesus. How resolutely did he oppose the first risings of such a disposition in his followers! When they betrayed it, how feelingly did he expostulate with them in that memorable remonstrance, "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of!" How diligently did he labor to teach them the opposite lessons of mildness, forbearance, and condescension! Nay, how lovely, how expressive his example, "Who, when he was reviled, reviled not again, when he suf-

fered, he threatened not ; but committed himself to him, who judgeth righteously !" In the same spirit how urgently did his apostles beseech men to " follow after the things, which make for peace, and things, whereby one may edify another ; to do nothing through strife and vain glory ; but in lowliness of mind, that each should esteem others better than himself ; that there should be no divisions among them, but that they should be perfectly joined together in the same mind, and in the same judgment ; for, behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth ; and where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work."

One of the most effectual ways, it is believed, of contributing to this desirable end, is for christians to lay less stress upon party names, to be less disposed to fasten odious appellations upon fellow christians ; and, instead of forever studying, how far they differ from other professors, and magnifying the points of difference, to consider how nearly they agree, and, how far they can conscientiously co-operate in promoting some common objects.

" O, sir," says an excellent European writer,\* of the last century, in an address to a dignitary of the Church of England, " if you saw with what boldness the false philosophers of the continent, who are the apostles of the age, attack christianity, and represent it as one of the worst religions in the world, and fit only to make its professors murder one another, or at least to contend among themselves, and how they urge our disputes to make the gospel of Christ the jest of nations, and the abhorrence of all flesh, you would invite all the brethren in the ministry to do what the herds do on the Swiss mountains, when the wolves attack them. Instead of goring one another, they unite, form a close battalion, and face the common enemy on all sides. What a shame would it be, if dumb animals showed more prudence, and more regard for union, than christians and gospel ministers."

Let the disciples then, and especially the ministers of Christ, rally around a common standard, let them be as ready to defend in others, as to claim for themselves the right of deriving their religious systems from the Bible alone ; and, when they see any embracing dangerous practical errors, while they " con-

\*Rev. John Fletcher.

tend earnestly for the faith, which was once delivered to the saints," let them endeavor to convince gainsayers, in a spirit of meekness, and not with carnal weapons. Then will they contribute most effectually, with the blessing of God, to abate the ferocity of party spirit in religion, a spirit the most directly opposed to the genius of the gospel, to the temper of its divine author, and to the example and precepts of Jesus Christ and all the inspired teachers of his religion.

V. The denomination of christians is less liable to be perverted and misunderstood, than any other name ; and this consideration should induce us to prefer it to any other distinction.

Names, we know, are continually changing their significations ; particularly those, which designate political, and, above all, religious sects. So that, if you denominate a person by any sectarian name, he will complain of injustice, if you allow him not to explain how far he agrees, and in what respects he disagrees with the party, in which you rank him.

Nay, the warmest supporters of human formularies, as tests of faith, are the loudest to reprove you for unfairness, when you impute to them some sentiments literally taken from the authorized standards of the sects, whose names they nevertheless choose to wear.

I know of no better argument against the use of party names in religion, or in favor of contenting ourselves with the general appellation of christians.

Nor do I know of more flagrant acts of injustice, and even of cruelty, than are perpetrated by those, who are ever ready to fasten an opprobrious name on an opponent, not only contrary to his consent, but also in spite of his most earnest remonstrances, and then ransack ecclesiastical history, both in ancient and modern times, for the most offensive sentiments and practices of the sect in question, and impute them all, in their worst forms, without qualification and without reserve, to the person, whose good name is thus unmercifully sacrificed. If this be not to "bear false witness against our neighbor," in the worst sense of the prohibition, I know of no practice which can incur this guilt and condemnation. Think not to fasten this odious abuse of things sacred upon any denomination of christians. There are doubtless too many examples of it in all the sects, which divide and distract the christian world.

O my friends, let us guard against the indulgence of this spirit towards others, as we would consistently remonstrate against its application to ourselves! This caution is the more important, as we are prone, without consideration, to indulge this wicked temper toward others, even while smarting under the exercise of it toward ourselves. Alas! how adverse to the spirit of Christ, is the malevolence thus evinced! "Now if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his."

Will it be argued, that it is necessary to have party names, in order to discriminate the characters of men? It gives no aid to this purpose. It only involves the subject in tenfold confusion. For the names themselves require to be explained and qualified by other names, and these by others in endless progression.

The sacred writers always, in such cases, refer us to the records of divine truth alone. "To the law, and to the testimony," says Isaiah to the controversialists of his day, "if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." Says our Savior to the contentious Jews, "Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they, which testify of me."

What our blessed Lord thought of human tribunals, independently of the divine word, as tests of faith, we may argue from his address to his disciples. "They will deliver you up to the Councils." His opinion of harsh names is also plainly delivered in his sermon on the Mount, "Whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause, shall be in danger of the judgment; and whosoever shall say unto his brother Raca, shall be in danger of the Council; but whosoever shall say, thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire."

Think not then to effect any valuable purpose by using party names in religion, for the term *christian*, after all, is less liable to be misunderstood, than any other name.

VI. Lastly, the denomination given to the disciples of Jesus in the text is that alone, which is sanctioned by the Bible; and indeed this blessed system forbids every other.

How explicit is our blessed Lord upon this subject? "Be not ye called Rabbi; for one is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren. And call no man your Father upon the earth; for one is your Father, which is in heaven. Neither

be ye called Master; for one is your Master; even Christ." How directly is this reprehensive language opposed to that too common propensity of wearing a party name in religion, and of exalting some frail and fallible fellow-mortal to a dominion over our faith?

What, think ye, the apostle Paul with all his revelations, and distinction in the cause of his Master, and his rapture into the third heavens, where he had such transporting views, and such superior illuminations to any of the apostles; what would he nevertheless have said, had any conferred on him the honor of calling themselves by his name? We know, what he would say. For he had the trial; and he utters his most solemn protest and his decisive remonstrance. "Now this I say, that every one of you saith, I am of Paul; and I, of Apollos; and I, of Cephas; and I, of Christ." He was not to be flattered into an acquiescence in this vain distinction, though placed by his partial followers at the head of human guides; but he proceeds to expostulate, "Is Christ divided? Was Paul crucified for you? Or were ye baptized in the name of Paul? I thank God, that I baptized none of you, but Crispus and Gaius, lest any should say, that I baptized in mine own name. Who then is Paul, and who is Apollos, but ministers, by whom ye believed, even as the Lord gave to every man. I have planted; Apollos watered; but God gave the increase."

It is not a little remarkable, that this earnest expostulation had its intended effect, not only at the period when it was uttered; but also in every succeeding age. For none have since had the temerity to disobey the apostle's injunction. For though there have been, in the Christian Church, two inconsiderable sects, one calling themselves Paulians, from Paul of Samosata, in the third century; and the other, Paulicians, from Paul of Jerusalem, in the seventh century, yet none have ventured to denominate themselves from the very chief of the apostles, though so many, in every successive period, have chosen to designate themselves, and to stigmatize others by terms derived from infinitely inferior sources.

The improvement I would suggest shall be in the language of the pious and candid Dr. Doddridge, with whose words I will conclude my discourse.



"Let us avoid," says this great and good man, "as much as possible, a party spirit; and not be fond of listing ourselves under the name of this, or that man, how wise, how good, how great soever. For surely, if the names of Peter and Paul were, in this view, to be declined; much more are those, which, in these latter days, have so unhappily crumbled the Christian and Protestant interest, and have given such sad occasion to our enemies to reproach us.

Happy he, who, reverencing and loving his Master's image, wherever he sees it, shall teach others to do so too! And who, being himself an example of yielding, so far as he conscientiously can, and of not taking upon himself to censure others, where he cannot yield to them, shall do his part toward cementing, in the bands of holy love, all the children of God, and the members of Christ! However unsuccessful may be his efforts, amidst that angry, and contentious, and ignorant, and bigoted crowd, who miscall themselves Christians; and by whatever suspicious and reproachful names his *moderation* may be stigmatized; his Divine Master will neither fail to consider it in its true view, nor to honor it with proportionable tokens of his acceptance and favor. Love is the first and greatest of his commands; and, after all the clamor that has been made about notions and forms, he, who teaches and practises love best, shall be greatest in the kingdom of heaven."

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JUDGMENT AND TRUTHFULNESS.—"Some people's judgments are so gained over by vanity, selfishness, passion, or inflated prejudices, or fancies long indulged, or they look at everything so carelessly, that they see nothing truly. They cannot interpret the world of reality. And this is the saddest form of lying, 'the lie that sinketh in,' as Bacon says, which becomes part of the character and goes on eating the rest away."—*Friends in Council*.

## THE WIDOW'S MITE.

"Of a truth I say unto you that this poor widow hath cast in more than they all." **LUKE xxi. 3.**

He stood with calm, benignant eye  
Within the sacred court,  
Where Israel's sons, a scattered band,  
Their various offerings brought.

Levite, and haughty Pharisee,  
And Priest and Scribe were there,  
Proud in their vain humility  
Their costly gifts they bear.

His searching eye with glance divine  
Their inmost hearts surveyed,  
Each secret thought, each wish untold,  
Was here before him laid.

He saw the rich their offerings bring,  
With hearts to Mammon bound,  
They loved the vain applause of men,  
And their reward they found.

But in his sight, the rich man's gift  
No healing virtue wore ;  
An offering vain of pomp and show,  
From out his golden store.

Lowly and sad, with trembling steps,  
The child of sorrow came,  
Her heart, of earthly hope bereft,  
Glowed with devotion's flame.

Coldly the scornful crowd surveyed  
The lone one as she passed,  
And in the treasury of the Lord  
Her humble tribute cast.

But in that nameless widow's mite,  
Her all, so truly given,  
A costly offering he discerned,  
A treasure, meet for heaven.

Favored wert thou, oh lonely one,  
That gracious eye to meet,  
And to thine ear how dear those words  
Which flowed in accents sweet.

"More than the costliest gifts of wealth  
Which boasting zealots pour,  
To swell the triumphs of their pride,  
Is this poor widow's store.

They of their rich abundance cast  
Their offerings to the Lord ;  
She of her penury hath given  
The little she had stored."

Ye, who though poor in worldly goods  
The truer riches seek,  
Render to him the sacrifice  
Of a pure heart, and meek.

Then will thy offering be blest,  
And oh, than gold more dear,  
Though but the lowly widow's mite,  
Glistening with sorrow's tear.

H. V. C.

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### LETTERS FROM A SISTER. I.

MY DEAR BROTHER— You are so ready to listen to all my questionings, doubts and suggestions, that I shall persevere in writing, hoping you will help me to make straight that which now appears crooked. In our conversations together, we have not always agreed, but I trust we soon shall be of the same opinion, on the subjects so important to your well being and happiness. You are soon to be ordained a minister of Christ, to work in his vineyard as a servant for the Master. I confess the thought fills me with pleasure, for I cannot conceive a more noble mission than to elevate the race to a just concep-

tion of its infinite capacities and means of usefulness, and happiness.

But it seems to me with all your zeal for the cause, your liberal views, and your decided interest in the work, you have still many little prejudices, which may cause you much unhappiness. You are certainly right, in supposing a minister should deny himself many things that are regarded as pleasures, because they are not what would tend to improve or elevate the soul ; but still, I think a just moderation would not injure you, and I do not see why you should refrain from innocent and healthful recreations. Unitarians, as a sect, are certainly as moral, intelligent and religious a class of people, as you will find, but they are in one thing inconsistent. They allow themselves all sorts of pleasures, such as social parties, a fine opera, the theatre, if a star performs, and Sunday evening concerts, and think them harmless and refreshing, if not indulged to excess. Now I think if these things are harmless for *them* they are harmless for their ministers ; but they do not, and he would be next to excommunication if seen at any such places. The Orthodox are more consistent, for though they do not of course wish their minister to be a man mixing in the gayeties of life, they at least absent themselves, and make the same sacrifices, which they require of him. Now, dear brother, I hope you will take a proper stand on this subject, for while you lead a godly life, you ought to mingle in the social circles composed of your parishioners, showing them by your presence that you are a friend to mirth, and a sympathizer in human joys as well as its sorrows ; but still setting an example of moderation, avoiding the excess arising from late hours, wine-bibbing and luxurious living, for in these things lies the sin. As for music, your real appreciation for its beauties, and your natural taste for its refining and elevating influences, will certainly lead you to say, that it cannot be injurious, to listen to the skilful performances of the best artists, as an opera does not really differ from an oratorio, excepting in matters of stage effect, costume, and the day set apart for its performance. As many people attend for fashion's sake a Sunday concert as at any other, many go to wile away the time, and hundreds more merely to enjoy the music, without one solemn association.

For the Drama, there is less to be said, as I know your preferences are not given to the exciting scenes and feelings brought into play, by the tragic powers of any actor, while the wit of nearly every comedy, is so broad and coarse, as to startle any delicate mind.

I do trust you will be happy in your new home, and that your parishioners will not require too much of you, as you are but human, however glorious the work which you have undertaken. Do not be too much elated on entering your new sphere of duties, and if possible get the sympathies of your people, wholly and entirely. With children be easy and playful; with the young social and friendly; for many a holy yearning has been checked by the austere manner, or cold and indifferent bearing of the pastor, who might have caused seed to grow, bringing forth "a hundred fold." With the middle-aged and the old, you can more easily get along, as you will feel more upon an equality, and never a superiority, as "length of days" creates respect.

And now, dear brother, I must bring my letter to a close, hoping soon to hear from you, for your peculiar experiences will ever interest me, and from your counsels I would gladly seek aid, though I do sometimes speak too freely. I am as rejoiced as yourself at the news of Peace with Mexico, and I greatly wonder why no more notice is taken of that thrilling event. Bloodshed, rapine and the seeds of disease are now checked, families may re-assemble after a long and anxious separation, and those now happily bound together, will no more furnish widows and orphans; the fields will once more flourish, that, ere now, were scenes of carnage and destruction, and commerce and the arts may once more bring prosperity to a suffering nation. May Mexico be recompensed for all the horrors of our unjust war against her, and peace and plenty once more crown the land, after all her sufferings and degradation. That our Heavenly Father may cause good to be brought out of evil, even in this wrongful deed, by spreading the truths of the Gospel and the blessings of Christianity, is the sincere prayer of your devoted sister,

Y. E. N.

## THE LITTLE COTTAGE GIRL.

It was a pleasant afternoon in the spring time that Miss Douglas knocked at the door of a cottage in the outskirts of Boston. The door was opened by little Mary Hill whom she had sometimes seen at the house of Margaret Davis, one of her Sabbath school scholars, and whom she had invited to attend school with Margaret. But when she asked Margaret the reason that her friend did not accompany her, she learnt from her reply that Mary's parents did not believe in religion and would not permit the poor child to attend any of the Sabbath schools.

Deeply pained but interested, Miss Douglas' next effort was to obtain permission for her attendance at the sewing school, and it was for this purpose she knocked at the door of Mrs. Hill, whom she found at home and standing over her washing tub. After some preliminary remarks, Miss Douglas taking Mary by the hand turned to her mother and requested her to allow the little girl to attend her sewing school. "I do not think it will do her much good," answered Mrs. Hill quickly. "She can already sew tolerably, well enough to mend her own clothes, and that is all such a child can be expected to do. I don't know much more than that. Besides I need her to fetch water and tend baby and do the errands." "Is not your baby rather heavy for this little girl to carry about?" asked Miss Douglas as she looked at the fat, chubby Nanny who sat on the floor playing, and then at the slight and delicate form of Mary. "I don't know about that," replied Mrs. Hill, "Mary carries her about almost all day and never complains of being tired." "Our school," continued Miss Douglas, "is open but once a week for three or four hours, as our scholars can conveniently remain. Would you like to come, Mary?" she added, looking at the little girl who still retained her hand. "O very much if mother would spare me. I would do all the errands and fetch the water and get baby to sleep if I might go. Oh mother," turning to her parent, "if I went there I might learn to sew nicely and make shirts as Martha Myers

does, and then if father or you were sick I might earn money enough for all," and she glanced at the washing tub and the hot face of her mother. "Well, well, child," replied the mother, touched by the tender look of her daughter, "if you are so bent upon it you may go. It can do you no harm I suppose." Mary thanked her, and Miss Douglas rose to go after naming the day and hour and mentioning that the only thing exacted from the pupils was cleanliness and attention.

When Miss Douglas entered the room appropriated for the sewing school on the next Friday afternoon, the first person she saw was Mary Hill with her pale but happy face. She shook hands with the little girl, and soon all were busy with their needles. The teachers read aloud alternately, and to-day it being Miss Douglas' turn, she selected the story of a poor seamstress who under many difficulties and trials, by her own labors had educated an only son and had lived to experience the happiness of seeing him one of the chosen ministers of the gospel. She observed that Mary frequently dropped her work, and sat with her eyes fixed upon the book she held, and when at the close, the mother returned thanks to God for her good son, the tears ran down Mary's cheeks. From that time she watched her with increasing interest, and finding from her conversation that the ardent wish of her soul was to join the Sabbath school, she again called upon Mrs. Hill, and after many entreaties on Mary's side and arguments from Miss Douglas, the mother consented.

No one was now so happy as our little Mary, none more attentive to her home duties or her school pleasures; but her kind teacher, whose affection for her increased every day, remarked with pain, that her cheek grew pale and her slight figure had lost its roundness. Mary never complained; "She could not run so fast, nor play so much as the other girls did, but she was quite well if she kept quiet," she said. Alas! in a few more months and she was not able to come either to sewing or Sabbath school, and when Miss Douglas visited her she found the doctor had ordered perfect quiet for mind and body. Mrs. Hill received her but coldly, declaring Mary was hearty enough until she took to the schools and poring over books. The poor girl could not endure to see her kind

teacher thus treated, and besought her when her mother had left the room for an instant not to visit her again until she sent Margaret Davis for her. "I think, my dear Miss Douglas, I shall die and go to God and the good angels, but I cannot tell mother so. She does not believe in heaven, and it would do no good now; perhaps by and bye it may be different. God will take me, and that may open her heart; and if it should, ought I not to be glad? Good bye, you will come when I send for you."

Three weeks passed and Miss Douglas sent kind messages and nourishing food to the invalid through their mutual friend Margaret; who in return could but bear to her the sad tidings that Mary failed rapidly. One message she brought besides her usual love and thanks, "Tell Miss Douglas I shall soon need her." Four days afterwards Margaret came in haste. Mary had sent for her. The snow was lying on the ground, but Miss Douglas only waited to put on her bonnet and cloak, and she was on her way to the cottage. The day was just closing as she reached it, and she found Mary in bed propped up by pillows. "My *dear* teacher," she exclaimed as she caught sight of Miss Douglas, and the tears which gushed from her eyes told a story of the self-denial she had practised in not seeing her until this hour. Miss Douglas took both her hands in her own (they were cold and clammy) and kissed her tenderly. "I am so happy you have come," she whispered, "and you will stay with mother until I am gone. Poor mother!" Her teacher could only reply by a pressure of the hand. There was a tap at the door. It was the Doctor. He entered and came to the bedside. "My good friends all here," she exclaimed looking affectionately around. "Father, mother dear, kiss me." The afflicted parents bent over and did as she desired, the tears streaming down their cheeks. "And now," her feeble hand was placed under the pillow and she looked as though she sought for something. Miss Douglas felt and drew forth her Testament and placed it in her hand. It had been given to her the first day she entered the Sabbath school. "And now," she repeated, "dear father and mother that I am dying, I would ask of you a favor. Read this little book together, together mother, every day as I have done and



then we can meet in Heaven, before God. Will you grant me this, my last wish?" and she looked beseechingly in her parents' face. "We will, we do, my dear child," they both exclaimed. Sobs prevented their saying more. "Thank you, thank you, and you my good Doctor who have visited me so kindly, will not you sometimes read in it?" "Yes, little angel, I will;" and the kind physician turned aside to hide his tears which stole down his cheeks. "I am very, very happy," murmured Mary in a low tone and pressing the hand of Miss Douglas. "You will come sometimes to see Nanny and Willy. I have kissed them good bye and they have gone to bed. Father, mother, kiss me once more. I shall see you again in Heaven, with God." She sunk back exhausted, but peace and love beamed from her countenance. She spoke but little more. A few words of prayer and thankfulness to God and a few whispered directions to Miss Douglas concerning her family was all she uttered, and before the morning broke her sweet spirit had ascended. The teacher arose and closed her eyes, imprinted a kiss upon her brow, and then kneeling down by the side of her afflicted parents offered a short but impressive prayer. She prayed for them, and when she arose she found that both were on their knees and weeping bitterly. The voice of their dead child and of God spoke loudly to them in that hour.

Miss Douglas stood by the side of the mother as they laid the remains of little Mary in the earth, and her visits became frequent to the bereaved ones whom Mary loved and who now received her with sincere pleasure, and she soon had the delight of seeing them regular attendants with their children at — church. And the good Doctor, he too became a disciple of Jesus, and often blessed the little girl of the cottage who had been the instrument to awaken him to the truth and light.

A—A.

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"THINGS that only keep us to exist are in a secondary and mean sense useful; or rather, if they be looked for alone, they are useless and worse, for it would be better that we should not exist, than that we should guiltily disappoint the purposes of existence."—*Modern Painters*.

## INTELLIGENCE.

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**INSTALLATION AT HAMPTON FALLS AND KENSINGTON, N. H.**—Rev. Sumner Lincoln was installed as Pastor of these united societies, Wednesday, June 28, 1848. Introductory Prayer, and Reading Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Higginson of Newburyport; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Stone of Salem; Prayer of Installation, by Rev. Mr. Parkman of Dover, N. H.; Charge, by Rev. Mr. Peabody of Portsmouth, N. H.; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Thomas of South Boston; Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Holland, Secretary of the American Unitarian Association; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Osgood of Cohasset.—Services, conducted by Rev. Messrs. Holland and Thomas, were held in the evening.

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**INSTALLATION AT WOBURN, MASS.**—Over the young and growing Unitarian Society lately gathered at Woburn, and worshipping in the church formerly occupied by Universalists, Rev. Henry F. Edes was installed July 6, 1848. Introductory Prayer and Reading the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Randolph (Universalist) of Lexington; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Huntington of Boston; Prayer of Installation, by Rev. Mr. Stetson of Medford; Address to the People, by Rev. Richard S. Edes of Bolton.

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**ANNIVERSARY OF THE MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.**—Of the exercises on this occasion we have received, and very gratefully, the following account:—

“MEADVILLE, July 4, 1848.

MR. EDITOR: Dear Sir—It was the good fortune of your correspondent, during his stay in the pleasant borough of Meadville, to be present at the Anniversary Exercises of the Meadville Theological School; and, knowing your interest in the School and in the religious prospects of the West generally, he ventures to make that occasion the subject of the present letter.

The regular exercises of the School occurred on the 29th of June; but that the day might not be too tedious, the Anniversary Address before the graduating class was pronounced on the evening previous. It was by the Rev. Professor Hosmer of Buffalo, in presence of a numerous, intelligent audience. The Professor announced his text, Matthew x. 34:—“I came not to send

peace, but a sword;" and proceeded to illustrate its truth by a graphic survey of the history of Christianity. Christ's coming, he said, had everywhere sent a sword. It sent a sword to the unbelieving Jews, to the persecuting Pagans; and again it sent a terrible sword at the Reformation. Glancing rapidly over the Past, the Professor descended to the Present. Christianity, he said, had done something, had done much, but more remained to be done. Christ was yet to come, not in outward manifestation, but in the triumph of his principles.

*Christendom needed to be christianized.* The reign of Christ was still resisted both by the Church and by the world. His kingdom was of such a nature that it was next to impossible to establish it peacefully. Its sway had ever been resisted till violence and the sword had been called into requisition; and it was to be feared that such would continue to be the case in future. But the kingdom of Christ must come: nothing could withstand it. Christ was coming to judge the world indeed: already was the tribunal set up. That nation, institution, custom, not based on Christian principles, must come to nought. Here the eloquent Professor made an onslaught upon modern conservatism. Progress, he said, was the only proper conservatism, and those who would conserve society by withstanding its progress, were destructionists. Such was the constitution of all mortal things, that they were preserved only by constant repair, reformation, reconstruction; they must, from time to time, be reformed, or destruction was inevitable. It was, then, the duty of the minister to be a reformer, if he would leave the world as good as he found it. He closed with an impressive enforcement of the truths he had discussed; and, laying before the Class, in a few words, the demands of the age on the ministry, he exhorted them to hopeful perseverance, and invited the blessing of God on their faithful efforts. The whole address was conceived in the spirit of a philanthropist and reformer,—the style and delivery chaste, and characterized by that devoted earnestness which is the truest eloquence. The audience manifested equal delight in the subject and in the man.

At 2 o'clock, P. M., the ensuing day, we were again called together to witness the exercises of the graduating class. The house was comfortably crowded; the exercises opened with prayer from the Rev. Professor Hosmer. The Rev. President R. P. Stebbins then announced to the house that he wished it distinctly understood that the institution was not responsible for the opinions advanced by any of the speakers. They were independent freemen, and alone responsible for their opinions. It was no part of this School to force men's opinions. The exercises of the Class succeeded. The following is a list:—1. The Doctrine of the Nicene Creed, Noah Michael, Ohio; 2. The Exclusive System, Samuel McKown, Ohio; 3. The Demands of the Age upon the Ministry, Thomas S. Lathrop, Mass. Hymn. 4. The "Little Horn" of Daniel, Evan W. Humphrey, Ohio; 5. The "Ministry at Large" in Cities, William Cushing, Mass.; 6. The Use of Reason in Matters of Faith, Alvin Coburn, Vt.; 7. The Object of Christ's Mission, Nathaniel O. Chaffee, Mass. Hymn. 8. The Principles of the Reformation, Liberty Billings, Me.; 9. The Scriptural Doctrine of Election, Stillman Barber, Mass.

The dissertations were all creditable; and considering the limited advantages of the young men previous to their connection with the School, we were

agreeably surprised with the scholarlike character of the whole performance. Original hymns were furnished for the occasion by members of the lower classes,—of too local a character, however, to interest the public.

The dissertations pronounced, the President descended to the floor to present the certificates, which he did in so pathetic a manner that it demands a sentence of description. Standing before the Class with a small bundle of certificates in his hand, he hesitated a moment to command his feelings. A breathless silence pervaded the house, and when in a subdued tone of affectionate solemnity he broke the silence, the whole audience melted into tears. He admonished the class with unutterable tenderness, dignified by perfect self-control, that they were no longer his pupils; recounted briefly the labors and trials, the pleasures and successes of their course of study; animated them with the bright hopes before them; then, explaining the meaning of the certificates, which he called simply letters of introduction to the Church, and admonishing them never to betray the confidence reposed in them by their possession, dismissed them with a parting benediction. The members of the School then united in singing a valedictory hymn written for the occasion; and the interesting exercises closed by prayer and benediction from the President. The Board of Instructors, Trustees, students and friends of the School then retired to the house of Mr. H. J. Huidekoper, and there partook of a collation prepared by that gentleman's private munificence. The whole was conducted with great simplicity and absence of parade. Never have we witnessed anything of the kind more cordial and heartfelt or less hollow and imposing. The young men will never forget the anniversary of 1848.

Your humble servant and correspondent,

W.

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ANNIVERSARY OF THE CAMBRIDGE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.—The exercises were held at 10 o'clock, on Friday, July 14, and were as follows:—1. The Miracle of the Barren Fig-Tree, Mr. James Francis Brown; 2. The Character of Christ as an Argument for the Truth of his Religion, Mr. Solon Wanton Bush.—Hymn for the occasion,—

"Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers."

"Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you."

We hear the heavenly voice,  
That bids us forward move;  
And make its call our choice,  
Our labor, and our love.  
White fields demand  
The reaper's pains;  
And dark-brown plains  
The sower's hand.

The sickle and the seed  
Still own one Sovereign Lord;

He gives the means we need,  
 And we but plant his word.  
 The laborer's skill,  
 And sun and rain,  
 And store of grain,  
 Abide his will.

Go with us, Lord, we pray !  
 Or we are left alone ; —  
 Poor wanderers from thy way,  
 And aliens in our own.  
 The humble heart,  
 The fervid soul,  
 And faith all whole,  
 O God ! impart.

Make this our Pentecost, —  
 Our day of tongues and fire,  
 With gifts we crave the most,  
 Our languid minds inspire.  
 O bless the hour,  
 And crown the end !  
 The Spirit send,  
 And then the Power.

N. L. F.

3. The Origin and Import of Sacrifices, Mr. Joseph Hobson Phipps ; 4. Man's Moral Condition by Nature, Mr. Israel Alden Putnam.—Hymn for the occasion, by Rev. John Pierpont,—

O HOLY ONE, who didst anoint  
 Thy Christ, his brethren to reclaim,  
 And dost, even now, thy sons appoint  
 To preach thy Gospel in his name ;

Largely to us that grace supply,  
 Thou, not by measure, gavest him,  
 And in that gift didst raise him high  
 O'er cherubim and seraphim ; —

That, as he erst stood up, within  
 The synagogue at Nazareth,  
 And there rebuked high-seated sin,  
 Confronting power, and hate, and death ;

We, too, in that same spirit, Lord,  
 Whom now thou sendest forth to teach,  
 To darkening souls, thy lightening word,  
 Thy Gospel to the poor may preach ;

Preach prompt deliverance to the thrall,  
 To the poor blind, recovered sight,  
 Rest to the grieved and bruised,— to all  
 The enjoyment of their every right.

Giver and Guardian of all right,  
 Father alike of bond and free,  
 Clothe us, O clothe us with thy might,  
 That we may serve and honor thee.

5. The Design of Christ in using Parables, Mr. Daniel Waldo Stevens ; 6. The Theological Position of Arminius, Mr. Joshua Young.—Hymn for the occasion, by Rev. James Flint, D. D.,—

FATHER of lights ! we here have sought  
 Christ and his truth aright to know,  
 And teachers now, as we've been taught,  
 Forth to declare his truth we go.

We leave these shades, this lov'd retreat,  
 This cherished school of sacred lore,  
 Life's trial scenes henceforth to meet,  
 Which Jesus calls us to explore.

Grant us, O God, like him to feel  
 For human guilt and human woe,—  
 Like him the spirit's wounds to heal,—  
 Our hearts with love like his to glow.

Give us a tongue to plead for peace,—  
 To lay the Moloch fiend of war,—  
 To speed the fettered slave's release,—  
 Sparing no sins Christ suffered for.

Teach us to scorn the bigot's part,  
 The narrowness of sect to shun,—  
 To own in every loving heart  
 A true disciple of thy Son.

Where'er a hearing we may gain,  
 From many, or from two or three ;  
 Let hovel, hall, or crowded fane  
 Attest our faithful ministry.

At 3 o'clock of the same day, the Alumni of the School held their annual meeting in the College Chapel. Rev. Professor Noyes, D. D., was elected

President, Rev. Ralph Sanger Vice President, Rev. J. F. W. Ware Secretary. Rev. Dr. Ingersoll, Rev. Mr. Newell and Rev. A. B. Muzzey were appointed the Executive Committee. Rev. S. Gilman, D. D., was chosen second preacher,—Rev. Dr. Parkman being the first by last year's choice. Rev. S. Saltmarsh was made an honorary member of the body. Papers having been read and remarks offered by Rev. S. K. Lothrop, relating to action that had been had, and a correspondence that had taken place between certain ministerial associations and the Corporation of the University, having in view the reinforcement of the Board of Instruction in the School,—the subject was discussed by several gentlemen, and on motion of Rev. Mr. Thurston, it was finally voted:—"That the Committee appointed a few months previous by several combined ministerial associations, be now a Committee of this body to investigate the position and relations of the School generally, and report thereon at the next annual meeting." Adjourned.

At 4 o'clock, the address was delivered in the Chapel by Rev. George W. Burnap of Baltimore, on the "Tendencies and Wants of Modern Theology." The subject was treated with marked ability and force. The indirect and direct evidences of thorough scholarship were ample and apparent. Nor was there any want of rhetorical power. It ought to be added that the style of elocution, though never impassioned, was graceful, dignified and impressive. As the discourse will doubtless be printed and circulated, we give no analysis; though the method was so lucid that the whole course of thought might be readily recalled.

We cannot forbear suggesting the hope, that as our *want* of Theology has of late been, by one hand and another, so fully stated, illustrated, accounted for, insisted on, proved to a certainty, rebuked as a wrong and lamented as a misfortune,—we shall presently begin to receive contributions towards supplying the deficiency. And we would respectfully submit whether the next and future performances on this and similar occasions,—instead of demonstrating the want,—which has doubtless been quite proper heretofore,—might not do good service by advancing to meet and satisfy it.

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\*.\* On looking over the above notice of the Cambridge Anniversary, we are constrained to say that if it appears somewhat cool and languid, as compared with the letter from Meadville preceding it, it is because it was written in the spirit that brooded over the occasion. We have good reason to believe the gentlemen graduated have excellent qualifications for the ministry; but for ourselves, we have not the least scruple in admitting the painful absence of vitality that characterized almost the whole aspect and proceedings of the Day of Visitation. The views which students are sent forth from Divinity College to preach, are the views that are destined to lead the life and progress of this age of the world, and are already doing it. And if there is not a regeneration soon in some quarters,—we do not presume to say where,—by which a little more warmth, heartiness, vivacity and drastic energy shall be inspired into the operations of that venerable institution,—the fire will inevitably be lighted elsewhere. Very few aspiring and devoted young men will be found willing to remain to draw their theological nutriment from "ribs of death."

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## TRIBUTE TO A RIGHTEOUS MAN.\*

BY REV. A. B. MUZZEY.

"**TRULY** this was a righteous man." Thus spake the centurion who had stood by the cross of Jesus and witnessed his magnanimous forgiveness, his merciful promise to the penitent malefactor, his affecting love to a mother, and the serene trust with which he breathed his spirit into the hands of his God and Father. The testimony is invaluable, not only as coming from a Roman and an enemy, but from its unimpeachable sincerity. It is indeed a general truth that we see more clearly and speak more honestly of the character of another after than before his death. The heart, if it have been touched by any virtue in the past, now utters itself freely ; we delight to dwell on the departed excellence and to portray its lineaments to ourselves and to others. It seems the ordination of Providence that the dead should thus become the most eloquent and impressive teachers of the living.

The recent departure of one who was prominent as a teacher in this city, and not unknown to our religious community, calls for a delineation of some of those qualities which won for him respect, confidence and affection wherever he was known. I do not fear the charge of exaggeration when I say that all who enjoyed the acquaintance of our deceased friend will unite in the testimony, "**Truly**, he was a righteous man."

Throughout his life he obeyed the law of duty. It was this, together with his natural thirst for knowledge, which led

\* Peter Mackintosh, Esq. died July 27, 1848, aged 60 years.



him to cultivate faithfully the powers of his mind. He was fond of reading, and in the intervals of rest from his occupation was usually found with some useful book in his hand. Blest by nature with a strong constitution, he did not hesitate to spend in his study many hours, a part of which had he devoted them to physical exercise would doubtless have prolonged his years. While we commend his rare industry and would cherish his taste for knowledge, let us be admonished also that our health, our usefulness, our very life demand a resolute care of the body.

In reviewing the traits of our venerated friend, we are struck by the prominence of his piety. The idea of God did not seem with him an occasional visitor, brought to him at set times, or by rare events. He felt rather, one would say, that God was always near to him, and that he turned toward him the face of a Father. He recognized his presence habitually, not only in conversation, but in the whole tenor of his life. Whether in joy or in sorrow he walked with God. Piety was the basis of a contentment which never left him, and a calm acquiescence in the will of God, bitter though its allotments sometimes were to him. He was a man of prayer; his devotional spirit was manifested not only by his reverence in the sanctuary, but by the interest he took in more private meetings for social and religious improvement. In his early manhood he joined himself to the Church of Christ, and was then, as ever afterward, prompt to encourage smaller gatherings of kindred spirits, and to take a part in them both by exhortation and prayer. His piety was not however fitful, spasmodic, depending on excitement for its life, but it was tranquil, uniform, self-sustained, and ever operative. He was a pillar against which the timid and faltering might always lean, and nothing more delighted him than to utter some word or breathe forth some petition, by which he could lift a fainting spirit nearer to their common Father and Friend.

Neither was his religion a solitary possession; it was illustrated in his daily character and blended with a moral worth equally clear and decided. His views of divine truth were distinct and he clung to them firmly. Christianity was to him an authoritative revelation; he always avowed his faith in it as such, though he was liberal and kind toward those who

might differ from him. He was indeed a truly liberal Christian, extending to others the charity he asked for himself. Few have been more consistent in this respect in their professions and practice. The great thing with him was character. If a man exhibited the spirit of Christ, he was very tolerant of what he thought his theological errors. He desired earnestly to see the day when Christians of all denominations might meet together, leaving behind them their creeds, and mingling heart with heart in their devotions at the altar, in the works of philanthropy, and especially in exalting, and exhibiting in their daily lives, the value of practical piety.

Our friend was marked in all his relations and duties by the virtue of justice. Independent in his judgment, he discriminated clearly between the right and the wrong, and his award was sure to correspond with his convictions. He abhorred duplicity, evasiveness, and every form and shade of injustice, whether open or secret. He made up his mind after receiving all evidence freely, with deliberation, calmness and impartiality. If flattery could not blind his intellect, nor friendship tempt him into error, neither could censure intimidate or turn him aside from the truth. Hence his decisions were usually correct, and while he adhered to them himself, they commanded the respect of others. They saw that he sought in every case only the right, and many are they, who have often, when listening to his opinions, and admiring his just and strong mind, borne witness, "Truly this is a righteous man."

Nor was his justice of a cold and stern quality. He was likewise a man of great benevolence. His views were never contracted and mean; his impulses were on the side of generosity. I need not say to those who knew him in private, how nobly he opened his heart and his purse. Wherever he could do good with his means, among kindred or in society at large, with the poor, the sick or the unfortunate, there were his hand and his help. He joined not a few benevolent associations; he was a member, as he once told me, of the first temperance society ever formed in this State. No good cause, nothing that promised either material or moral benefit to the world, failed of his aid. The blessing of many, who were ready to perish, will therefore rest on his memory.

He was devoted to the welfare of the young. Moral and

religious education was a subject he had always at heart, and for some years he was either an instructor or a superintendent in a Sunday school. His avocation, as a teacher, brought him into contact, year after year, with many from whom he received grateful tokens of regard. The number of his pupils and associate teachers who followed his remains to their beautiful resting-place at Mount Auburn, showed the depth of their love and respect. A faithful teacher is indeed a benefactor to the community. One who, like him, toils on in this service, bearing the heat and burden of the day, occupies a seat of no ordinary elevation. The tidings of his departure seal the good lessons he has given and imprint his devoted counsels with indelible lines. His instructions will flow down for generations; the impressions he has made will reach many a heart, sweet as the harp-tone, cheering as angel voices, long after he sleeps with his fathers.

And now let me say that the closing days of our friend were in harmony with his past rectitude and fidelity. His faith shone out so clearly that one felt, while in his presence, that

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate,  
Is privileged beyond the common walks of life."

For more than a year his health had been impaired, and this circumstance, joined to the loss of a very dear child, evidently spiritualized and elevated his mind, and softened the message that called him away. We were conversing at one time on the subject of religious faith. "Nothing is so much needed," said he, "in this world, as faith. I once expressed this opinion to Mr. R. as we were walking home from the communion service." He then added, "My daily prayer is, 'Lord, increase my faith.' " And this came from one who had exhibited so often and never more than now the true power of Christian faith. At another time, when so feeble that he could utter but a few words at once, he calmly affirmed, "I rest now entirely on my God and my Saviour."

Throughout his sickness he was a model of patience. I was told that he never complained. When for weeks unable to lie on his bed, he sat with almost no change of posture, and yet not a murmur escaped him. He was tried most severely, till there he sat day after day quiet in spirit, not because

he did not suffer and that sometimes to agony, but because he evidently disciplined his feelings and looked up steadily to God for strength to bear each pang. In the midst of this scene he would occasionally, when his end seemed near, call his family around him and speak some kind parting word to them. "Children," he once said, "be religious; every thing else without that will be of little value to you." With the serenity and sweetness of a saint he waited patiently for the appointed hour. The evening before he left us, he said distinctly, "Beautiful, beautiful; is this death?" And in the morning without a struggle he went with gentle step up to his Father's house.

"Is that a death-bed where a Christian dies?  
Yes! but not his—'tis Death itself there dies."

He has gone in the meridian of his days, in the midst of usefulness, and from a circle to whom his loss is irreparable. But though visited with sorrow upon sorrow, may they feel it is a Father who has sent this chastisement, and adore where they cannot see his wisdom. He alone is sufficient to bear up the widowed heart; may He give grace according to her need. The voice of parental love is silenced; a revered head is laid low. Where can we point the bereaved for consolation, but to that blest world for which he spent his entire life and on which he counselled them also to fix their hearts.

This event is a loss to the interests of Christianity; the several religious societies with whom our friend had been connected will each testify to his worth. He was always deeply interested wherever he worshipped, doing all in his power for the institutions of religion, a warm friend to his pastor and co-operating zealously in his labors. He was constant in his attendance on the services of the sanctuary. Sickness alone, I am confident, ever kept him at home. He was an officer of the church,\* and with apostolic faithfulness did he discharge his duties. He "used the office of a deacon well; holding the faith in a pure conscience; being grave, being blameless; purchasing to himself a good degree; bold in the faith which is in Christ Jesus."

\* He was elected deacon of the Second Church in Boston, May 30, 1824.

Let his departure be a call to his Christian brethren to rise up and fill as far as they can the place he has left vacant. Let them devote themselves like him, in season and out of season, to the work of their Master. May the members of the Church of Christ to whom in past years he has presented the emblems of a Saviour's love, imbibe his spirit and adorn their vocation as he did. Let them cherish the same faith, and live the same life, then will they die the same holy and beautiful death.

To that high mark let all who were associated in any manner with him aspire. May the pupils of the departed teacher enter now the school of his and their Master alike, Jesus Christ. A pattern is left them of truthfulness, piety, justice and love, which God grant they may all imitate. Let the community hear this new voice which calls them to live not for the baubles of wealth and honors and office, but for the incorruptible treasures of personal integrity, private worth and public fidelity. A fresh summons is sent demanding loyalty to God and consecration to humanity. We have lost a righteous man; what a position he held! titles and riches could not have placed him there. Character, character alone lifted him to that rank. Let us then go from these meditations with a new sense of the value of character, of our indispensable need of personal holiness. Be we righteous men; then shall we be respected, loved and confided in as he was while on earth; be we righteous; then shall we, at our Father's call, go away into life eternal; be we righteous; then like him we mourn, we shall leave behind us a name to be held in everlasting remembrance.

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### SUGGESTIONS TO A TEACHER.

I WAS much gratified, my dear friend, that my last letter afforded you so much pleasure, and truly can I sympathise with you in your present plans and purposes. The wish you have expressed of becoming a teacher in the Sabbath School, in which you have for many years been a pupil, is one worthy of serious consideration, and since you have asked my advice and guidance on the subject, you must pardon me, if this

letter somewhat resembles a dissertation, for I would speak to you plainly and earnestly on the subject.

When we consider the many schools that have been established within comparatively a short period of time, when we know the numbers engaged in them, and the amount of influence they are capable of exerting, we are sometimes tempted to ask, are they effecting all the good of which they are capable? Are they the powerful instruments they ought to be in regenerating the world? Are they in general characterized by that deep earnestness of spirit, which forms the only sure basis of success? If in any case, such is not the result, to what is it to be ascribed? Is it to be charged upon the coldness and indifference of the community in general, upon the abounding spirit of worldliness, — the love of gain, the thirst for pleasure, — the hurry and excitement of the age, which leaves one little leisure for more serious thoughts and emotions, or are such results to be charged to the indifference of parents, the neglect of children, and the want of reverence for sacred subjects and seasons, that so painfully characterize our age? Much as might be said on all these points, I shall at present confine myself to one, which most nearly concerns your own decision and which, I fear, is too often overlooked; namely, *The want of the necessary qualifications in the Teacher.* Many appear to undertake the duties of a Teacher, simply from a wish of following the example of others, and an unwillingness to be regarded as singular, or backward in doing as much as many of their acquaintance. With such, the office is assumed simply as a matter of form, and where the true living spirit is wanting the results are such as we might reasonably expect. "But," you ask, "what qualifications do you deem necessary?" I would answer, in the first place, a deep and earnest sense of the importance of the work; — a conviction in your own mind, that religious truths, the great doctrines of christianity are of more importance than aught beside. Truths imparted to the child, merely by rote, as it were, will have but little effect; he will intuitively perceive whether you are in earnest yourself, and thence will judge of the relative importance of your teachings. To impress any truth deeply on another mind, you must first realize it in your own heart and life. Do not merely receive the words of others, and feel that

because you understand them intellectually, they therefore necessarily form a part of your own character. There is no delusion more dangerous than this, and none into which we are more liable to fall. Surrounded as we have been from childhood with religious influences, educated in the midst of a christian community, we are in danger of mistaking the form for the reality, and it is well for us often to retire within ourselves and striving to divert our thoughts from all external influences, to ask, what we *really* believe and know? Religious truths are ours, only just so far as they form a part of our inward consciousness, so far as we have inwardly experienced their power. We may indeed, tell a child of the great doctrine of immortality, but unless we have felt its power, our words will seem too much, as "mere idle tales." But are we conscious of the infinite weight of this momentous truth, have we felt in the unfolding of our various powers, in the expansion of our affections, in our capacity for progress, that revelation confirms the earnest strivings of the spirit for a continued and higher form of existence; — have we, in moments of weariness or bereavement realized that the words of Jesus, confirm the dictates, and still the longings of the heart, for an assurance of a reunion with the loved, — then can we speak from the fulness of an inward and living experience, and life and earnestness will breathe through our words, simple though they may be and devoid of mere artistic eloquence. Again, do you wish to impress the child with the love of God, and teach him to regard Him as a kind and tender Parent? Be conscious of this love in your own heart, ere you seek to impart it to another. You may indeed repeat the words that are the expression of a truly trusting soul, yet the heart will not thus find its only true rest. The peace resulting from a true love of God, can come only through a life of childlike love and simple trust, and it is only as we grow into this harmony of spirit, that we understand those words of the Saviour, "God is love, and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him."

Do not misunderstand me, or imagine that I would discourage your determination of becoming a teacher; far from it. We are all, daily imparting to others by our example and influence, and this is far mere effectual than any mere formal

teaching. If, therefore, you are striving to form your character upon the only true model of excellence, if you are *sincere* in your desire to do good, and to share with others the benefits you have yourself received, — then you have a right to take your place as teacher, — and whether your attainments be greater or less, the motive, doubt not, will be accepted and blessed. Only rest not satisfied with any present attainments. Spiritual treasures, unlike mere worldly goods, increase by imparting, but unless the stream be daily replenished from the great fountain of life, its waters will become turbid, and void of all life-giving power.

The qualifications I would next name, and which I know you will acknowledge to be of the greatest importance, are, Punctuality — a true love of your pupils, and a course of persevering effort to do them good.

Much of the irregularity so often observed in our schools, may doubtless be traced to the negligence of the teacher, but on this point knowing so well your own habits of regularity and order, I need hardly enlarge, only let me add that I have seldom known an instance where the Teacher was constant and punctual in his attendance, in which his class did not in a great measure follow his example.

But expect not truly to accomplish any lasting results until you have gained the *affection* of your pupils. A mere routine of words or set phrases will avail little, but let heart speak to heart, and there will be an outbreathing of spiritual influence that will touch the deepest springs of feeling. Do not confine yourself to any set lesson or manual, whatever use you may judge best to make of such ; and in this as in other respects, you must be guided in a great measure by the characters of those who form your class, and their previous advantages of education, — but in your teaching, imitate the great Master, who drew his deepest lessons from the passing events of the day — who pointed to the lilies of the field, to the growing grain, to the labors of the husbandman, to illustrate the great truth of the inward life. So let it be with you. Converse freely and affectionately with your pupils. At times put aside the stated lesson, and speak of the occurrences of the week, and teach that each day, in its so falsely called *trivial* events, is full of spiritual meaning.



Then too, there are a thousand little nameless acts, which win the affection of the child, and through which you can gain a hold upon his highest and best feelings. The single word, the encouraging look, the interest taken in his recreations, in his studies and favorite pursuits, though slight in themselves, all tell in the final amount ; and though we may meet the children under our charge, but one short hour during the week, none may estimate the influence, which, by a persevering course of this kind, we may be able to exert over them. Then too, when you observe a particular fault in a child, or wish to deepen any serious impression, a little note addressed to such an one, even if the child be so young as to require it to be printed, will often be far more effectual than an hour's general conversation.

Of course your system must vary according to the different characters over whom you are to gain an influence, but I truly believe that a course of affectionate, persevering effort will not be unavailing, however cold and sterile the soil may at first appear. Do not look only for *present* results, however gratifying such results might be. Nature in all her manifold developments works gradually, and in this, as in so many other respects, we discern the perfect analogy between the material and the spiritual. Let your only care be, to sow faithfully the good seed, and in Heaven's own time it will spring up and bear fruit. At least be assured, that however useless your labour may appear to be, the faithful effort will not be without its influence on your own character, and you will find through daily experience, that you are entering more fully into that harmony of thought and feeling with all there is elevating and pure, which is the true reward of the earnest spirit.

Again, much of the want of influence in our schools, may be traced to a *deficiency in the intellectual preparation of the teacher.*

True, a right, earnest and devout spirit, is the first and all important qualification, — yet is this all? Were teachers themselves better educated for their duties, do you not feel that our schools would take a far higher stand than they now do? For consider a moment, how much deeper an interest may be excited in the mind of a child, in any narrative in the Old Testament, for instance, by one who is able through an intimate

knowledge of the manners and customs of the period, through the advantages which a cultivated taste and imagination give to him, to delineate the scenes of past ages as events of to-day, than when such passages are read, simply as a mere formal routine of words. Then too, if your class continue with you several years, you must educate yourself to advance with them, to instruct them in the higher branches of Christianity, so to speak.

You should endeavor to acquire a thorough and critical knowledge of the Bible, especially the New Testament, of the evidences of the truth of Christianity, of the history of the Jewish nation so full of wonder and interest, and of rival sects and nations, of the remarkable fulfilment of many of the prophecies, of the manners and customs of the ancients, of the effect of Christianity upon the civilization of the world, and in this manner as your pupils advance in knowledge you will be able to precede them, and there will never be a lesson, in which you will not be able to impart to them some instructions, and over which, however barren its details, you will not be able to throw the charm of a cultivated mind and a refined and elevated taste. Indeed there is no department of science or literature, which may not become in some measure, a part of your own experience, and thence re-act upon the mind of the child ; and in what manner can you better spend the leisure of the Sabbath, or of the week, than in directing your attention and efforts to such pursuits and ends ?

Once more, — Is there not some wrong impression on your mind, something mistaken in the feeling, that leads you to assume the responsibility of a teacher, while at the same time you refuse to join in the simple rite of the commemoration of the Redeemer, instituted by the Saviour himself ? Is not the former in reality a more solemn act than the latter, since the one is calculated to exert a direct influence on other hearts, through the efficacy of your teachings, while the latter has more direct reference to the individual character, feelings and affections ? Is not the one as true, as open a profession of faith as the other, — and if you so deeply feel the importance of your christian faith, as to seek to impart its blessings to others, why longer refuse to make your thank-offering, in the direct way of the Saviour's own appointment ?

Are you not neglecting a known duty, and will your instructions to your class have the efficacy and weight they might have, did you seek in this, no less than in other respects, to fulfil the commandments of the great Teacher?

Do you say, you have not yet attained to that goodness which ought to be yours, ere taking such a step? For whom I would ask, was the institution designed? Surely not for the perfect, — not for those who feel that they have already reached the goal, — but for all, who are *striving* after perfection, — for all who can come in sincerity and love. Seek to divest your mind of all old prejudices, and wrong influences, and read the simple account of that last hour of love, as narrated by the Apostles. Go back in thought to that large upper room, and as one after another the earnest countenances of the disciples pass before you, seek out the one central figure, — place yourself at His feet, and listen to those calm, deep words, of earnest, spiritual affection. Receive from his dying lips his parting blessing of peace and love, drink in his spirit of sublime self-sacrifice, — learn something of that power which raised him above all earthly suffering, — and then will you not be constrained as it were, to remember him? Were Jesus himself again among us, were he personally to invite you to come to his table and think of him, should you then draw back, — could you then turn away from that countenance of love, and those words of sympathy and encouragement? If not — why longer delay? Why hesitate in fulfilling the last request of Him who is the Teacher of us all?

Labour then earnestly, but be not impatient to accomplish great results, and be not impatient with yourself. All true growth is gradual, and though you may sometimes feel the want of a true sympathy from others, cultivate the love of all, and remember that in every worthy effort the sympathy of heaven is with you.

Bereaved as you have recently been, of one of the best of parents, can you not feel that in all your efforts he is still with you, perhaps more truly than when on earth, for if there is rejoicing in heaven over one repentant sinner, how very near must those mansions of the redeemed be to us. And though he has already passed behind the veil, and wider spheres of usefulness and progress are unfolded to his spirit, — though

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 you are now as a divided household, yet there is but "one family in Heaven and on earth;" and what incentive to effort more powerful, than that we, in our humble spheres, if earnest and faithful, are co-workers with the pure and redeemed above?

Hoping soon to visit you, and to express personally my sympathy with you, and my interest in all your plans, believe me ever,

Sincerely your friend,

H. M.

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THE CALL OF MUSIC.

THE golden tones of a mellow horn  
 Are forever sounding in my ear.  
 Both late at night and at early morn  
 Those marvellous notes I seem to hear.

Full many a mystic tale they tell,  
 Commingled of wondrous hopes and fears;  
 Oh my soul hath loved to hear them well,  
 When toss'd in a world of sin and tears.

And once they rang so merry and loud  
 They thrilled far over the hills aloft:  
 But now they wail, as over a shroud,  
 Most strangely mournful, sad and soft.

With a cadence dim, that unknown horn  
 To my listening soul doth seem to say,  
 And ever it hath since I was born,—  
 "Spirit, be pure, and come, come away."

And well do I know that when a morn  
 Shall come with a peace so calm and deep  
 That no more I hear that mellow horn,  
 In the silent grave I shall lie asleep.

But hark! high over the tomb it rings,  
 And its tone hath nothing dim or drear,  
 As from the opening heaven it sings,—  
 "Rejoice, the home of the soul is here!"

W. R. A.

## JUSTIFICATION.

THE doctrine of *justification by faith alone* is maintained throughout a large portion of the Protestant Church. It is represented in the following manner, by a celebrated Theological Professor, who may be regarded as an able representative of all who embrace this doctrine.

"It was an universal belief," he says, "among Protestants at the Reformation, and the pulpit knew no other language, that *faith alone* is the genuine method of salvation; not *faith and works together*, or works more properly, as has been taught by many within the last century. This latter way is indeed no way at all; rightly considered, it carries with it a contradiction to itself. There cannot be a mixed way to acceptance; it must be by *Christ wholly*, or *ourselves wholly*; not ourselves in part, and Christ in part, with a view to make up our defects. The Reformation discerned better, and the Scripture where it principally treats this subject, I mean St. Paul's epistles, declares otherwise. If by Grace, (i. e. by God's free favor through Christ, election to life arises,) 'then it is no more of works, otherwise grace is no more grace. But if it be of works, then it is no more grace, otherwise works are no more works.'"

In order to show the fallacy of this doctrine, it will be proper to adopt some common standard by which it may be tried and examined, and we think the advocates of this doctrine must consent to the Holy Scriptures as the only infallible standard. The Scriptures are most certainly the wisest scheme of salvation. This being settled, it matters little what was the doctrine of Luther, or Calvin, or Melancthon, or Zuinglius, or of any scholar and reformer, about the nature of *faith*, as being — exclusive of Charity and Good Works, — the only genuine method of salvation, since all acknowledge that it is not for man to form schemes of salvation. It is not the Council of Nice, of Ephesus, of Trent, or any other, which can safely be depended upon, or referred to, as the oracle of truth; neither is it the Church of Jerusalem, of Alexandria, of Rome, or of England. Neither will it be a crime in any man, should

he in this respect differ from the article relating to "*justification by faith alone*," contained in the confessions of faith of the majority of Protestant churches, though most of the old books for one hundred and fifty years after the Reformation should all speak the same sense. These are all short of substantial proofs of this doctrine, unless the doctrine itself can be found in the Holy Scriptures ; and the man is to be vindicated in refuting the doctrine, if contrary to Scripture, by the general belief of mankind, that the *Sacred Scriptures contain all things necessary to salvation ; so that whatsoever is not found therein, or may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man, that it should be believed as an article of faith, or be thought requisite, or necessary to salvation. It is not lawful for the Church to ordain any thing, that is contrary to God's written Word, neither is it lawful so to expound one place of Scripture as to be repugnant to another.* And not only so, but the Church cannot, on any ground, lay claim to infallibility. The Church of Jerusalem, Alexandria, Rome, and Antioch, erred, not only in their living and manner of ceremonies, but also in matters of faith. And it would be very unbecoming in a church at the present day to acknowledge the fallibility of ancient churches, and yet suppose herself infallible. We do not conceive ourselves, therefore, under any obligation to bow down before the decisions of general councils, of churches, of reformers, of talents, of learning, of dignity, or of any human judicature whatsoever, only so far as it is supported by the genuine uncorrupted sense of the records of the Eternal Wisdom. Not that we feel disposed to quarrel with, or even to slight, the determinations of any of the above sources of arbitration, because we verily believe that in many instances they have both consulted and obeyed the dictates of revealed truth, but then we are equally persuaded that in many other instances they have suffered themselves to be misled by error. The Scriptures constitute the rock of sure and unshaken principles of doctrine and of life ; our security, and our only security, therefore, in articles of faith and practice, is to be found *in the right interpretation of the WORD OF GOD, and in the pure and genuine sense of its holy pages thence derived.*

We will now proceed to examine whether the tenet of "*justification by faith alone*," exclusive of Charity and Good Works,

is "the only genuine method of salvation." That this may appear with greater clearness, and in its true light, it will be proper to define our terms.

**FAITH**, we conceive to be a christian grace, derived from the divine, and leading man to *think aright* about God, his law and kingdom, and especially to acknowledge in heart and life the Lord God, and to approach and worship him accordingly.

**CHARITY**, we understand to be another christian grace, derived also, like faith, from the divine, and disposing man to love his neighbor as himself, and to suffer that love to govern and influence him in all his thoughts, works and actions.

**GOOD WORKS** too, are to be regarded as derived, like faith and charity, from a divine source, since no man can of himself alone do a *really good* work, any more than of himself alone he can think a *good* thought, or cherish a *good* affection, man not being life in himself, but only a recipient of life. "Without me," says the Saviour, "ye can do nothing." *Good Works*, therefore, are to be considered as nothing else but charity and faith *in operation*, in other words, as the *expressions and effects* of a man's internal charity and faith in his external life and conversation.

Man consists of three parts or principles of life, viz: a *Will*, whereby he can love God and his neighbors; an *Understanding*, whereby he can discover what the love of God and of his neighbor requires of him, and an *Operation* whereby he can fulfil, or bring into outward effect, what his will chooses and his understanding dictates. These three parts or principles *together* constitute the man, and not any of them singly, or in separation from the other. The progression of man's life is like the progression of all things that belong to the will, through the understanding, into acts in the body. The will produces nothing of itself without the understanding, nor does the understanding produce anything of itself without the will; they must act in conjunction that any thing may exist. As will and understanding form a one, so do *charity and faith*; because charity belongs to the will, and faith to the understanding. In like manner, charity and faith form a one, as affection and thought do; because affection belongs to the will, and thought to the understanding. So again, charity and faith form a one, as goodness and truth do; because goodness has relation to affec-

tion, which belongs to the will, and truth has relation to thought, which belongs to the understanding. In a word, charity and faith constitute a one, like essence and form; for the essence of faith is charity, and the form of charity is faith. Hence it is evident, that faith without charity is like form without an essence, which is not anything; and that charity without faith is like an essence without a form, which likewise is not anything. Faith without charity is like respiration of the lungs without a heart, which cannot take place in any living thing, but only in an automaton; and charity without faith is like a heart without lungs, in which there can be no sense of life; consequently, charity by faith accomplishes uses, as the heart by the lungs accomplishes actions.

From what has been said, it is plain that man cannot be justified, or made just, by faith *alone*. Justification by faith *alone*, if it has any meaning, must needs imply the *exclusion* of every other justifying principle, consequently the exclusion of charity and good works, and thus the exclusion of neighborly love and its operation. It may, perhaps, be said, no; for according to the general idea of faith, it includes both charity and good works, thus both neighborly love and its operation, and therefore may be considered as the primary and *sole* cause of justification. But according to this idea, allow us to ask, how can justification be attributed to faith *alone*, when, by the above confession, charity and good works are *united with* faith in producing justifying effects? For can charity, faith, and good works, *all conspire* to effect a purpose, and can it be said, with any degree of propriety, that the purpose is effected by any one of these agents *singly*, to the exclusion of the rest? Why, then, be unwilling to allow to charity and good works the same justifying efficacy which is allowed to faith, while at the same time it is acknowledged that charity and good works are always *connected with* justifying faith? Or why insist that faith *includes* charity and good works when it is plain, from the testimony of the Sacred Scriptures, that charity and works are perpetually spoken of as things *distinct from* faith, and in some instances *superior* to faith, which cannot be supposed to have been the case, had they been included and involved in it?

But is it not genuine Calvinism to believe that "faith justifies without good works," that "works are not necessary to



salvation, nor to faith, because salvation and faith are neither preserved nor retained by good works," consequently, that "there is no bond of connection between faith and good works?" We know that it is asserted that "good works follow faith, as fruit is produced from a tree," but then let us ask, who does them, nay, who thinks of them, or who is spontaneously led to perform them, while a person knows or believes that they do not at all contribute to salvation, and also, that no one can do any good thing towards salvation as of himself? If it be alleged that the leaders of the church have still conjoined faith with good works, it may be said in reply, that this conjunction, when clearly inspected, is not conjunction, but mere adjunction, and this only like a superfluous appendage, that neither coheres nor adheres in any other manner than as a dark background to a portrait, which serves to set off the figure represented, and give it more the appearance of life; it may be said further, that inasmuch as religion has relation to life, and this consists in good works according to the truths of faith, it is evident that real religion is the portrait or figure represented of itself, and not the mere shady appendage; yea, that when good works are regarded as such an appendage, they must be reputed by many as of no more account than the tail of a horse, which, as contributing nothing to the horse's strength, may be cut off at pleasure. Who can rationally conclude otherwise, while he understands such expressions as these according to their obvious meaning? "That it is a folly to imagine that the works of the second table of the Decalogue justify in the sight of God," and these, "That if any one believes he shall therefore obtain salvation, because he has charity, he brings a reproach upon Christ;" as also these, "That good works are utterly to be excluded, in treating of justification and eternal life?" Who, therefore, when he reads afterwards, that good works necessarily follow faith, and that if they do not follow, the faith is a false and not a true faith; who, we say, attends to it, or if he attends to it, understands whether such good works are attended with any perception or consciousness? Yet good which proceeds from man without his having a perception or consciousness of it, has no more life in it than if it came from a statue.

We submit, do those ministers of the church, those of them

especially who affect to excel in wisdom, and wish to be looked upon as oracles in spiritual things, revolve in their thoughts and teach from their pulpits, scarce anything else but mysteries concerning justification by faith alone, and good works as her humble attendants? And from their great erudition concerning faith and good works, do they not in a wonderful manner sometimes separate and sometimes conjoin them; comparatively as if they held faith by itself in one hand, and the works of charity in the other, and at one time extend their arms, and so separate them, and at another time bring their hands together, and so conjoin them? Let us illustrate this by examples. They teach, that good works are not necessary to salvation, because if done by man they are meritorious; at the same time they also teach, that good works necessarily follow faith, and that both together make one in the article of salvation. They teach, that faith without good works, as being alive, justifies; and at the same time, that faith without good works, as being dead, does not justify. They teach, that faith is neither preserved nor retained by good works; and at the same time that good works proceed from faith, as fruit from a tree, light from the sun, and heat from fire. They teach that good works being adjoined to faith make it perfect; and at the same time, that being conjoined as in a marriage, or in one form, they deprive faith of its saving essence. They teach, that a Christian is not under the law; and at the same time, that he must be in the daily practice of the law. They teach, that if good works are intermixed in the business of salvation by faith, as in the remission of sins, justification, regeneration, verification, and salvation, they are hurtful, but if not intermixed, that they are profitable. They teach, that God crowns his own gifts, which are good works, with rewards even of a spiritual nature, but not with salvation and eternal life, because faith without works, they say, is entitled to the crown of eternal life. They teach, that faith alone is like a queen, who walks in a stately manner, with good works as her train of attendants behind her; but if these join themselves to her and embrace her, she is cast from her throne, and called an adulteress. But particularly when they treat of faith and good works at the same time, they view merits in the one hand, and no merit in the other, making choice of expressions which

they use in two different senses, one for the laity, and the other for the clergy, for the laity that its nakedness may not appear, and for the clergy that it may. Consider now, whether a person hearing such things can draw from them any doctrine leading to salvation, or whether he will not rather, from the apparent contradictions therein, become blind, and afterwards grope for the objects of salvation, like a person walking in the dark? Who in this case can tell, from the evidence of works, whether he has any faith or not; and whether it is better to omit good works on account of the danger of merit, or to do them for the fear of the loss of faith? Who will not separate and snatch himself away from such contradictions, and shun evils as sins, and do good, and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thus have saving justification given unto him?

From what has now been said, it will plainly appear, that by *justification* is implied, the being *made just*; but whereas no man can be made just, but by a principle of justice, and since the true and only principle of justice is the love of God and of our neighbors, therefore justification, or being *made just*, further implies, that a man loves God above all things, and his neighbors as himself; but whereas man of himself cannot love God and his neighbors, since of himself he loves himself alone, better than God and his neighbors, therefore justification, or being *made just*, further implies, that man has connection of heart and life with the Divine, from whom alone all true justice, or all true love of God and of the neighbor descends. And as the Will, the Understanding, and the Operation constitute a one, as we have already seen, therefore no man can be said to be justified, or made just, until he be renewed in all these several parts or principles of his constitution according to justice, that is to say, according to the pure love of God, and of his neighbors.

It is clear, then, that justification cannot be unjustly applied, nor can any one obtain the benefit of it, without becoming the suitable object of this benefit; for this would be to destroy and confound the settled laws of God, *that just Judge of all the earth*, who will do right, and who has expressly declared, that he will not justify the wicked. "He that justifieth the wicked, and he that condemneth the just, even they both are an abomination to the Lord."

The terms *just* and *justify*, are used in Scripture, not as implying a perfect, steady, and sinless obedience to the laws of God, for that is not possible in man's degenerate state; but an habitual and prevailing regard to truth and goodness, which does properly denominate him to be a just man, and render him a good recipient of the divine favor and acceptance, or justifies him. Thus Abel, by offering a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, obtained an express testimony from God that he was *righteous*, a fire from heaven consuming his sacrifice, and by it men were taught that God looks to the heart in all their services and devotions. Nay, God tells Cain that if he *did well* he should be accepted. Abel may signify those who are in charity, and Cain those who are in faith separate from charity. Abel brought an offering of the *firstling* of his *flock*, and the *fat* thereof, that is, he worshipped from *love* and *charity*, and God had respect to his offering. Cain also brought an offering of the *fruit* of the ground, that is, he worshipped merely from *faith*, and Jehovah had not respect to his offering; and Cain was very wroth, and his countenance fell. By which may signify, that with such who continue in faith only, as faith separate from charity, the interiors of the mind are averted from the Lord, and look downwards towards inferior things. Cain at length murdered his brother Abel, that is, faith, separate from charity, will at length destroy charity altogether; and Cain was cursed as a fugitive and vagabond, which may signify, that such will no longer know good and truth. Jehovah is said to curse man, when man averts himself from Him, because in such cases nothing can prosper with him of a spiritual nature; and however he may cultivate his peculiar schism or doctrine, which may be signified by tilling the ground, still it will be barren and unfruitful in good works. So Noah is said to be a *just* man, and upright in his generation; and as such, he found favor in the eyes of the Lord, who bids him and his come into the Ark; for said He, "Thee have I seen righteous before me in this generation." So Abraham pleads with God for Sodom, that he would spare it if there were so many *just*, or so many *righteous* persons in it. Now if men can have no righteousness at all that can render them recipients of favor, or justification in any measure, he never would have pleaded as he did. We are told likewise, God said of Job, that he

was a perfect and upright man, which is explained by his fearing God and eschewing evil. And again we find Job declaring that he would hold his righteousness fast, and not let it go; which seems explained, by his adding, that his *heart* should not reproach him so long as he lived. To the same purpose, the Psalmist speaks of the wicked plotting against the *just*, and bids them mark the *perfect*, and behold the *upright*, for the end of that man is peace. And Solomon says that the path of the *just* is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. Nor can any be more express against the doctrine of *justification by faith alone*, than Ezekiel, who says, that "he who walked in God's statutes and kept his judgments to deal truly, he is *just*; he shall surely live, saith the Lord. The righteousness of the righteous shall be upon him." It is to the established rules of government that God refers, as the foundation of his appeal; "Hear, O Israel is not my way equal?" Which character of *just* as applied to men is still further confirmed in the propriety of it, by our Lord himself; who tells us, that "He sendeth rain on the just and the unjust." Now with what great impropriety must this be said, if one part of mankind may not as truly bear the character of just, as the other of unjust! Or if the one part can only be so denominated by *imputation*, but the other of *personal demerit*!

We further add, that Peter was well assured of this as a truth, viz: that "In every nation, he that fears God, and works *righteousness*, is accepted of him;" which plainly proved, that men of every nation were capable, because the power was continually given them, of fearing God, and working righteousness, and that this their doing so, was the ground of the divine acceptance. So that God is no partial being; he does not distribute his favors arbitrarily, or from caprice; he is no respecter of persons, any farther than their principles and actions are worthy of divine approval.

Now if any truth be plain, this is a certain and evident one, that *personal*, not *imputed* righteousness, is the very reason, foundation, and rule of justification before God, by which we mean, *the only differing reason why one man partakes of the gifts of eternal life, and why another does not*. Paul says that "God will render to every man according to his  
 — indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish, upon

every soul of man that doeth evil ; but glory, honor and peace, to every one that worketh righteousness, for there is no respect of persons with God." He tells the Corinthians, that "all, both Jew and Gentile, must appear before the judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether good or bad." And he would not have the Galatians deceived ; for "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap ; he who soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption ; but he who soweth to the spirit, shall of the spirit reap life everlasting."

To put this matter beyond all doubt, let us attend a little to what our Lord himself has said concerning it. He tells us, that "the hour is coming, in which all that are in their graves shall hear his voice and shall come forth ; they that have *done good* unto the resurrection of life ; and they that have *done evil* unto the resurrection of condemnation." Read at your leisure the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, where in that description of the judgment which God passes upon every individual human being, we are assured, that the reason of the sentence, Come ye blessed, is, their having done righteously ; and the reason of the other sentence, Depart ye cursed, is, their neglecting to do what they might have done. And in his Parable of the Talents our Lord plainly teaches, as the grand moral of it, that in proportion to men's improvement of *what they have*, or their criminal neglect shall be their reward. "*Every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit* is hewn down, and cast into the fire." "He that receiveth seed into the good ground, is he that heareth the Word and understandeth it, *which also beareth fruit and bringeth forth.*" "Jesus said, My mother, and my brethren are they which hear the Word of God, and *do it.*" "If ye know these things happy are ye *if ye do them.*" "He that hath my commandments, and *doeth them*, he it is that loveth me, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him." "Herein is my Father glorified, *that ye bear much fruit.*" "The Son of Man shall come in the glory of his Father, and then shall he reward every one *according to his works.*" "I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth ; yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and *their works do follow them.*" "A book was opened,

which is the book of life, and the dead were judged according to those things which were written in the books, *all according to their works.*" Behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me, to give every man *according to his work.*" "Jehovah, whose eyes are open upon all the ways of the sons of men, to give every one according to his ways, and *according to the fruit of his doings.*" "I will punish them for their ways, and *visit upon them for their doings.*" "According to our ways and *according to our doings,* so hath he dealt with us," not to mention a thousand other passages to the same purport, from which it must plainly appear, that a man's *works or doings,* are things of the first moment in the article of justification, since it is impossible to suppose that judgment shall hereafter be regulated *according to man's works,* unless these works had in them something to affect judgment, consequently either to justify or condemn. It deserves notice also, that *faith* is never once mentioned in any of the above passages, as affecting judgment, consequently as either tending to justify or condemn. But how shall we account for the strange fact, that many still exalt a principle of faith to pre-eminence over the above positive declarations of the Eternal Truth, and not only so, but that they absolutely *overlook* those declarations, as if none such had ever been made, and that their blindness, in this instance, is so complete, that they discern nothing either of the number or importance of the things said in the sacred Scriptures concerning good works, but remain equally unaffected by their high sanction and authority! Alas! no satisfactory solution can be given of this wonderful phenomenon, but what is most mortifying and humiliating, because grounded in the melancholy reflection, that where any false principle is suffered to predominate in the human mind, there the truth is no longer seen or attended to, even though attested by evidence bright as the mid-day sun, and multiplied as the stars in the firmament of heaven. And what adds greatly to our astonishment on the occasion is the consideration that the darkness alluded to is caused, not by ignorance or misinformation, (for this might be excusable,) but by the light of truth itself falsified and perverted through misinterpretation and misapplication; thus awfully verifying the solemn words of Jesus Christ, "If the light that is in thee be

darkness, how great is that darkness ! They, therefore, who call themselves the learned, and who pretend to see deeper than others into the mysteries of religion, are in this respect, it is to be feared, blinder than the simple, thus again awfully fulfilling the words of the same Great Redeemer, where he says, "I thank Thee, Father, Lord of Heaven and Earth, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes."

But let us proceed. Paul represents the Israelites as "ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness ; and so did not submit themselves to the righteousness of God. That is, the Jews did not attend to the *divine rectitudes*, though so often informed by their prophets, as well as by their moral precepts, that they consisted in an inward *purity of heart and life*, and that these were the terms of God's gracious acceptance. Notwithstanding this, they went about to settle and establish a righteousness of their own, constituted of *genealogical descent, election, sacrifices, and atonement*, and so would not submit to the divine rectitudes. To the Jews, there appeared no proportion, when they considered themselves as in many things offending, between imperfect obedience and the reward of eternal happy life. But to compromise the matter, they were accustomed, as well as the Gentile nations, to commute with the Deity, by offerings, sacrifices, or ceremonial lustrations ! Their prophets had, however, in the plainest manner reproved them for these things, by commanding them to wash, and make *themselves* clean ; which they were to do, by putting away the evil of their doings, and by ceasing to do evil, and learning to do well ; and by not trusting to the multitude of their sacrifices, burnt offerings, oblations, or their many and long prayers. And as Daniel advised Nebuchadnezzar, so they advised the Jews, to break off their sins by *righteousness*, and their iniquities by observing mercy. Or as Micah represents Balaam as telling Balak, that the Lord would not be pleased with thousands of rams, or ten thousand rivers of oil, or with human sacrifices, as atonements for the sin of the soul ; but the requirements of Jehovah were, *to do justly, and love mercy, and walk humbly before him*. The writings of the prophets generally show that the Jews had run into a high opinion of external



and invented services, as what would perfect their characters, atone for their unrighteousness, and entitle them to the favor of Jehovah; or, in other words, this way they took for justification, or obtaining God's acceptance.

That this was a truth, may be seen by consulting the Saviour's first sermon on the mount. He begins with recommending virtuous dispositions in the minds of men, as what qualified for blessedness; and shows what mistakes the Jews had run into about righteousness, in almost all his public instructions. Besides, as the Israelites apprehended that they were really under a divine constitution, or Theocracy; and as they did but superficially attend to the designs of it, they might imagine that their mere external conformity was sufficient to obtain righteousness.

[To be concluded.]

## THE PSALMS.

A SERMON, BY REV. GEORGE F. SIMMONS.

Acts i. 20. For it is written in the book of Psalms, Let his habitation be desolate, and let no man dwell therein, and his bishoprick let another take.

THIS passage gives us an idea of the manner and spirit in which the Psalms were regarded and quoted by the Apostles, and suggests to us a comparison with the manner in which they are regarded now.

It is not unfrequently asserted that we have in this text a citation of a passage as prophetic which is in fact not prophetic, and which is so regarded only on account of that erroneous view of the Old Testament in which the first disciples of Christ were permitted by him to rest. But this is an ungrounded criticism of a kind against which it is well for us to be on our guard. The speaker does not, so far as appears from the context, quote these words as prophetic, but rather as an asseveration of a law of God, to the effect that the enemy and betrayer of the righteous shall be cast out and his memory be-

come infamous. Every declaration of an eternal law has indeed a certain prophetic force, remains an everlasting warning, and is continually fulfilled. The Christians of the New Testament found the ancient Scriptures full of such declarations, and quoted much from them as a previous promulgation of what had in their time been fully confirmed in fact. But superficial readers receiving their quotations according to a ruder theory of prophecy, make them the ground of inconsiderate animadversion.

The citation of the text throws immediately into my hands a passage on which I was desirous of making an observation, inasmuch as it is an eminent instance of a class of passages which are frequently held up as strongly objectionable, on the score of their spirit, even as absolutely opposed to the temper of Christianity. Some tender Christians shudder at passages which Saint Peter could use, without suspecting the impropriety, in enforcing a religion of love.

The Psalm from which the apostle here quotes, — the one hundred and ninth, — is sometimes instanced as eminently atrocious. It is thought to breathe the very bitterness of vengeance. Saint Peter did not so understand it. When he read: "The mouth of the wicked and the mouth of the deceitful are opened against me. For my love they are my adversaries; but I give myself unto prayer. They have rewarded me evil for good; and hatred for my love. Set thou a wicked man over him; and let Satan stand at his right hand. When he shall be judged, let him be condemned, and let his prayer become sin. Let his days be few, and let another take his office," he found not an utterance of personal malignity, but a denunciation of just retribution, which should befall the enemies of virtue and the scourges of mankind. The Hebrew language is very poor in distinctions of tense and mood in verbs, and a part of the apparent bitterness of this Psalm is undoubtedly conveyed to it in the translation. The same might be perhaps better expressed by a different phraseology. "He *shall* be condemned," and "his days *shall* be few." But even such verbal correction is not necessary. For the right reader does understand, that the Psalmist here rises above the level of personal enmity and utters the condemnation of God. The words are severe and

terrible ; but no more severe and terrible than are those facts of Providence in which they are fulfilled. The apostle quoted them thus as awful and as sacred ; and can there be any question that the truly *religious* use of the Psalms, of which this is an instance, is more true to the spirit in which they were conceived, than the critical sentimental use which is more recent, and which finds in them cause of offence ?

I do not deny that there are passages sparsely scattered through the Psalms of David, which, at least in the form in which we have them, are not in harmony with the spirit of Christ. But the cases in which this want of harmony is extreme, are very few ; and I would suggest whether in those parts in which Christian feeling, or what we fancy to be such, is offended, it be not more prudent and modest, considering the commendation which the Saviour and apostles gave the books, and that they have seemed divine to so many generations, to suspect that there is something in the language of the original which would abate our objection, and that we have not fully entered into the mind of the Psalmist.

Sure it is indeed, that the Psalms do not adequately portray the spirit that was revealed in the Messiah. But equally sure is it that they express in eloquent and sublime strains, that spirit which longed for the Messiah, and which, in the glory of that expectation, cast an unutterable and enduring splendor upon an age otherwise rude and valueless.

It is remarkable, with regard to these compositions, how their predominant religious spirit has made even circumstances of war and rude life, so redolent and expressive of the highest relations, that even the Christian has found in them appropriate vehicles for his own devotions.

The warlike tone of the Psalms is often objected against them as a reason why they should be excluded from our use. And the turning of the warlike circumstance into a metaphorical representation of spiritual conflict is represented as artificial and forced. But in fact Christians, when they read in the Psalms, of battle, of enemies, of towers of refuge, of spears and shields, have spontaneously agreed to appropriate these to themselves as figures descriptive of a spiritual fact. And that they can do so, to the degree in which they have done it, proves the Psalms to be the highest productions of the

devotional spirit of antiquity. The very circumstance against which objection is brought, shows the astonishing and peculiar greatness of their inmost meaning and style. Warlike though they be, they are profoundly and controllingly devout.

The readiness with which the deeply-moved religious mind sinks into the Psalms, and its thought melts into their phraseology, and finds in that phraseology its truest prayer, is no slight testimony to their intrinsic worth.

War, destruction, vengeance, are made in these writings so entirely the work of a disposing Providence, that they lose their character of evil. The wickedness of the petty agent is excluded by the agency of supernal power. This is the way in which, at that early day, the religious spirit *could* manifest itself in the consideration of earthly violence. However it may seem in these times in which we have reached higher civilization, and are favored with a purer rule of conduct, wars were at that time a part of the plan by which God balanced the sins of men against one another, and so exhausted their passions in armed encounter as to prepare the way for a gentler era. The mind which at that time could have looked on all violence as flagitious, must have been a weak and unpractical mind. The man of God differed from men of the world, in seeing that hosts in their rage and battle, were controlled by the Great King, that he made even the wrath of man to praise him; that the defeat of an army or the crushing of a nation was providential; that the ruin of a house was retributive. He denounced calamity on the wicked. And when the good experienced adversity, he considered it as the affliction of a day. And it is because all events of life are considered in this light, that Christians can assume the Psalms without any other change than here and there the literal into the figurative, and find them truer expressions of their minds towards God than any hymns to which religion has given birth. What must have been the fervor which could elevate battles, devastation and blood into external symbols to the church of the struggles and sorrows and impenitence and victories of the soul! Take any later songs of battle and try to make the same conversion. See how the songs of the thirty-years' war, or even those that sprung from the wild enthusiasm of the French revolution, would adapt them-

selves to our spiritual wants. The very proposition is preposterous. Only where the warrior's arm is wholly consecrate and his cause identified with the divine, only when this is the spirit of a people at large, can the bard impart to such topics the spiritual force which makes them thus representative of the deepest experiences of the soul.

I speak of the Psalms even in those parts to which the objection most strongly applies. If any will regard them as battle-songs, I say, let them be compared with other battle-songs, and from that comparison, let their true rank in the scale of human compositions be determined. It will be understood, of course, that by these observations, I mean not to palliate the crime of war at the present day.

Nothing is easier than to find expressions in the Psalms against which it seems Christian to inveigh. It is gratifying to pride to look down as from a higher eminence upon the compositions in which the saints of many ages have been pleased to express their humble supplications. But this indicates anything but mental elevation. To condemn the Psalms as barbarous, as unfitted to true devotion, does argue, not that a man has reached a higher point, but that he has not yet got so high as to understand them. It argues a want of sensibility in us to that wondrous charm, by which faith in an age of demi-civilization could master and use all. The finest note that ever breathed from the religious depths of the soul is too fine and sweet for our ear. We need the more artificial utterances of an easier age; and we deny admission to the true, eternally genuine, utterance of an irrepressible, wholly in God absorbed spirit. But when a lyric arises, having one eye to the earth, filled with sentiments, which are not true to nature and which do not belong to the soul, his, we are erroneously persuaded, is a more Christian spirit, a more thoroughly devout frame.

Here was one in the depth of antiquity, buried in an ignorant and barbarous age, beset with enemies and oppressed with cares, the spear and shield continually in his hand, and the uneasier crown burdening his brow, surrounded by the tumults of war alternating with the ignorant quietness of a shepherd's life, out of which he had sprung; and the sighs and groans of his soul are so transformed in passing over his tongue, that they be-

come the hymns and prayers of the world through tens of ages ; his thanksgiving becomes the fixed expression of the gratitude of his race. After a new teacher from God has come and introduced higher knowledge of the Spirit, and after the church which he gathered has been trained by long and incessant providences, men do not yet outlearn those hymns of the warrior-shepherd-king. They are even prophetic of the future ; and men find in them the voice of an oracle. The greatest genius rejoices to use them as its song. The greatest sorrow finds an utterance in those strains and is softened as it breathes them forth. The purest breast of innocence makes them vocal from its early throat. The martyrs assuage the terror of the flames by chanting them ; and to go higher, Christ himself sends his spirit to heaven on their wings. This is too wide a testimony to be reversed by the easy criticism of a few who think they can see beyond them. They are not the less, but the more fitting expression of true devotion, for coming from that age of rudeness ; for their's is not an artificially begotten fervor, but a heat like that of a volcano breaking through the hindrances and sternness of the circumstance. It is a boiling up of the primal fires of Nature. Out of rudeness comes a sublime simplicity ; violence is made to praise and serve the Omnipotent ; blood signifies the stern necessity of woe ; and weapons are the accidental means by which heroism, self-devotion, retribution, are expressed.

Yon will not understand me as claiming an equality of this part of Scripture with the Christian records. There is felt everywhere in it a deficiency, the want of a clear belief in immortality. That idea, if expressed at all, retreats into the deepest shade. We feel how great is the transition when in the New Testament Christ brings it to light. The moral government of God is looked upon as embracing this world alone, and in order to extol it in this scene, its retributions are represented as more perfect than we experience them. The Christian certainly foregoes his privilege who rests satisfied with this utterance of truth. It is but partial. It is but preparatory. It belongs to an infant age. But so genuinely does it express the true religious sentiments of man, so deeply is it in harmony with man's nature and all that belongs to it, that it is capable of receiving and, as it were, absorbing into itself

the higher truth that was subsequently made known, so that Christians sing or repeat the same strains with all the added significance of a Saviour's death.

Surely in no human compositions is the grandeur of God in the outward creation so magnificently set forth. Surely in none is his immensity, his eternity, his power, wisdom and even goodness more impressively extolled. But it must be allowed that this were not sufficient if there were not present the characteristic of all true religion, the union of the love of God with the love of virtue, if the fear of Jehovah were not expressed in a fear of wrong, if piety were not most intimately connected with righteousness. But this is so. In the Psalms God is invoked to render help to the soul in its moral struggles. It is the *meek* whom God "will beautify with salvation." God is habitually represented as the Father of the poor, the God of the oppressed. The sins of the tongue, the sins of violence, the sins of passion are rebuked; and it is "to him that ordereth his conversation aright," that the salvation of God is promised. The just are blessed. Charity is the key to the love of heaven. "Whoso privily slandereth his neighbor, him will I cut off; him that hath a proud heart will not I suffer. Mine eyes shall be upon the faithful of the land, that they may dwell with me; he that walketh in a perfect way, he shall serve me. He that worketh deceit shall not dwell in my house; he that telleth lies shall not tarry in my sight." In short the spirit of the Psalms is expressed in the words, "Thou lovest righteousness and hatest iniquity, therefore thy God hath anointed thee."

I have spoken chiefly of the objection drawn against these scriptures from the expressions of revenge and from the commendation of war. There is another ground of objection to be remarked on. It is a deficiency in scientific knowledge of Nature, — the simple and childlike conceptions of the scheme of the heavenly bodies, the ignorance of the rotundity of the earth, and of the nature of its composition. But the consideration of the Psalms in this respect leads us to see how little we advance towards God, in advancing in the knowledge of his outward works. The discoveries of science become contemptible before that wise simplicity, which can look on the earth as "founded by God upon the seas and established upon

the floods." He that habitually feels that Nature with all her obvious beauties and splendors proceeds from God, has more true wisdom than the great astronomer who denies the immaterial origin of the worlds he explores. All knowledge which is obtained by the slow degrees of study, is small before that spirit of faith which makes ignorance so devout and so sublime. And these utterances of devotion are not the less, but much the more fitted for our use, that they are wholly independent of the instructions of science. The highest praise is founded not at all on that with which we became acquainted through studious discovery, but arises out of the depth of inward faith, seizes on outward events and facts as symbols of its ideas, and clothes all nature with a meaning, which it has gained from the teachings of the spirit within.

Men of commanding genius have explored the astounding depths of our starry system ; but has any one conveyed the religious impression of the whole in language equal to that Psalm, "The heavens declare the glory of God," or any returned from his investigations more fully impressed with the "perfection" of "the law of the Lord" and the "sweetness" of obeying his "commandments?" This is the grand religious result of nature ; and whether the sun or earth be the centre comparatively of little moment.

We are taught all the wonderful mechanism of the eye. But while we are flattering ourselves with the interesting knowledge, he outruns us in real wisdom, who says to his heart ; "He that made the eye, shall he not see?"

The world has grown old and has been filled with knowledge ; and there have been other kings reared in more clement times and under a more blessed Gospel. There have been poets too in every class of life. But where has there been from poet, or from king, or from poet-king, so pure, so true an utterance of trust and hope and devotion as in that Psalm, "The Lord is my light and my salvation ; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life ; of whom shall I be afraid?" (27 ; 1—5.)

At the dedication of the first temple we hear the royal bard tuning the voices of his nation to melody before God in the 30th Psalm. From his lyre the strains first rise, and then from the men-singers and women-singers of the temple. The



courts of the holy house resound with it, and the Mount of Olives replies. "I will extol thee, O Lord, for thou hast lifted me up, and hast not made my foes to rejoice over me." Five and twenty centuries passed away, and the same hymn is heard chanted on the morning air in the central woods of Germany. It rises from the strong soul of a German monk, whom the spirit of God has moved to withstand the corruptions of the church, and to bring in again Christ in his real nature, to displace the superstitious observances of the world. He is on his way to a hostile tribunal, to bear his testimony before kings, and perhaps, to pay a fearful price for his temerity. A holy necessity lies on him, he bears the burden of the church in his heart. And there are no words so expressive of his inmost soul as this ancient psalm of David. The great soul of the modern age, responds in perfect unison with the voice out of that deep antiquity. His and the mind of the sweet singer of Israel are one. They praise God with one voice, and call on all nature to do the same.

Every religious heart makes response. The genius of Milton exercised itself in clothing these hymns anew, and men heard them rising from that same voice, which sang the blessedness of Paradise. It is for us to reverence and not to disparage what Luther and what Milton loved. These disciples only renew the testimony of the apostles. And that expresses to us the voice of nature and of truth. With all the correction, with all the modification, with all the supplementary knowledge which Christianity brings, the Psalms of David are glorious and heart-stirring utterances of the religious spirit.

Let us use them, then, in such a way that they may be vehicles and incitements to us of daily devotion. With such examples before us let us not be content until we equal in fervor them who worshipped God before Jesus Christ had come to shed light on the things of heaven. Let it be our daily effort and our constant discipline, that we may have such a sensibility to the wisdom and goodness which appear in all the ways of Providence, and without which our very homes would be places of sorrow and confusion, that when we turn to the Psalms, we may be touched with that sympathy which has moved so many to join in their ascriptions of praise.

## THE RESTLESS HEART.

BY M. G. SLEEPER.

THE hurry and bustle of the day had given place to comparative quiet, for it was midnight in the imperial city. The forum was deserted, except by a few scattered sleepers, who reclined around the statues or in the shadows of the porticos. The Jew had crouched away in his comfortless abode, the brawling gladiator was shut in his nightly prison, the husbandman had returned to his villa with the proceeds of his sales. There was no hum of buyer or seller in the book-stalls of the Sagillaria, no gay laughter from the baths, no shout from the Campus Martius, no merry peal from the public schools. Occasionally a figure glided silently along, a chariot whirled swiftly by, or a reveller reeling homeward, sang fragments of Fescennine songs, or recalled, well pleased, the ribaldry of the Atellan farces. Here and there the rays of a lamp streaming through the lattice revealed a copyist still grasping his reed, or the journalist preparing the news-sheet for the morrow, and sometimes, too, a weary student came forth from the library of Lucullus to breathe the air of the Pincian gardens.

All was still in the palace of Cæsar. The banquet was over. The mirthful echoes had died in the stately hall and the jewelled wine-cups gleamed faintly amidst the withered garlands. The guests had departed, some, to their cell-like dormitories, some, to the cool marble floors or the brim of the soothing fountains. For that brief hour even the slave was at rest. The porter and his dog lay down together, the captive Greek, the sullen Sard, the dark-hued Numidian and the supple child of the Asian coast followed undisturbed the changes of a dream, bright, perchance, with the temple of Feronia and the cap of liberty.

Closing a suite of lofty rooms was one yet more elaborately finished and more lavishly adorned. In it was no trace of the early Romans. Their stern simplicity had vanished before the sudden influx of foreign wealth. Planned for luxurious ease, and elegant retirement, it provided, alike, for the softness of the oriental, and the highest wants of the scholar. Upon one side lay the garden, separated from it by curtains of brilliant

dyes, looped up to admit the wind freighted with perfume. It had been wandering at will over the sweet domain, where, grouped in glowing clusters, twining about sculptured pillars, or climbing over the curving brim of urns and vases grew flowers of every tint, and vines with their clasping tendrils. There twinkled the glossy foliage of the ilex, there stood the richly dyed arbutus and the graceful myrtle. There bloomed the orange and the lemon, the anemone and the bright cistus, the rose and the violet, the aloe and the red gilliflower of the rock. There waved the palm, there rustled the grey olive and the bee loving lime. And all was so fair, so fresh, with the spray drops forever falling from the innumerable jets, and the tranquil moonlight brightening as with a thought of love each stem and leaf, each bud and blossom. In between columns of transparent alabaster came the beams also. Silently they stole over the mosaics of the floor, silently crept along the marble walls, silently kindled the rare paintings each a nation's boast, silently lingered amidst the carvings of the arched and panelled roof. Partly in strong relief, partly in deep shadow stood noble busts and faultless statues, and upon stands of careful workmanship were piles of exquisitely finished trifles gathered with violence from conquered provinces. More valued even than these, there lay numbered in highly decorated cases the Annals of Ennius, the comedies of Plautus, the translations of Terence, the orations of the Gracchi, Antonius, and Crassus. The tragedies of Æschylus, Euripedes, and Sophocles, with many a treasure lost and forgotten now, and many an old ballad or triumphal song. In one division were some manuscripts still more elaborately completed. They were fragrant with oil of cedar wound round rods of silver and ivory, and their enclosing bands studded with jewels. These were the Commentaries on the Gallic War, works upon divination, the analogies of the Latin tongue, anecdotes and declamations. A table covered with the evidences of literary toil was drawn quite to the edge of the garden, and beside it was an open *capsa* filled with choice writing implements. At a little distance stood a massive chair whose frame work of scented wood was wholly covered with curious patterns inlaid with ivory and gold. In it sat the master of the mansion, — the master of Rome. The quivering leaves of a neighbor-

ing orange bough made a perpetual dance of light and gloom over his features, yet it was easy to see that he was still in his prime. His complexion, in youth, even femininely fair, was bronzed by sun and warfare, but he still wore the air of unrivalled elegance which had made him the admiration of the Roman fashionables, still his lips retained their voluptuous, passion-breathing swell, still his fiery eye glanced with the stern authority which dazzled and controlled.

"The vow of my boyhood is fulfilled," he said at length. "I am first in Rome. The world is at my feet. Britain and Gaul, Spain and Macedonia, Syria and Numidia, all from the misty home of the northern storms to the beating suns of the far south lie subdued before me. I have triumphed! I shall never be forgotten! When my chariot shall have disappeared from the capitol, when my statue, riven from its sphere, shall have lost its inscription, 'Cæsar the demi-god,' ay, through all time shall the ambitious man, be he statesman, general or scholar, study my career and emulate my victories."

There was exultation in the speaker's mien, but it passed away. The voice of flattery was afar, the shout of the multitude echoed not in the stillness. Only the tender, though aspiring Night looked on the proud imperator. Softly she embraced him, gradually she led him from thoughts of the world's greatness, and the world's glee back into himself. With gentle force she compelled him to listen to the voice of his prisoned soul. Alas! it spoke but of disappointment, of weariness, of regret. Always in advance of the step just attained it still struggled upward and found nothing whereunto to cling. It called aloud for the true, the lofty, the imperishable, it refused to acknowledge as its dower the troubles of an earthly heritage. Dimly conscious of its affinity with the pervading Spirit of the Universe, it demanded unceasingly a higher goal. As the setting of the sun leaves the snow-crested hill-top cold and lone, so from his "place of pride" vanished the fitful splendor cast on it by the visions of his wild ambition. Restless and unhappy, he exclaimed bitterly,

"Has the fierce struggle, the indomitable will, the unflagging toil, the blood of five hundred battle fields, the sack of a thousand cities brought me but this? It is a mockery! a dream! a fable! Can this be all?"

He peered eagerly into the future. A star might, perchance, shine upon it fraught with a nobler promise. His restless heart ; might it not be quieted ? His vague, yet passionate yearnings, might they not be stilled ? No ! for that was the proud man's punishment. His youthful vigor, his fresh affections, his strength of purpose, had been given unto earth, and of earth's fleeting joys must he partake yet remain unsatisfied. The path up to truth and virtue might not be trodden by such impeded footsteps. Vanity and pride, the world worship that had grown intense with time were mightier than the momentary impulse. On would they urge him through the coming years, still seeking, still pursuing, still casting aside the toy which had faded in the grasping. And the end ? Afar in the darkness gleamed redly the flames of his funeral pile. They breathed scorchingly upon him, they crept around and embraced him. He shuddered at his mortality for his soul was sullied. From the goal he had attained, he looked upward, upward to the goal he might have won. With a slight shiver he drew back in the stately chair which was the symbol of his office, and covering his face he exclaimed once more,

"It is a mockery ! a dream ! a fable ! Can this be all ?"

The morning star trembled on the horizon, the eastern sky kindled into light, the sun shone gloriously upon Rome and changed to gold the waves of the yellow Tiber. Again the busy multitude poured like a flood through this vast mart of nations. Again the passions of men, strengthened by repose, started into activity, and violence and deceit were rife in the great city. Forgetful of the now sober thoughts of his midnight musings, Cæsar went forth. Again he addressed himself to the task of conquest, and the historian who records his weariness of spirit, also chronicles his growing and insane ambition with its dark reward.

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### RETURN OF THE VOLUNTEERS.

"WHY, Mrs. Fogg, is there a mad dog in the streets, that you snap the door open so, and almost pitch over the sill ? Here's my baby, a good sleeper too, staring awake in the cradle."

"You have nothing to frighten *you*, and be thankful to the

Lord, who gave you a steady, quiet man for a husband, who stays at home and minds his business. The very click of his hammer, as I came along, seemed to me a protection, or I don't know — I don't know — as ever I should have got here, I'm so nervous, sitting alone in the house, ever since John's supper was down his throat, and he off to see the volunteers, that's got home, and are encamped, and all, did you know, and I dare say, are all about the neighborhood, for I see a man go by since dark, that looked for all the world like one, so far as I could tell, and he called, 'John Fogg,' at our gate, — 'John Fogg,' says he, 'John!'

"I dare say it was one of the poor fellows," said Mrs. Hammond, "one that went from hereabouts, and knew your husband."

"The house was dark, I warrant you, the lamp was in the oven, and I sat trembling till I could not bear it any longer, and put my shawl over my head, locked the door after me, and run over here. John knows I'm dreadful timorous, and yet he is always on the go, and I have to go to evening meetings, and sisters' conferences, and temperance lectures, and everything else, all alone, in terror of my life, or stay at home, from week's end to week's end, when I've no children to mind, and — Hark! Hark!"

Feet were heard on the plank, approaching the door. Mrs. Hammond gave the cradle a touch, which produced a gentle oscillation, while she went to light the visitor in.

"An't you afraid!" cried Mrs. Fogg, nervously, as some one was heard fumbling at the latch, instead of knocking.

"Where's my wife? Or the key of my door will do as well, if she's left it with you," cried John Fogg, entering in his shirt sleeves. "I'm shivering, it's damp and cold enough. But I have not got to sleep out of doors, as some of them poor fellows did last night."

"Where's your coat, John?" asked Mrs. Fogg, not without some sharpness of tone. "I'd like to know. It was new cuffed only yesterday. And what have you done with it?"

"I wonder what Jonathan Hammond would say now, to read my paper, bragging about the return of the soldiers, and the reception they were to get, the good health and spirits — O, it's the most grieving sight I've had this many a day, to

see them poor fellows, some without coats, some without a shoe or stocking, — I tell you, one man came to speak to me, a fellow I knew, — or should have known, if it had n't been his ghost, — and he had a blanket on, like an Indian. I could n't stand that; I gave him my coat, and may it warm his heart, as well 's his skeleton. Such a set of dejected, down spirited, broken men, — In fine health, eh? — One is dead, and boxed up there a corpse, and another poor worn out creature called to me, and begged for a little gruel — 'I'd get it for you,' says I, 'but I'm miles from my house.' — 'Can't you beg me a spoonful of flour?' says he, 'some of 'em have got some.' Not a dust could I get, for they were all but starving, all of 'em, and had n't the heart to give what little they had among 'em. It is a wicked shame, and I don't see how it can be, — no comforts, no accommodations, — not even a stick of wood, but heartless stuff they pick up around to cook with, them that have anything to cook — Why, how could it come to this?"

"Don't you wish you was one of 'em?" said Jonathan Hammond, who had joined them. "You'd have been among 'em, — either here, above ground, or in one of the graves where nearly half of them were strewed into the soil of the conquered land, or here and there on the way home. Seven hundred and fifty went out, and I hear, though they have not been in any battle, not four hundred are come back."

"I think it is abominable," cried Mrs. Hammond, red with indignation. "If Uncle Sam will keep war-dogs to worry his neighbors, he is mean not to feed them. Who are cheating them out of their hire, when their wicked bidding is done?"

"O poor Uncle Sam's not able to help himself," said Hammond. "He's bleeding at every vein. This war is like a million of bloodsuckers fattening on his means. There's fortunes enough made in some quarters, I warrant you, and what is saved out of these poor fellows' stomachs and backs goes not back into his pocket, be sure."

"They are to be paid off when the cash is ready, they say," said John.

"Meantime are they to suffer?" said Mrs. Hammond.

"They'll be breaking into people's houses — they'll rob, and set fire, and steal," cried Mrs. Fogg. "I shall sit up all night, if there an't a watch kept in our lane."

"O don't you worry," said her husband. "Even if they were disbanded, I did n't see a man I thought had spirits enough for any such doings, let alone inclination. Why, they hardly had breath to swear and curse at their officers, — the fine gentleman soldiers that have paraded and marched and countermarched them to skeletons, for nought, and yet made them the object of murderous hatred to the Mexicans by loose discipline — yes, and now boast how they have got them home cheap, at so much a head, twenty-two dollars and ten cents, I think they said, but I may be wrong, from New Orleans. No wonder they are half or three quarters dead."

"Yes, they came packed in a freight train, like a drove of cattle or sheep. They might have drawn clothes at Vera Cruz, but had the promise of pay at New Orleans, and mileage allowed enough to bring them comfortably home. Now a fellow told me, (I had not the heart to ask many questions,) they were glad to compound for twenty cents a day, to feed themselves, at New Orleans, their rations were so intolerably bad, and they have come still nearer to starvation since. It makes me mad."

"But the *glory*!" said John. "Why, there's twenty thousand people, at least, been to behold them; an't that enough to make up for some sacrifice of creature comforts? O, how grand to excite so much curiosity! We never shall have so much as a hundred come to see you and me, Jonathan, unless we should happen to be hanged."

"I can't help thinking about your giving away that coat, John," said Mrs. Fogg, who had been sulkily biting her thumb.

"Well, I did, and my best one'd agone too, if I'd had it."

"Just like you, head over heels, and never stop to look. Why, their credit is good, it's likely, if they've got money coming to 'em, and charity begins at home, to my thinking. I wish I had not gone to the trouble to fit it up; it would have been just as warm ragged."

"Twenty thousand of our good hearted people have n't been to see them for nothing," said Mrs. Hammond, "if I may judge by this."

"The butchers are sending meat to them, I hear," said Jonathan. "And I am certain of at least one dozen loaves gone up to-night, for I sent 'em."



"You? The last man I should have thought would do anything for the volunteers," said John. "An't it against your principles even to pity 'em?"

Hammond made no answer. His wife, a little provoked at John's sneer, could not help replying for him.

"It is never against our principles to feed the hungry," said she, warmly. "And you need not talk of the money that is coming to them, Mrs. Fogg, for it is little enough they'll have, considering they must look out for a new occupation, with broken down strength, and characters few will care to put any trust in."

"They were not, many of 'em, any too good citizens before they went," remarked Jonathan.

"Fine looking regiment, though," said John. "It is strange how few of them have any friends or home to come back to."

"They *must* live — those that don't die, at least. The community will feel it, so many like them to be disbanded from here to Texas — Well, nations must suffer for their sins, like single men, and I pray God that repentance, and fruits meet for repentance, may come out of it."

"They that made the war will only profit by it, I'm afraid," said Mrs. Hammond, "while we that had nothing to do with it, —"

"O, we've all something to do with it in one way or another," said her husband. "We're a wicked and perverse generation; may the next be the better for our folly."

"I'm glad you believe in the depravity of our nature," observed Mrs. Fogg.

"If it was by *nature*, we should not be to blame for it," quickly retorted Mrs. Hammond.

"I'm thinking you used to be a mariner," said Jonathan to his neighbor, who looked frightened at the prospect of a theological controversy starting up.

"I used to go with old Captain Hardman, and I prosecuted him for cruelty, and got damages, one voyage when he used to get drunk and abuse us."

"In every kind of business but this bloody work, if a man's ill used, he has a remedy, you see," said Jonathan.

"Pretty hard to get it, sometimes, though," said Fogg.

"Justice may be had in most any aggravated case. But these poor men, indignant as they are, and the community for them, have no appeal. Who'll be much blamed on their account? The censure of public opinion indeed is hardly to be expected."

"In the regular service, kept for defence, the business is better regulated."

"Till nations are more christianized, there must be defence, I suppose, of some sort, and the better and more respected the class of men, the better for us. But when *defence* is unnecessarily extended, so as to furnish temptation to *offence*, there's the danger, you see, and the suffering, and the mischief."

"Well," said John, "I can't say I care to be a soldier any way, now; it makes me sick to think of it. And I'm tired and sleepy — Come, wife; let Mrs. Hammond have her way of thinking, as long as she can't hinder your having your own, and let's go and see if the house is standing yet. Good night, neighbors."

C. W. L.

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## LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, JULY, 1848.

INDEPENDENCE day at the Capital was very brilliant every way in weather, military and civic show, fireworks, and the usual accompaniments; but chiefly in the particular occasion about which all the rest were gathered, the laying the corner stone of the National Washington Monument. As the work is fairly begun, and as the idea, whether ever carried out or not, has a large share of the ambitious vastness that characterizes the whole plan of the nation's capital, and is withal quite curious and unique, it may not be amiss to give some little account of it.

To understand the gigantic scale on which this work is undertaken, one should enter into the conception of the city itself, as it lay in the mind of the founder. It was to be the child of the nation, and in every point a symbol of the union of the States. Its legislation must be national; its public buildings must belong to the country at large; every arm of the national power must be represented here, the State, Judiciary, Army, Navy, and Exchequer, besides its Intellect and Arts; nothing in short must remind one of anything less than

the entire nation, to which only it belongs. Nothing must be on a diminutive or paltry scale. Streets and avenues, public grounds and edifices, all must partake of that material amplitude, which corresponds with the grandeur and power of the nation, whose permanent capital this was to be.

As far as the city goes it is in conformity with Washington's idea, — the imperfect fulfilment of a magnificent and gigantic plan. Far enough inland for security, near enough the ocean for every and direct communication, and having neither extreme of climate, its situation is the most admirable that could be chosen. An undulating plain encircled by wooded hills and bounded by the broad Potomac, — perhaps the most beautiful of American rivers in natural scenery, and belonging as it were to the domain of Washington himself—having in its neighborhood the most valuable kinds of building stone, for solidity or ornament, from the coarse brown sand stone of the Treasury, to the beautiful variegated marble of the columns of the Representatives Hall, and with convenient access to every part of our national possessions, nothing seems wanting but enlightened legislation, and fidelity on our rulers' part to the American profession of liberty and right, to make it all the metropolis of a great nation should be. Imperfectly as the plan is carried out, its capabilities and noble features are already indicated, to a very considerable degree.

A worthy monument to the Father of his Country was among the first thoughts of the nation, when the site was selected that bears his name. Resolutions of Congress stand recorded, even as far back as sixty-five years, proposing various methods of making this thought good. But all there remained a dead letter till about fifteen years ago, when some citizens formed the design of effecting the great work. A "Washington National Monument Society" was formed, with Chief Justice Marshall at its head, and measures were taken to gather funds. It was estimated that if every working man were to contribute twenty-five cents, there would be enough for the grandest monument in the world, and to make it as popular as possible, subscriptions were limited to one dollar. This was the radical error. The enthusiasm was not quite universal enough, and an odd and paltry look was given to the affair, which no doubt made many think it was hardly worth while to give at all. Still, about \$30,000 were raised, and this sum

was so well husbanded, that it amounted at last, with recent collections, to nearly \$80,000. About a year ago, it was judged time enough to go on again, avoiding the old mistake. A capable and faithful agent has been employed, the country has been divided into districts, in each of which he commissions a sub-agent; a plan has been adopted, as remarkable for vastness of outline as for beauty of detail; and the corner-stone has been actually laid, with imposing ceremonies. And if the people respond heartily to the call now made, nothing need prevent the work being completed in fifteen or twenty years — perhaps even less.

The spot selected for the monument is nearly in a range with the Smithsonian Institution, due west from the Capitol. From the President's grounds or the city, or in the approach from below, the tall shaft will be a most conspicuous feature of the landscape. This the main point of the structure, is an obelisk, fifty or sixty feet square at the base, and six hundred feet in height,\* about a hundred and twenty feet higher than the loftiest buildings in the world — than the great pyramid of Egypt, or St. Peter's Church in Rome. The material is a coarse white marble, which cleaves in brilliant crystals, and will flash in the sun like a pinnacle of snow and ice. This marble is peculiar in its structure — very pure in color and free from metallic stains, and cleaving easily like granite, besides being far more favorable for ornamental work. It is found in inexhaustible quantities near Baltimore. The plain shaft might stand alone, a most imposing monument in itself, if the funds should never prove enough to carry out the whole design. It will be ascended, not by a winding stair-case, but much more easily, by flights of steps at its four sides — the inner space, of perhaps twenty-five feet, being left open. This open space, or "well-room," will furnish an opportunity for interesting scientific experiments with regard to falling bodies, — I don't mean for purposes of self destruction, but to test the resistance of the atmosphere. Thus it will be an ally to its neighbor the "Institution," furnishing conveniences for divers experiments which cannot be found elsewhere in the world. The obelisk is intended to be of plain white marble, excepting an inscription, four designs in relief representing the principal

\* It may be necessary to diminish this scale of magnitude by one-sixth.

scenes of Washington's career, and near the top a single star, "*Sic itur ad astra.*"

So much for the main feature of the monument. When this is constructed, the design is to complete the whole by adding a circular "Pantheon," or temple of American art — this to symbolize the idea of the nation as a whole, as the other its model man; for it is a "National" as well as "Washington" monument. In the style of this Pantheon, there is room for the greatest play and the largest diversity of taste. As I am not learned enough to find fault, I will content myself with stating the architect's own idea, premising that it may be modified to any extent, or superseded by a sort of pyramid of great steps, as a pedestal.

The design is this. A vast crypt, or arched structure is built, intended as a national mausoleum, or American Westminster Abbey, to contain the remains of our distinguished men — the centre spot being occupied by Washington's Sarcophagus — thus connecting more solemn and sacred associations with the place. This entire structure forms a pedestal or base, three hundred feet square, and twenty-five feet high. The ascent or stairway mounting to the main entrance, is flanked by massive balustrades and symbolic statuary. On the terrace formed by this great pile, stands the circular temple or rotunda, two hundred and fifty feet in diameter, and seventy-five feet high. Without, is a porch or vestibule, (surmounted by a colossal group of statuary, Washington in a triumphal chariot,) and a series of thirty Doric columns, forty-five feet in height, with the appropriate entablature above, containing the coats-of-arms of the several states, and a gallery or porch below. This gallery is adorned with statues of the "signers," in niches opposite the spaces between the columns. Within, entering by a lofty portal, you find a circular gallery, adapted for the display of paintings, statuary and banners,\* fifty feet wide and five hundred feet in circuit, lighted by four temple-formed structures in the roof above. The obelisk in the centre is finished out to a circular pier, making the gallery symmetrical and complete; and contains stairways to the terrace above, as well as to the west ascent of the great shaft itself. And finally to show the completeness and magnitude of the design, behind

\* Beautiful banners have already been received from Baltimore, Florida, and Texas.

the Doric entablature which is twenty-five feet high, is another gallery, with a series of rooms for artists ; while the basement below, besides other purposes, may furnish residence to all persons who may have the monument in charge, or be otherwise employed thereabout.

I believe this description is a tolerably fair account of the architect's idea. Some persons complain of the incongruity of appending a structure of Grecian proportions to the Egyptian obelisk ; while the circular form is more properly Roman, and some details of finish later Italian. His own answer is, that the complex idea of the structure as a monumental work, should allow some liberty in this respect, which an edifice of another sort might not ; and that the style of each portion should correspond with its particular design. The heavy and sombre Egyptian would be as ill adapted to the display of the works of art below, as a gigantic Grecian column would be to the enormous altitude of the shaft above. Still by one plan the Egyptian style is substituted throughout, and by another the lower structure is left off entirely. Before the glorious shaft is finished, there will be time to decide.

I have not room to go more into detail. All I can say is, that the plan grows amazingly upon one as he comes to understand the conception which it embodies ; and that standing on the spot, and seeing the huge excavation for the foundation of the shaft above eighty feet square, one feels his mind expanded and awe struck, as a sense of its towering magnitude comes upon him. If the whole can be done by the free and willing act of the people, it will be the most magnificent national testimonial ever bestowed on a great man's memory. There are funds enough to carry on the work two years ; and in the meantime it is hoped, that contributions will come rapidly enough to keep it going. Fifty feet may be erected in the course of this season ; and this will be a guarantee that the whole must be accomplished. Very probably Congress may be called upon to discharge part of its debt to the city, by contributing from the public funds to this national structure. But the hope is, and the design if possible, to effect the entire enterprise by the willing and spontaneous act of the public — a magnificent and stately emblem of the wholeness, strength, union, and grandeur of a mighty and free people. Heaven grant that what we have may continue, and what we lack be perfectly attained !

## INTELLIGENCE.

**INSTALLATION AT HAVERHILL, MASS.**—On Wednesday, August 9, 1848, Rev. James Richardson (lately of Southington, Conn.) was installed as Pastor of the Unitarian Church in Haverhill. The order of services was as follows:—Introductory Prayer and Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Harrington of Lawrence, Mass.; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Lothrop of Boston; Prayer of Installation, by Rev. Mr. Lincoln of Hampton Falls, N. H.; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Longfellow of Fall River, Mass.; Charge, by Rev. Mr. Thompson of Salem; Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Pierpont of Troy, N. Y.; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Hodges of Cambridge.

**DEDICATION AT HAVERHILL, MASS.**—The new Unitarian Church in Haverhill was dedicated on the morning of Wednesday, August 9, (the installation above recorded taking place in the afternoon of the same day.) The Dedictory services were as follows:—Introductory Prayer and Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Higginson of Newburyport; Dedictory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Stone of Salem; Sermon, by the Pastor Elect, from 2 Corinthians vi. 16: "Ye are the temple of the Living God"; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Goodrich of Haverhill, (Universalist.)

"In the evening there was a large social gathering at the Town Hall, with refreshments, music and conversation. The day passed off without a cloud. The church is on the site of that which, less than a year ago, was destroyed by fire, and which, by the way, was not insured. Still every pew in the new church is sold, leaving *no debt* whatever to be paid. A new organ has been added, which cost nine hundred dollars. The present building is probably the least expensive building of its kind in New England, considering its extreme neatness and beauty. Style Norman; cost, six thousand dollars; number of pews, seventy; style of finish, within and without, dark freestone in fresco; oak ceiling; pews, black walnut; windows, stained glass; single square bell-tower, with a gilded cross."—*Inquirer*.

## ITEMS.

**RELIGIOUS ACTIVITY IN GERMANY.**—The European correspondent of the New York Observer, having described the political agitations in Germany, arising, in great measure, from the diversity of established religions in the several principalities, and the idea of politicians, that their union, in some way, is indispensable to the prosperity of the State, says: "Amidst these great commotions, pious men are not idle. They feel that their duty is become greater and more pressing. The day is come to disseminate profusely in Germany, copies of the Bible, and tracts written in a popular style. They must multiply without delay, Sunday schools, religious meetings, all the means of Christian influence. Everywhere the light of the Gospel must be opposed to the false lights of skepticism. These duties are understood by the disciples of the Saviour. Faithful pastors redouble their zeal and devotion; religious services are better attended, and the good news of salvation is received with more readiness than formerly."

**THE SCRIPTURES IN ITALY.**—Mr. Salvatori Ferretti, who lately visited London to obtain funds to aid in the support of the *Eco di Salvonorola*, a paper through which he is endeavoring to enlighten the minds of his countrymen, on biblical questions, states that the opportunity for diffusing the scriptures is as great as the zeal of the British churches could desire.

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## ADDRESS AT THE TRIENNIAL CONVENTION OF THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL AT WEST NEWTON.

BY REV. R. C. WATERSTON.

THE occasion which has brought us together is one of no common interest. We are surrounded by the friends of education. Many who have here assembled have studied at this institution, and are now practically engaged in the work of instruction. You have come up, this day, from various parts of the Commonwealth, that you may strengthen the ties of sympathy, and look once again upon these pleasant scenes connected with past studies and friendships. Nay, higher motives even than friendship and sympathy have brought you together. You have desired to confer upon the responsibilities of your office, to quicken within your minds the love of improvement ; that you may return to your duties with enlarged views and a renewed zeal.

As you gather in friendly fraternity within these halls, the heavens bend over you with smiles, and the mild air, as it whispers through the branches that overshadow your familiar walks, offers a cordial greeting. There is one present, who perhaps more than all others, will enjoy this hour ; one, who while he has been your Instructor, has ever had your respect and love.\* He will rejoice to see once more those who

\* Mr. Pierce was appointed by the Board of Education as Principal of the Normal School in 1839. The Report of the Board in 1843, states that "he has fulfilled his duties with honor to himself and usefulness to the community ; never, perhaps, have greater assiduity and fidelity distinguished and rewarded the labors of any instructor." This tribute is yet more true after five years' additional experience.



through former years have been his pupils, and who have gone forth from this Institution to watch over the youthful mind, and exert salutary and elevating influences through society.

You have met together as **TEACHERS**. What office can be more important than that which it is your privilege to hold? You are called to give direction to thought; to influence character; to take the young mind, while the dew of the morning is yet fresh upon it, and pour over it the sunlight which will expand its affections and unfold its powers. You are to guide its observations, to enlighten its judgment, and thus to affect its welfare through life. And not only through this life, — but it may be that your influence will leave an impress, which, for evil or for good, shall endure through ages. What office, then, can be more sacred than yours? It is connected in its results with all that is high and holy in thought and feeling.

The Divine Being himself, is not only a Creator and Benefactor, but, we say it with reverence, He is an Educator, and in this is His chief glory. The power of creating worlds is not so desirable as that of developing mind; of imparting wisdom and virtue to a spirit that is immortal. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the foundations of the earth were laid, the Almighty existed. He spake, and it was done; He commanded, and it stood fast. But who does not feel that God's divinest attributes were not manifested in the creation of worlds, or systems of worlds, though they roll, circle beyond circle, to the utmost bounds of space? Rather do we behold His true greatness in the purpose for which those worlds were formed. The material Universe was called into existence that it might become the abode of intelligent spirits, and that it might open to them a boundless sphere for instruction and progress.

Look around upon this marvellous creation; what is it that makes us most powerfully realize the goodness of God? The mountains whose summits are veiled in clouds? Valleys clothed in beauty and fertility? The wide-spread ocean and the over-arching heaven? Is it these? Or is it not rather the **MIND** which gazes upon them, and feels their influence, and is able to study their laws? Stupendous as this outward universe is, it shrinks and dwindles when compared with the un-  
ing Spirit. That is an emanation from God. He has

endowed it with faculties by which it may rise ever upward to the Infinite and Eternal. The Supreme Being not only *created* this spirit, but He *educates* it. By all His varied works He seeks to call forth and exercise its powers. Innumerable voices come to it. Innumerable influences are at its side. Society and Providence aid in its instruction. For its advantage, 'day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.' The visible Creation is full of types and symbols shadowing forth the loveliness of Truth.

"Sea, and hill, and wood,  
With all the numberless goings on of life "

have each their separate lesson. There is not a star or stone which is not placed before us as a volume to be opened and read. Even the sterner aspects of Nature are intended for the development of the soul. The sterility of the earth calls into exercise skill and energy. We are made to wrestle with difficulties, that we may gain power by overcoming them. Thus God by numberless instrumentalities is constantly seeking to quicken and elevate the faculties of the mind.

What is the history of Humanity but a continued Education? The experiences of the Past become lessons for each succeeding generation. From barbarism and ignorance, man has proceeded to refinement and civilization. One stage of culture has gradually led to another, and however slow advancement may have been, there has still been progress. Thus the Supreme Being, through nature and through providence, teaches not only the Individual but the Race. He is giving a course of instruction which runs through ages — embracing all people and all climes.

In looking to Palestine we behold One, whose name is exalted above every name, who was sent by Infinite Love for the Guidance and Redemption of man. By the Lake of Gennesareth, as the light streamed over the mountains; by the banks of the Jordan, as its placid waters mirrored the clouds that floated over its bosom; in Capernaum, and Nazareth, and Jerusalem Jesus stood forth as a TEACHER sent from God. In the synagogue and upon the hill-side, he instructed the people. He revealed the laws of the spiritual universe, and imparted wisdom to man. Through all he said and did, he was the immaculate Teacher of the world.

Thus may we look up to the highest on earth and the highest in heaven, as alike engaged in the great work of instruction, and every true Teacher, in some limited degree, becomes a sharer in similar labors. According to their fidelity they are aiding in intellectual and spiritual progress. They help the young mind to interpret nature. They guide its thought, answer its questionings and direct its investigations. They act with God and His Providence to impart instruction and develop mind. The Divine Being is constantly acting, not only through nature, but through human agencies—and those who are engaged in the work of Education are employed in duties around which Heaven throws its most sacred sanction. There is no power of intellect, there is no excellence of character which can be too great for such an office. Even Milton, when he laid aside the "Paradise Lost," and left the sublime musings to which with daring imagination he had soared, that he might enter the school-room and become the Guardian of those who met him for instruction, did not there engage in a less lofty vocation. Yet we may rejoice that here is not only a labor for man, but a sphere in many respects peculiarly fitted for the genius of woman. By her quick sympathies and pure affection, she is especially qualified to take an active part in these duties. At a period when the names of Edgeworth and Hamilton, Barbauld and More, Sigourney and Sedgwick are familiar to all; when the female mind has not only signalized itself in general literature, but, as in the case of Mrs. Somerville, has grappled triumphantly with the most difficult problems in science; in such a period none will deny that woman may have the ability to teach even in the highest branches of science and of thought. Not only in the republic of letters, but in works of practical benevolence, the character of woman has shone forth in our day with pre-eminent brightness. Where among Philanthropists can we find a name more justly honored than that of Elizabeth Fry? And if we turn to our own country we find one not less worthy of admiration,\* who has vigorously pursued her work of mercy until the most distant por-

\* Miss D. L. Dix, at her own expense, unaided by any society or association, has voluntarily visited nearly every State in the Union, personally visiting prisons and hospitals, presenting memorials to the various Legislatures, exposing abuses, suggesting improvements, and accomplishing in fact country, what Howard accomplished for Europe.

tions of our land have been blest by her labors. Through her efforts commodious Asylums and Hospitals have been reared. She has given peace and comfort to the friendless; and, by her instrumentality, the joy and light of the Gospel have been carried to the dreariest abodes of calamity and crime.

Such instances show what may be accomplished by the talent and energy of woman, and it is an inspiring thought that there are all around us kindred minds, diffusing pure thought and feeling, and preparing a coming generation for the active duties of life. Though their names should not become illustrious in the annals of the world, their deeds will be honored by angels, and their quiet labors will add to human happiness and tend largely to promote the welfare of mankind. It is useless to speak of the superiority of one or the other sex. They each have their distinguishing characteristics, and were formed by the Creator not to be the rivals but the companions and helpmates of each other. There are however qualities which give to the mind of woman a natural affinity with what is beautiful and elevating. When rightly disciplined by the influences of Education and Christianity, she has a delicacy of feeling, a warmth of affection and a purity of sentiment, which peculiarly qualify her for the work of instruction.

I rejoice, therefore, as I look around me here, to see so many who have entered upon this sphere of usefulness. Who have determined to devote their time and talent to this most high and honorable employment. I know not how it would have been possible for them to engage in any work which would have more largely affected the private and public interests of society, or have tended more truly to bless posterity.

Were I asked what should fill with the greatest hope the heart of the Patriot and the Christian as he looked over the hills of New England, I would not point to the thronged factory, or crowded warehouse, to the shipping that whitens our harbors, or the rail-roads that intersect our plains, but I would turn to the Schools, which are thickly scattered over the land, where the children of the whole people are gathered, to receive the instruction which is calculated rightly to develop their powers and establish them in knowledge and virtue. These are the bulwarks of our safety. The surest pledges of our future welfare. Those who with right views instruct in

these schools, may justly feel that they are engaged in duties which are among the noblest on earth, and they should be looked upon by others as the Benefactors of their race.

Intending to enter upon such labors it was natural that you should feel a weight of responsibility and be anxious to make every possible preparation for your coming duties. You desired to be thoroughly qualified for every department of your work, to acquire ample knowledge and to understand the best methods by which information might be imparted to others. With this view you embraced the opportunities offered by this Institution. Here you have critically revised your former studies; examined anew each principle, and sifted every element of thought; subjecting all your attainments to the most searching analysis. Thus have you become thoroughly qualified for your various duties. With such preparation and experience it would be presumptuous in me to offer many suggestions respecting the detail of your labors. Those who have entered upon their work with the right spirit, and who honor their vocation as it deserves to be honored, will find new light constantly breaking upon them, and though they may meet with occasional discouragements, they will never despair.

Every Teacher should be possessed not only of various knowledge, but of an elevated character. There should be a sincere homage for truth, a love for what is spiritual. Then will the mind have within it the inspiration of goodness, and there will be around it a purifying and invigorating atmosphere. Good will be accomplished not only by the respect and love which such a character will gain, but by that indefinable spirit which goes forth from an earnest and sincere mind like an electric power.

The true idea of Education must embrace the various capacities which God has imparted. There are animal appetites, intellectual faculties, and moral and spiritual sentiments. That system of Education is sadly defective which does not aim at the harmonious development of the whole nature. There are conflicting tendencies. These are the elements out of which character is to be created. Each power has its

a. The whole nature, physical, mental, and moral, is a system of checks and balances, intended to act upon each other. When the rational faculties and mo-

ral sentiments are brought into right action, they become as a counterpoise and check upon the various propensities, and may thus control and guide them. One great work of Education is properly to develop the whole nature. The Teacher should, as far as possible, become acquainted with the distinctive characteristics of each child, for each child has peculiarities of its own, and may require some distinctive treatment. Who can question that the Creator has endowed every mind with such gifts, as shall, if properly developed, be for good?

“As great Pythagoras of yore,  
Standing beside the Blacksmith's door,  
Hearing the hammers, as they smote  
The anvils with a different note,  
Stole, from the varying tones, that hung  
Vibrant on every iron tongue  
The secret of the sounding wire  
And formed the seven-chorded lyre.”

Thus may we by proper study, discover the secret harmony of the Soul, and so tune every power and sentiment and feeling, as to bring from each vibrating string, strains which shall echo the music of heaven.

If I were asked what was the most desirable attainment on the part of a Teacher, I should say, to be able to awaken in the minds of others A LOVE OF KNOWLEDGE — and A LOVE OF GOODNESS.

The Love of knowledge is something deeper than knowledge itself. If a person has knowledge and no love for it, he will not appreciate its value or derive from it the pleasure which the right reception of it would impart. If a person has the *love* of knowledge he will value it for its own sake, and be ready to overcome every obstacle which may lie between him and higher attainments. If God should hold Truth in one hand, and in the other the ever-active impulse to the pursuit of Truth, and should offer us our choice,\* it would be wiser to choose the latter — for *that* becoming an internal principle would lead us ever, with inquiring and delighted minds, — onward and upward. It is this active impulse — this love — which we should

\* A thought somewhat similar to this may be found in the German of Lessing.

seek to awaken in the minds of the Young. There is a mechanical reception of information which may make a good show for a time. There may be a facility of acquisition, which will be after all but an acquisition of words. It will glitter like frost-work and melt as soon. How many who give great promise in their youth, never rise above mediocrity in after years. Why is this? It is because the true spring has never been touched. They were borne onward for a time — but it was by an outward force, and when that was gone, they stood still. They had no real love for truth — no aspirations for continued progress. There was no spontaneous feeling within panting to know more than had yet been acquired. Thus the moment that the outward pressure was removed, progress ceased, and so it will ever be unless the love of improvement is kindled within. It is pre-eminently desirable to breathe into the mind that quickening spirit which will impart energy and strength and lead it to put forth vigorously all its powers. It may be said that this cannot be done, and no doubt in some instances it will be found very difficult. However there is a wide contrast in different methods of instruction. Some are good disciplinarians. They drill well — and they force their pupils through a particular routine — but it is all task-work, like the pulling of a dead weight. There are others who awaken curiosity and excite an inward interest. Mind comes in contact with mind, and an air of freshness and joy is thrown over all. What a different effect these two influences must produce! Under the latter the mind itself puts forth its energies and eagerly seizes upon the objects presented; makes them matters of thought and reflection. Wherever such a mind looks, it throws around it a light of its own. The world is filled with beauty, and the universe becomes like a treasure-house of knowledge opening to the inquiring spirit its unbounded wealth. The power of awakening such an interest is difficult, but it is possible. It may be awakened in different degrees, according to the native gifts of the mind — but it should always be the aim of the instructor to lead to this result. There is no attainment greater than to be able to warm and expand the faculties of others. To inspire them with vigor and lead them to an ardent love of improvement.

It is not enough to impart a Love of Knowledge — we

**must impart also a Love of Goodness. Education without this will be of little service. Any amount of information would be inadequate to satisfy the mind, unless there were also Virtue. There are spiritual powers and affections which plead for development. We should lead the mind to pant for an Infinite good ; to revere the laws of God ; to cherish an uncompromising love for the right ; to feel an instinctive homage for whatever is just, and pure, and true. We should enlighten the reason, and spiritualize the affections, and christianize the conscience. It may not be in our power always to attain this result, but to accomplish it as far as may be possible, should be the high aim of the teacher. And this may be done without infringing upon the conflicting opinions of religious sects. Goodness is of universal application. It shines down like the light of heaven upon all sincere Christians, and should be prized by them all alike. Each denomination may have its name, like the creeks and bays along our coast, but virtue and holiness are the deep sea whose living waters flow through them all. There are views upon which Christians are divided, but there are many principles which they hold in common, and it is these which should be recognized and inculcated by the Teacher. Thus may the mind of childhood be early impressed by the everlasting beauty of truth, and its better nature be called forth and strengthened. It is this view of Education which gives dignity and grandeur to the Teacher's office.**

The mere creation of a perfect Form, hewn from marble, has given to some men immortality ; but what is this to the developing of Mind ? What was the achievement of Phidias when he wrought the Olympian Jove, that glory of Grecian Art, compared with the formation of a character, which has the power of thought and feeling, and an undying existence ?

Turn to the Parthenon and look upon the work of the sculptor. Gaze on the forms which seem almost gifted with motion, as if the Artist, while the chisel trembled and glowed in his hand, had imparted to the insensible stone his own kindling emotions. And then turn to the Teacher in the presence of living, breathing Childhood, fresh with innocent affection ; and behold that Teacher giving direction to thought, developing the faculties, opening out for its research inexhaustible mines of wisdom. Which is the grandest, the chiseling of marble, or



the culture of Mind? That mind which will still endure when

"Cloud-capp'd towers, and gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
And, like an insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind!"

Such are your important, and I may say sublime duties. May the Source of all wisdom guide and support you in your labors. You will no doubt have your trials, but there is no sphere of worthy action without them, and meeting them with the right spirit will make your labors the more honorable. If you should not accomplish at once all you may desire, be not discouraged. As you scatter the seed of truth, have faith that it will eventually take root.

"Long, indeed, beneath the clod,  
It may lie — forgot, — unseen, —  
Noxious weeds may clothe the sod,  
Changing seasons intervene,  
Summer's heat and winter's frost —  
YET THAT SEED SHALL NE'ER BE LOST.

But at length it will appear,  
Rising up o'er all the plain,  
First the blade and then the ear,  
THEN THE RIPE, AND GOLDEN GRAIN!"

I might speak of the peculiar importance of your labors at this time, when the most powerful monarchies of the world are shaken, and the desolating storms of Revolution are sweeping over the earth; when at home the tide of foreign emigration is fast rolling in, and many are looking with painful apprehension upon the stability of our institutions; when questions are beginning to agitate the country which will eventually shake it to its centre. At such a period our chief hope is in the thorough and wise education of the people. The duties of the Teacher under such circumstances, become doubly sacred; and to carry them out in a high and noble spirit may well be considered as worthy of any effort or sacrifice.

I cannot close these remarks without referring to one whose name has become identified with the cause of Education, one

who has labored with untiring assiduity to promote the welfare of the public schools throughout this Commonwealth, and who has watched with deep solicitude this Institution from its commencement to the present hour.\* During the last ten years his efforts have been unceasing, and the beneficial result has been equal to what, the most sanguine could have expected. If, at the call of his fellow-citizens, he has now entered another field, we may hope it will be to shed abroad, through the whole land, just views upon the great subject which has long been dear to him, and while his words fly like the smiting thunder-bolt upon the evils of the land, may his wisdom shine like a guiding star to lighten the nation in the way of Justice and Truth.

## JUSTIFICATION.

[Concluded.]

LET us now take into consideration those passages in Paul's writings that more immediately respect the subject before us. It is said, "The just shall live by faith;" which is quoted by Paul thus, "the just *by faith* shall live;" that is, they who obtain righteousness by virtue of a true faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, shall live or be justified: and there is not any thing more manifest than that this principle, by which the just shall live, is inconsistent with any unrighteousness, or personal impurity, forasmuch as the will of God is revealed from heaven against all unrighteousness and ungodliness of men, who hold the truth in unrighteousness. So that a true saving faith, as a living principle, must be accompanied by charity and good works; for then and then only will it be attended with reforming effects. Paul, in his epistle to the Galatians, tells us that under the Christian dispensation neither circumcision

\* Hon. Horace Mann, Secretary of the Board of Education, who during the present year has been elected Representative to Congress, to fill the place of the late John Quincy Adams. His speech on the right of Congress to legislate for the Territories of the United States, and its duty to exclude Slavery therefrom, is one of the most powerful arguments ever delivered in Congress.

availeth any thing, nor uncircumcision ; but *faith which worketh by love*. Hence it is rightly called the faith of the operation of God. And thus only can it be defined to be the substance of things hoped for, or the ground of confidence concerning them, and the evidence of things not seen.

Indeed Paul tells us, "that by grace we are saved through faith ; and that not of ourselves, it is the gift of God. Not of works, lest any man should boast." It is worthy of observation that Paul here does not intend to oppose *faith* to *charity* and *good works* ; he only shows that men, by the divine mercy of the Lord, were brought into a view of eternal life, through faith in the doctrines of the Gospel ; which mercy to men was not the consequence of merit on their part, for then it would be no more of mercy or "grace." And that faith is not here opposed to charity and works is evident from what immediately follows, for "we are his workmanship created in Christ Jesus unto *good works*, which God has before appointed that we should walk in them." The salvation, though of the divine mercy of the Lord, was not to weaken or relax the unchangeable appointments of truth.

But the passage in Paul's writings most relied on, by the supporters of the dogma of "justification by faith alone," is as follows: "*We conclude, therefore, that a man is justified by faith, WITHOUT THE WORKS OF THE LAW.*" Rom. iii. 28. By *faith* here is not meant a faith in three Gods in order, in one *from whom*, in another *for the sake of whom*, and in a third *by whom* ; but as the apostle expresses it, "faith in our Lord Jesus Christ." By *the works of the law* are meant the works of the Mosaic law, which were intended for the Jews ; which we clearly see from Paul's words to Peter, when he rebuked him for judaizing, when yet he knew that no one is "justified by the *works of the law* ;" (See Gal. ii. 14, 15, 16,) as also from his making a distinction between the law of faith and the law of works ; and between Jews and Gentiles, or circumcision and uncircumcision, meaning by circumcision Judaism, as every where else ; and likewise from his summing up with these words: "Do we then make void the *law* through faith ? God forbid ; yea, we establish the *law* ;" he says all these things in one series ; (Rom. iii. 27—31.) also, that God "will render to every man according to his *deeds* ;

(Rom. ii. 6) and that, "for we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the *things done* in his body, whether they be good or bad;" (2 Cor. v. 10.) besides many other things to the same purpose, from which it is evident that Paul rejects faith without good works, equally with James, (ii. 17—26.) That the works of the Mosaic law, which were for the Jews, were meant by Paul, we are additionally confirmed in by this consideration, that all the statutes for the Jews in Moses are called the law, thus, the works of the law, which we perceive from these passages: "This is the *law* of the meat offering," Levit. vi. 9, and following. "This is the *law* of the burnt offering," vii. 1. "This is the *law* of the peace offering," vii. 7, 11, and following. "This is the *law* of the burnt offering, of the meat offering, of the sin offering, of the trespass offering, of the consecrations," vii. 37. "This is the *law* of the beasts and of the fowl," xi. 46, and following. "This is the *law* of her that hath borne a male or a female," xii. 7. "This is the *law* of the plague of leprosy," xiii. 59, xiv. 2, 32, 54, 57. "This is the *law* of him that hath an issue," xv. 32. "This is the *law* of jealousies," Numb. v. 29, 30. "This is the *law* of the Nazarite," vi. 13, 21. "This is the *law* of purification," xix. 14. "This is the *law* concerning the red heifer," xix. 2. "The *law* for the king," Deut. xvii. 15—19. The whole book of Moses is called "the Book of the Law," Deut. xxxi. 9, 11, 12, 16; also in the Evangelists, Luke ii. 22, xxiv. 44. John i. 45, vii. 22, 23, viii. 5, and other places. To this may be added, also, what may be seen in Paul, that the law of the Decalogue is to be practised in the very life, and that it is fulfilled by charity, which is love towards the neighbour, Rom. xiii. 8, 9, 10; thus not by faith alone. Now, since in the saying of Paul, Rom. iii. 28, by *faith* is meant faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and by *the works of the law* there, are not meant the works of the law of the Decalogue, but the works of the Mosaic law for the Jews, as is manifest from what follows there, and also from similar passages in the epistle to the Galatians, ii. 14, 15, and from what is said above, it follows that the foundation stone of this dogma falls, and moreover, the temple built upon it, like a house sinking into the earth, the top of whose roof only appears.

By an attentive examination of the epistles of Paul, it will be seen that when he speaks of justification he means the justification by the faith of Jesus, in opposition to the justification by keeping the ceremonial law of Moses. Not that that law in its spiritual character was opposed to the spirit of Jesus and the Gospel, for they were perfectly one in this respect. But the Jew had no idea of the spirituality of the law, and consequently of its internal righteousness, and kept it only after an external manner, supposing that he was clear in the sight of God, when he had complied with its ceremonial demands; thus regarding the present world in his religion, and making no account of the motives by which his general conduct was governed, and of his future spiritual existence. But the Christian was taught to regard as essential to his acceptability with God and his happiness, especially in the future life, the cleansing of his heart and understanding from base lusts and false and wicked thoughts, and that his acceptance in that world would be according to the quality of his spirit, and not according to what he might have appeared to be in this world, especially in his devotional exercises. This direction of the mind to its internal character, and to the importance of its purification from every impure affection and thought, that, after the death of the body, it might be associated with the spirits of the just, and enter into the true felicity of its life, required a new, living, and different faith to that which had generally obtained among the Jews. This was more particularly the case when it is considered that Jesus Christ, their expected Messiah, was altogether a different being, born for a different purpose, and operated a different work to any thing which they expected; and that, instead of being their temporal head, and aggrandizing them as a worldly people, he came to be the spiritual head of his church, in every part of the world, and through all future times. All this, indeed, was perfectly accordant with the whole of prophecy respecting him, yea, with the whole of the Old Testament; but this the Jew lost sight of because he ardently labored to persuade himself that the God of the universe was favorably disposed only to their nation, and an enemy of all their enemies, being a mere natural worldly, and not a heavenly people.

Therefore the righteousness which they sought to establish by the law was of a selfish nature, and altogether external, for which they claimed the divine favor as a reward, and willed to experience it in nothing more than being made prosperous in all their worldly undertakings, keeping up in a most wonderful manner through all their generations the character of their father Jacob. "*If God,*" said Jacob, "*will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace,* THEN SHALL JEHOVAH BE MY GOD." Here Jacob would acknowledge Jehovah for his God on the condition of being made to prosper in his journey. As Judaical righteousness was of this quality, and made no change in the internal man, it was insufficient to qualify the mind for the kingdom of heaven, and therefore a better righteousness was made attainable by the appearance of the Lord Jesus Christ upon our earth.

The believer in Jesus Christ therefore must be a believer in his words and doctrines, which insist upon that purification and renovation, by which man would be changed from a selfish and worldly being to a lover of God and his neighbor. He must perform, from delight and affection, every virtuous action by which the happiness of society can be promoted. Christianity being then of this spiritual character, and so opposite to Judaism, it was called a new faith, or the faith of Jesus, by which a perfect justification before God was obtained; as the believer in Jesus was enabled to pass from death unto life, from natural to become spiritual, to put off the old man with his affections and lusts, and to put on Christ or the Lord as a new man; from which it is evident that the apostles by Christ or the Lord thus put on, understood goodness and truth from him, received into the will and understanding, and constituting the life and principle of every affection and thought. Christianity would have been of little value if it had taught mankind that they could be saved without actual righteousness, both of the heart and life; and yet the advocates of the doctrine of justification by faith alone, sometimes called Solifidians, have grossly perverted the Sacred Scriptures, so far as to make them sanction the pernicious doctrine that charity

and good works are no essential parts of the Christian religion, and that a man can be saved as well, if not better, without than with them, if he had but bare faith that Christ died in his stead.

The Jews, who became Christians, knew, as the Apostle says, that the observance of the ceremonial law, without the internal righteousness which it represented, could not take away sin, consequently could not justify them before God, as he can regard no one as just except he who actually is so, and therefore they believed in Christ, as by that means they could be raised from an external to an internal righteousness, be endowed with a perception of interior as well as exterior truths, and in their light be enabled to see the nature of that new birth of which Nicodemus, as a mere Jew, could form no conception. It must be manifest, therefore, that when Paul speaks of "the righteousness of God without the law," he must be understood to mean no other than the ceremonial law, or the laws respecting the various offerings, washings, keeping of days, observing of fasts, &c., which had no other virtue than as being the representatives of the various affections of good, and perceptions of truth, by which the Lord is worshipped in a spiritual manner; and as these shadows of good things did not need to constitute any part of worship after the spiritual state which they represented could be given, therefore they were so far abrogated by Jesus Christ as the external observance of them was concerned, and consequently without them the righteousness of God could be manifested, which required nothing from man in the way of worship, service, obligation, or duty of any kind, which did not immediately promote the well being of mankind at large.

But it will be objected, perhaps, that "it is mischievous to ascribe any part of justification to a man's *works*, since this might lead man to *boast of his own merit*, and to suppose that his justification was in some measure the effect of his own exertions. And it will perhaps be urged that the apostle was of this opinion too when he wrote, "*Where is boasting? It is excluded. By what law? Of works? Nay, but by the law of faith;*" and again, "*Now to him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt.*" To reply to this

objection we would observe, that it appears to us to militate equally against *faith* as against *works*, since no sufficient reason can be assigned why a man may not *boast* of his faith, as well as of his works, or *take merit* to himself from *believing* what is true, as well as from *practising* what is good.

For why should a man be more proud and conceited of his *deeds* than of his *thoughts*, of his *operations* than of his *principles*? Or why cannot he ascribe the merit of the one to God, as well as the merit of the other? Jesus Christ speaks of works that are *wrought in God*, and says of every one who *doeth the Truth*, that "*he cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest that they are so wrought.*" Here then we have works which are *not meritorious*, since it is impossible to suppose that what is *wrought in God* can puff a man up with pride and self-conceit; and therefore these can never be the works of which the apostle speaks when he would insinuate that works tend to excite *boasting*. Of course, in asserting that *boasting is excluded* by the law of faith more than by the law of works, the apostle must needs allude to works *not wrought in God*, that is to say, to works proceeding from man alone without God, as is ever the case where man is regarded more than God, concerning which works there can be but one opinion, viz., that there is nothing in them tending to justification. But let us suppose for a moment, (what is certainly possible,) that a man regards God in his works more than himself; by consulting the glory of God, and the good of his neighbour, more than his own vanity, reputation, or interest, and what eye cannot see that such works must needs be *justifying* works, by their tendency to introduce into his heart and life the *spirit of justice*, which is the spirit of love and charity, and to form him more and more *completely* after its heavenly image and likeness? Indeed, how is it possible that man can ever be made *completely* just in any other way than by doing acts of justice, or that he can *completely* love God and his neighbour, but by doing acts of love? For does not the *operation* of a man make a part of the man as much as his principle of faith, or any other principles makes a part of him, in like manner, as the *hands and arms* make a part of the body alike with the *head*? If then the *operation* of a man be not formed according to the law of



justice, how can the man properly be said to be *justified*, or *made just*?

In all other cases we adopt the same mode of argumentation, and with the utmost propriety, too, because we insist, and insist reasonably, that a man can never be said to have learnt any art or business, until he has learnt the *practice* of it, as well as the *theory*. Now *justification* is, or ought to be, the great art and business of every man's life, because it is the great work for which he was sent into the world. But let us suppose now that a man has learnt only the *theory* of justification, consisting of certain principles of faith and persuasion in his *understanding*, but that he has never set about the *practice* of it, by bringing these principles into *operation* and *effect*, why shall we not say, in this case, that the man has mistaken his object as grossly, and done his business as imperfectly, as a laborer or mechanic, a poet or a painter, who should be a laborer or mechanic, a poet or a painter in *speculation*, but not in *industry*, in *energy* and in *work*? Why shall we not, therefore, say too, that according to this idea of justification, it extends only to *one part* of the man, while the *other parts* remain in an unjustified state? Thus the *understanding*, we will suppose, is enlightened by the principles of justice and of judgment, but the *will* and the *operation* remain unpurified, consequently unjust. And what is all this but attempting to do that with the spirit of man, which a foolish physician would do with the body, who should labor to make the *head* sound, while the *heart*, the *hands*, and the *feet*, were unsound, so that the body should be partly *healthful* and partly *diseased*, partly *strong* and partly *weak*, partly *active* and partly *incapable of action*."

But if it be objected that faith is so pre-eminent and distinguished a grace and virtue, as to supersede the necessity of every other, and thus is qualified of *itself* to effect purposes, which no other grace and virtue can effect, we answer that this pre-eminence and distinction which is alleged to belong to the grace and virtue of faith, cannot be shown from the testimony of the sacred writings. Jesus Christ himself says, "*Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?*" Paul himself asserts, in speaking of the comparative excellence of faith, hope, and charity, "*the greatest of these is*

CHARITY;" and again, "*If I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not CHARITY, I am nothing.*" The apostle James, writing to the church, says, "*Ye see then how BY WORKS a man is justified, AND NOT BY FAITH ONLY.*"

Whence is it then that such a decided superiority is claimed for faith over all other evangelical graces and virtues? Or how is it that it cannot be discerned that, according to the testimony of Jesus Christ, *to do the things which he saith* is a greater excellence than to *profess a belief in him* by calling upon his name; and according to the testimony of his apostles, that charity and works are graces superior to faith, since one apostle insists that *without charity he is nothing*, notwithstanding his principles of faith, and another apostle teaches expressly, that *by works a man is justified, and not by faith only*. In ascribing then to faith a pre-eminence of excellency above charity and good works, the supporters of this doctrine do in reality, whether they are aware of it or not, contradict the testimony both of Jesus Christ and of his apostles; or, if they say that they accede to that testimony, then they contradict themselves, by insisting that faith is at once both greater and less than charity, and that man is justified by works and not by faith, and also by faith and not by works.

It must be evident, we think, from the universal tenor and testimony of the Word of God, that *justification by faith alone* is an article of belief, which has no ground of truth to stand upon, being merely one of those visionary and pernicious tenets, which the Saviour of the world reprobates in that strong rebuke to the Jewish rulers, where He says, "*Ye have made the Word of God of none effect by your tradition;*" and again, "*Howbeit in vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men.*" For how applicable is this rebuke to the Solifidian doctrine under consideration, since nothing can be more self-evident than that the Word of God is ever exalting the love of God and the love of man above every other principle of life, and in connection with that love is ever enforcing the necessity of *good works*, or of an useful life, not as *proofs* only of that love, according to the view which the abettors of justification by faith alone present of them, but as things absolutely needful for its *full operation, fixation, permanency, extent, and benefit*. What then can be

supposed so completely to make this Word of God of *none effect*, as the destructive doctrine which teaches, that man is justified, or made just, in the sight of God, by *faith alone*, consequently, (if there be any meaning in words,) by a mere principle of understanding separate from the will, its love, and its operations? For the Word of God in every page inculcates the duty of love towards God and neighborly love as a *supreme* duty, but the doctrine of justification by faith alone insists, that there is another duty *paramount* to this, which is grounded in a mere speculative unoperative belief, as faith must be, if it be *faith alone*. The Word of God again declares in a thousand places, that man is to be *judged according to his works*, but the doctrine of justification by faith alone puts out man's eyes, and makes him blind to all these divine declarations, by insisting that works are of no importance at all in the article of justification, and are only to be regarded as its *signs* or *manifestations*. The Word of God again strikes at the root of man's evils by instructing him that he can never recover true heavenly life, but through the renunciation of vain self-love and the inordinate love of the world and the flesh; but justification by faith alone renders man easy about his evils, provided he can only believe that they were washed away eighteen hundred years ago by the blood of Christ shed on the cross, and can apply that belief to himself with confidence. The Word of God again regards man as consisting of three distinct principles of life; a *will*, an *understanding*, and an *operation*,\* and applies its healing powers to each, by teaching the *will* to respect and submit itself to the Eternal Will of the Most High God, and the *understanding* to respect and submit itself to the Eternal Wisdom of the same Infinite Being, and the *operation* to obey

\* It may here be proper to note, that the *work* or *operation* spoken of in this paper, as tending to man's justification, relates principally to the faithful, diligent, and conscientious discharge of the duties of his calling, whatsoever it be, whether he be a *priest*, a *judge*, a *statesman*, a *soldier*, a *merchant*, an *artist*, or a *mechanic*. In all these cases, to act from a principle of justice and according to judgment, is doing a work of charity to the public; and while such operation tends to promote the public good, it promotes also the glory of God, who is principally glorified by the useful services of his creatures; and it promotes also the salvation of the operator, by effecting a *closer* and *fuller* communion with God, in his holy love and wisdom and operation.

both ; but the doctrine of justification by faith alone discards the former and the latter of these principles of life as of no account ; and applying itself only to the *second*, it disjoins itself from the other two, and thus leaves man with an understanding indeed enlightened, and possibly persuaded, but then with neither will ~~to~~ give it life, nor operation to give it effect. In short, the Word of God would heal man's corruptions *radically*, but the doctrine of justification by faith alone, *slightly*. The Word of God would thus restore the image and likeness and life of its Divine Author to every vital principle of man, both to his *head*, his *body*, his *arms* and his *feet* ; but the doctrine of justification by faith alone, in applying itself only to one principle, and neglecting the other, destroys all, since how is it possible for the *head* to exist without a *body*, or either to operate without *hands* and *feet* ?

May we not hope that the time is near at hand when the supporters of the doctrine of justification by faith alone will re-peruse the Sacred Scriptures in the spirit of serious repentance, and while they cast their eyes over those thousands of passages, which exalt the love of God and of man, with a correspondent life of good works, above every other principle of sanctification, they will supplicate the Almighty to remove every veil of prejudice and of error, which may interpose itself between their understandings and the bright light of Eternal Truth. Thus connecting the love of God with love towards their neighbour, and both with faith and good works, they will be enabled to discern to their unspeakable delight, that man's justification is the effect of the union of them all, and thus is not of man, but of the Great God alone, since all true love and charity, all true faith and good works are exclusively His, and he is the animating life and soul of them all. And thus too admitting into their hearts and lives the precepts and the practice of heavenly life derived from the Word of the Most High, they will find that every idol, erected by self-intelligence and the traditions of men, will fall down before them, like *Dagon* before the ark of God in the temple of the Philistines, while themselves, like *Obed-edom the Gittite*, will be *blessed of the Lord*, for introducing into their houses, as he did, the sacred repository of the Holy Law of the Ten Commandments, which are the eternal laws of love and charity.

In proportion then as their lives are formed according to these laws, they must needs be blessed, justified, sanctified, and saved, because conjoined with the Lord in one love, one wisdom, and one life. But in proportion as their lives are not formed according to these laws, whether it be by their rejection, or by the exaltation of some other principle above them, or by the separation of what is speculative from what is practical, in the same proportion they must needs be unblessed, unjustified, and unsanctified, because disjoined from the love, the wisdom, and the life of the most High God. P.

## ANTIPODES.

### TWO SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

THE preacher cannot but sometimes regret that the Christian pulpit is now barred round with so strict an etiquette, and is not allowed the latitude of illustration which it enjoyed in the days of Latimer, Donne, Taylor and South. Life is rich in expressive texts, and the sermon might be none the less sacred for a "merrie toy," such as Latimer loved, or a quaint story, such as Taylor indulged in. We should like very much to see a collection of passages from a clergyman's portfolio giving specimens of the material that had gradually gathered on his hands, because deemed too free or secular to be worked into his discourses. Judging others by ourselves we venture to give two sketches from our own portfolio, drawn from recent experience on two successive days.

#### I. NADIR.

It was a beautiful evening in June, Saturday eve, that time so happy for the minister, if, poor man, his work of preparation is over, and he dares to look the morrow full in the face. The day had been very sultry and oppressive, and a walk among the trees on a rural road was quite delightful. Forth we sauntered, free from care as the birds at their evening hymn. We took our walk of a mile or two into the country, and were returning, meeting now a company of students on our way to the river bank, and now a lot of laborers tending

home from their work. Soon, however, we met one wayfarer disposed to be more communicative than the rest. A man came along with swaggering gait, bearing like Bunyan's Pilgrim his bundle with him, but hardly like the Pilgrim in search of the celestial city. He hailed us with a question quite specific and free from mysticism. "Which is the way to Seekonk, is it north or northeast?"

Our reply was: "This is the road to Seekonk, and I should think it about northeast."

"You don't know any thing about it," was the rejoinder, "it is exactly north."

"If you knew the way yourself, why did you ask for information."

"To see how much you know. Come then tell us where New Bedford is."

"The way to New Bedford is by the railroad and the depot is in that direction."

"No, no, that is not what I want. What is the latitude of New Bedford? I thought I could catch you. You don't know nearly so much as you think."

Beginning to perceive what kind of a customer we had to deal with, we thought it best to stand on the defensive, and take the Socratic method out of his hands, and turn it against him.

"Friend," said we, "I think I understand your latitude, and it is not far from Groggy Harbor. Do you not think you would have carried sail very differently if you had never touched a drop of strong drink?"

"You don't know any thing at all," was the reply. "Did not God make strong drink, and is not every creature of his to be used with thanksgiving?"

"No. God did not make intoxicating drink. Man made it. It is wholly an article of manufacture."

"Not so. God made it. He made the vine and sugar cane, and he made man, and it is all the same."

"So then," we replied, "God is the author of all the evil that comes from them."

"Yes. God says I create good and I create evil. He made Eve and she brought sin into the world."

We found that we had to do with a shrewd fatalist, who

was by no means ignorant of the Scriptures, who had learned to garble their texts and pervert their meaning, and make them palliate his own excesses. We will not rehearse the argument by which we strove to make him distinguish between the agency of God as Creator and as Judge—between the work which God does for man and that which he leaves him free to do for himself. It was all in vain. Our man was wily as a fox and obstinate as an ass. As a last resort we strove at once to propitiate his vanity, and rebuke his vice, by reminding him of the excellence of his native talents, and his miserable use of them, by asking him to calculate how much property and influence he must have sacrificed for his pitiable cup—how different a being he would have been if he had been true to his better light, to himself, his family, his neighbour and his God.

This medicine was too bitter for his liking, whilst it obviously came home to the wound. He cursed and swore like a fiend, and exhausted his vocabulary of abuse, as he went shuffling away, like a lump of chaos along the tranquil shades of that beautiful evening.

Here is one extreme of life, thought we, and one not without parallel among minds of far more dainty breeding and chastened speech. A shrewd, acute intellect become a fatalist, and ascribing to the force of necessity, and even the decree of heaven, his own passions and sins! History is full of them. Yet conscience cannot be extinguished. God vindicates his law even in the sophist's attempts to mystify his own mind—even in the blasphemer's rage, rancorous against others because wretched in itself. This is the downward path. Save me from its guilt and woe.

## II. ZENITH.

The next day we met with quite another character. Returning from church, we were told by a domestic that some one was waiting to see us, and had been waiting nearly all church time. We forthwith, with some curiosity, sought the so unusual guest. The first glance was entirely unsatisfactory and apocalyptic. Whom have we here, thought we. Probably some applicant for alms—some one who has been burned out of home by the flames of Vesuvius, or drowned out by an inundation of the Po. But no, the dress though coarse is

neat, and the face, although expressive of toil and hardihood, is intelligent and candid.

It was some time before we got out the whole of the stranger's story, for he was somewhat awkward and at first reserved. He was an operative from a factory village about six miles distant, and had walked into the city to see for the first time an American Unitarian preacher. He was one of Joseph Barker's Christian brethren. We were surprised at his intelligence and intellectual and moral life. He could not be much over twenty years of age, and had enjoyed few opportunities of education. But the root of the matter was in him. He spoke of Channing's works, (owning Barker's cheap edition,) with judgment and enthusiasm. He said that when he first saw them, he had no idea there were any such writings in the world, and now that he possessed them he could never read them enough.

He had served as a lay preacher in England, preaching on Sundays without compensation, and working at his trade during the week. He had found a comfortable home for himself and his young wife in a pleasant village near by. As yet he had not preached, but had contented himself with attending a Baptist Bible Class on Sunday and arguing with the prominent dogmatist of the neighborhood as opportunity occurred.

He conversed intelligently upon leading topics in morals and theology, was a great stickler for the free agency and accountability of man, knew of the doctrine of Bush on the Resurrection, the revelations of Davis and the speculations of Parker. In opinion he took decided ground with the Supernaturalists, whilst he distinguished carefully between the doctrine that the Bible is in the literal sense inspired and that it is the record of a revelation.

He desired tracts and publications for distribution, and seemed also to wish to preach from time to time as a free missionary. He sought no exemption from work, but prepared to work at his trade, and preach wherever he could without money and without price.

We feel a deep respect for this young man. His soul had been quickened to the core by the best thought of our age. He was one of the countless instances of the power of the



exalted mind of Channing to touch the deepest springs of the heart, and awaken the higher consciousness within.

We thought involuntarily of the contrast between him and the wayfarer of the evening before—between this English peasant, so intelligent and high-minded, who had used so well his narrow opportunities, and the shrewd New Englander who had lived in a land of free schools only to become a fatalistic sot. We invited our guest to stay to tea. He accepted—took only water with his bread—conversed pleasantly at table, and then turned his steps homeward with wishes on our part and promises on his that he would come again. His surely is the path upward.

Surely in common life we are led to think of the Zenith and Nadir.

o.

#### A CONVERSATION ON CHRISTENING.

MOTHER. My dear L., how grateful your infant seems to be for the gift of life.

DAUGHTER. O, mother, you read impressions where others see only an unsullied sheet.

M. I confess, that in looking upon this new link in the chain of existence, the past and the future mingle with the present. I feel tempted, like Shelley, to question your first-born respecting his pre-existent state ; and to trace on that tiny brow the revelations of coming years. There seems to me to be an unexpressed consciousness in every infant, which leads the mind upward to the spiritual. Heaven sends an unquestioned emblem of its love to earth in the birth of an immortal spirit. What a messenger, what a pure angel is he from the bosom of the Father !

D. At present, I feel too grateful, mother, to controvert your sentiments, even if my thoughts should not take so exalted a flight.

M. Well, L., as you have entered on the new relation of mother, perhaps you will be willing to consider some of the sublunary duties that relation imposes. The tender and careful nursing of the child, "Nature," which, as Dr. Tillotson says, "is our surest guide and director, hath implanted in all creatures towards their young ones." "And there can-

not," he continues, "be a greater reproach to creatures that are endued with reason, than to neglect a duty to which nature directs even the brute creatures by a blind and unthinking instinct. So that it is such a duty as cannot be neglected without a downright affront to nature." You would be no daughter of mine if you disregarded so plain a direction, or felt disposed to throw off the responsibilities, which our common parent has imposed upon you. But tender nursing implies, in a reasonable being, something more than not intrusting your child to the care of a stranger. Its health, and by consequence, its intellectual and moral well being depend very much upon your care of it in infancy. How soon a well mannered and well governed appetite may be formed ; and this is declared to be a great part of virtue. But allowing that you resolve from this moment to be scrupulously attentive to your boy's diet and clothing, and to air and exercise ; still it seems to me that you ought to be guided by a higher motive than merely to prepare your son with a sound body and mind for the duties of life.

D. But, mother, if a person possess the full command of his powers, what more can be desired ?

M. Nothing more may be desired, except that the powers be rightly directed. Yet this desire should be regulated by piety. God's care, God's love should prompt and regulate every action of the parent. This is the consideration which I wish to present to your mind. I wish your efforts to educate your son to be animated by prayer, to receive their strength from God. An earnest, heartfelt desire for good, and especially for the good of an immortal being, should be directed by religion. Religious principle must be the foundation.

D. But you would not undertake to give this babe a knowledge of religion. Will it not be soon enough to teach the child when he can talk and comprehend what is said ?

M. I will not divert your thoughts, or my own, from the important subject, which I desire to suggest, by inquiring how soon a child begins to learn. Religious principle, I have said, should be the ruling power in a parent's mind. Is it too soon for you, my daughter, to look up to God with thankfulness for direction in your important work ?

D. Mother, already have I expressed my thanks to my Preserver for his care of me and mine.

M. I never doubted that you had, L. One must be wholly

destitute of religious sensibility, if, after a safe deliverance from death and the gift of a son, there were no uplifting of the heart and mind in prayer and praise. But, L., is not something more necessary to testify your gratitude and to strengthen your resolution to bring up your child religiously?

D. I confess, mother, that nothing more occurs to me except to renew my prayers and to examine my motives.

M. The Christian Church, in every age of its existence, has deemed some public acknowledgment of heaven's favor both a duty and a benefit.

D. Oh, you refer to Baptism. This is so much out of date that it did not occur to me. Besides it is so uncommon in our congregation, that it would appear in me like ostentation.

M. If you are satisfied that to present your child for baptism is a christian duty, will you hesitate to perform it because others may misjudge you?

D. No, mother; but you are not wont to advise one to appear singular, or to make a display of the piety that may exist.

M. Certainly not my child. Still there are subjects, on which one should dare to be singular. The observance of the rites of the religion we profess is one of these. The present generation is sadly negligent of them. The tendency of the times is to do away as much as possible with forms. You well know that I have sought to inculcate attention to the heart and life as of primary importance. But I believe that the two simple ordinances, which our religion recognises are designed to affect the heart and life. They bring religion near to us. Baptism especially reminds parents of their relation to the universal Father, and of the duties incumbent on them as parents. It incorporates the child with the church; so far at least that he is not an alien. Christian believers are strengthened by witnessing this act of consecration on the part of parents; and should recognize their obligation to be especially watchful over children, who have been thus dedicated to God.

D. Possibly you would recommend appointing god fathers and god mothers?

M. I think that no one, who reads the rubric of the Episcopal Church, can doubt that the intention of the church is to baptise children from evil, by selecting discreet persons to become answerable for the religious education of whom they stand sponsors. In our congregations the

young depend upon the instruction and care of all the good people with whom they may come in contact. It is to be hoped that every observance of the rite of baptism reminds christians of their duty to the young of the flock.

D. Is this a sufficient reason for urging me to be singular and to become the observed of all observers?

M. Of itself it is not sufficient. I have already alluded to other reasons. The principal of which is that baptism is a religious duty. By your observance of it you influence the conduct of others. Besides, your child after baptism, is no longer without some outward symbol of being the child of christian parents. Could you leave your boy in this world with no evidence from you that a christian was his mother? Yet were you to die while he was an infant unbaptised, what sign or proof has he, that he is not the child of an unbeliever; at least of a mother who did not believe in the validity of one of the rites, which christians have in all ages, observed?

D. Mother, I trust that my life will speak my character.

M. Is not the neglect, or observance of religious ordinances a part of character? Reflect further, my daughter, that when, in coming years, your child recalls that he was early dedicated to God, that this recollection will increase his respect for you and his reverence for religion. If you should be taken away during his early years, how much would his veneration of your memory be increased by the knowledge that you had been anxious to perform all righteousness. A beautiful incident in the life of John Q. Adams, recorded by all his biographers, is that he was publicly baptised the Sunday after his birth. That august man, his father, showed not more faith in the spread of freedom, in the letter he wrote after the declaration of Independence, than in the care which he took of the education of his first-born; an education commenced by consecrating the immortal spirit committed to his charge, to heaven.

D. But customs have altered since that time. It was usual then to baptise almost every infant.

M. And a becoming custom for a religious people. Has time changed the rites, which christianity sanctions? Does change of custom render a duty less imperative? Are not we, who enjoy the privileges that the good fathers and mothers of the past have transmitted, to show our gratitude to our heavenly Father in every prescribed way?

D. But, Mother is infant baptism a prescribed way?

M. Without entering into the arguments in support of infant baptism, I will only repeat, that Our Lord, before his ascension, commanded the eleven to "go and teach all nations, baptising them into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;" which command has been regarded as binding upon all who are admitted members into the christian church. In a christian country, what time more fitting for the solemnity, than infancy? Then it is a beautiful and expressive rite. Then the hearts of the parents are brought near to God, and they feel, more strongly perhaps than at a later period, the value of the gift bestowed. They hallow the gift by dedicating it to its Creator, and in effect say,

"I give thee to thy God, the God that gave thee,  
My own, my beautiful, my undefiled,  
And thou shalt be his child."

But if this rite be deferred, until the child becomes a man, what meaning is there in baptism, which is not expressed by partaking of the Lord's Supper? Is there any significance in the former rite? Does it not, with those who believe in infant baptism, degenerate into a mere form? Besides, the unbaptised one lives from infancy to maturity, so far as any outward recognition of christianity is concerned, a heathen in a christian country. There is no act of his own, or of his parents, which he can point to, that evinces his acknowledgment of the truth of Jesus' mission. Would you suffer a child of yours to live for years amid the blessed influences of the Gospel, and by no public act make manifest his gratitude for the privileges to which he is born? Would you not wish him to make known his allegiance to God and to Christ?

D. Is not this, mother, pressing forms into a higher service than they can accomplish? Are you not saying more of their efficacy than calm reason and experience will warrant?

M. Reflect if you, L., are not regarding forms less than they deserve. Consider what effect they have ever exerted on the human mind. Remember how many religions require an initiatory rite to be solemnized whenever a new disciple is born. Hindoo, Mahometan, Jew, Christian, formally acknowledged dependence and trust in a superior, or in a supreme being, to whom they dedicated their offspring. A very large majority of disciples of Jesus believe baptism to be in itself, sufficient to secure the acceptance of the one, who dies in infancy, to divine acceptance

and eternal salvation. Now, although you and I believe that no one is sinful until he sins; and that he, who said 'of such is the kingdom of heaven,' revealed the love of the Universal Father to the young and to the old, yet it becomes us, who are in the minority, to ask ourselves if we are not verging to an opposite extreme, by neglecting a command; and neglecting it out of a weak compliance with evil example. Forms have their influence on the heart and life—it is idle to deny their efficacy. 'The irreverence, so noticeable at the present day in New England, is in part at least, to be ascribed to a neglect of the ordinances of religion. How different from the inhabitants of other countries. Even the starving Irish that throng our shores, respect the form of christianity in which they have been educated. Did you ever meet with one who could not tell you to what denomination he belonged? Their children are attached by the bonds of religious rites to some faith. It is known whether they be Catholics or Presbyterians. Their forms of faith unite them to one another, when every other tie save that of common misery, is severed. Nor is avowal of faith in some one of the religious sects peculiar to the Irish. In Germany, Prussia, and among the Poles, it is equally prevalent. Every child, by the initiatory rite which has been solemnized, is classed with some one of the prevailing denominations. How difficult would it be for many of our New England young men to define their religious position? Is there not something wrong in this abandonment of our children? There is something shocking to every reflecting mind, in sending a youth out into the world without religious principle. Does not every parent commence this, who gives no heed to what he believes to be a christian observance? In reading the other day a letter of the historian Niebuhr, soon after the birth of his first-born, I was struck with his earnestness to have his child baptised. He was uneasy at the thought of having to wait a long time before the rite could be performed. All of the father rose up within him; and wise and learned and full of plans as that father was for the education of his son, his first thought, after announcing the birth of the child, was to make arrangements for the christening. He would as soon have thought of bringing him up without a name, as to have educated him in a christian land unbaptised. Niebuhr felt the full force of the poet's sentiment,

"A child is born : — now take the germ and make it  
A bud of moral beauty. Let the dews  
Of knowledge, and the light of virtue wake it  
In rich fragrance, and in purest hues."

He felt this truth, and his first wish was to dedicate the gift to the bestower of it in the way prescribed by religion. How must the spiritual ability of the son have been quickened and exalted by reading, in after years, this correspondence of his father!

D. But, mother, the question returns, might not this child have been as religiously educated without the observance of the rite of Baptism?

M. Think you that neglect of an institution observed ever since the days of the Apostles, declared by Origen to have been the constant usage of the church, concerning the observance of which, on the eighth day after birth, a question arose among the sixty-six ministers convened at Carthage, about fifty years after Origen, — think you that the neglect of this institution, which differs from the baptism of the forerunner and from all baptism into other religions as much as the Gospel differs from other teachings, that such neglect is the proper beginning of a christian education? This is the point, L., towards which I would direct your attention. I take it that you believe in the validity of infant baptism, no less than in that of the Lord's Supper, but that the example of your neighbors has led you to think lightly of the ordinance. Consider then, that your neighbors are not infallible, that our pastor has more than once reminded parents of this duty, that in cities and large towns this rite has not fallen into the disuse, into which I am sorry to say it has lapsed in our vicinity. Consider our Lord's direction to the Apostles; observe their practice from the day of Pentecost to the time Paul wrote to the Corinthians and to the Romans. Consider the practice of the church, and the beauty and propriety of infant baptism, and then ask yourself, if your son should die in childhood, whether, if you committed him unbaptised to his grave, you would feel that you had done for him all that a christian mother ought to do. This I think is a fair test. If then you would have your first-born's mind 'beautifully inlaid with the thoughts of angels, and wrought out with the signs and marks of heaven,' begin his education ring to fulfil all righteousness.

W. A. W.

## A SABBATH MORNING AT PETTAQUAMSCUT.

THE Sabbath broke — how heavenly-clear!  
Is it not always Sabbath here?  
Such deep contentment seems to brood  
O'er hill and meadow, field and flood.  
No floating sound of Sabbath-bell  
Comes mingling here with Ocean's swell;  
No rattling wheels, no trampling feet  
Wend through the paved and narrow street  
To the strange scene where sits vain Pride  
With meek Devotion, side by side.  
And surely here no temple-bell  
Man needs, his quiet thoughts to tell  
When he must rest from strife and care,  
And own his God in Praise and Prayer.  
For doth not Nature's Hymn arise,  
Morn, noon and evening, to the skies?  
Is not broad ocean's face — the calm  
Of inland woods — a silent psalm?  
Aye, come there not from earth and sea  
Voices of choral harmony,  
That tell the peopled solitude  
How great is God — how wise — how good?  
In Ocean's murmuring music swells  
A chime as of celestial bells;  
The birds, at rest, or on the wing,  
With notes of angel-sweetness sing,  
And insect-hum and breeze prolong  
The bass of Nature's grateful song.  
Is not each day a Sabbath, then,  
A day of rest for thoughtful men?  
No idle Sabbath Nature keeps —  
The God of Nature never sleeps,  
And in this noontide of the year,  
This pensive pause, I seem to hear  
God say: "O man! would'st thou be blest,  
Contented work is Sabbath rest."

C. T. B.

Boston Neck, Sunday, Aug. 20, 1848.

**NOTE.**—That beautiful stretch of farm-land lying between the west shore of Narragansett Bay and Pettaquamscut, or Narrows River, was called Boston Neck, from having been settled, or early frequented, by Boston people, somewhat as Massachusetts was originally North Virginia.



## THE DAY OF PREPARATION.

A SERMON, BY REV. ALONZO HILL.

LUKE xxiii. 54. And that day was the preparation, and the Sabbath drew on.

IN strictness of language this has a literal reference to the Jewish festivals. The day of preparation, as the word indicates, was that which immediately preceded and on which provision was made and the house set in order for the seclusion and rest of the Sabbath. But it may be used in a larger and more comprehensive sense. It may be regarded as descriptive of the course of Providence in the accomplishment of his great schemes of love and mercy. He does not carry forward the world in a gentle and easy flow of improvement, but the progress is interrupted. It is diversified by prominent events. It is parcelled out into eras. It has its hour of preparation, and its hour of manifestation. There is the beginning and the completion of the ages. There is the crisis in spiritual affairs — an hour both in the world's history and in our individual history, when the old order of things is passing away and a better is coming in its place — a silent juncture when the darkness of the night begins to decline and the light of morning to dawn, — when the day of preparation is advanced, and the Sabbath draws on.

And perhaps no better illustration and example of this wider meaning can be found than in the events of the evangelic history to which this passage relates. With the disciples of Jesus it was an hour of preparation. Nothing could have been more unexpected to them than was the seizure, condemnation and crucifixion of their master. This event was the prostration of their long cherished hopes, the darkening of their fairest prospects, the disappointment of their proudest expectations. They had looked on him as the Redeemer of Israel, the temporal Deliverer. They had known him in early youth when he dwelt in Nazareth and grew in favor with God and man. They had seen him as he had stood the Jordan and in the freshness of manhood under the ap-

proving Heavens had consecrated all his great powers to his Father's will. They had seen him beside the lake in beauty and majesty irresistibly winning, had heard his call, and left all and followed him ; and as month after month they had walked with him by day and watched with him by night — had listened to the strange words that fell from his lips and witnessed the mighty works which were done by his hands, what might they not expect of him ?

No hopes were too sanguine, no imagination too fervent, no visions of the future were too bright. They already contended who should be greatest in his kingdom. What a day then was *that* when they saw him in the hands of his enemies and condemned — taken from the cross and laid in the tomb ! It was a day of inexpressible anguish. Their sun arose in sadness and tears, and set in blood. And when the tragedy was over, they were smitten as if the lightnings of Heaven had fallen on them. The light of their eyes was extinguished and the darkness of midnight shrouded all their paths. This was their hour of preparation. All this disappointment and fear and agony were needed to break their long cherished delusions and to prepare them for a more spiritual apprehension of Christianity. Their earthborn ambition was prostrated in the dust, and a divine faith and love began to be kindled in their bosoms. Their hopes of temporal glory were crushed, and the beauty of the spiritual life began to dawn upon them. It was the hour of preparation, and the hour of manifestation of new thought, and solemn resolve, and inward peace — the great Sabbath drew on.

So it is. God moves mysteriously and accomplishes his plans by comprehensive arrangements and unexpected junctures. Let us fix our attention upon the plans of Providence and inquire into the duties and responsibilities that must follow.

Something of this arrangement is indicated in the course of *nature*. The great truth is shadowed forth in the ordinances of heaven and the revolutions of the earth. Here then are periods of repose as well as of activity — times of apparent retardation as well as advancement. The earth does not move in a direct line but in circles. The world does not enjoy a perpetual sunshine. The light alternates with the darkness

and the night is a preparation for the day. When the shades of evening close in, and silence reigns and the dews fall and deep sleep falleth upon tired nature, this is as necessary to progress as the activities of the *day*. The hour restores and invigorates the system, and prepares for a more cheerful and successful labor. So also with regard to the longer periods of the year, the same laws prevail. There is the season of rest and the season of growth—the season of promise and the season of harvest; and the one is just as needful as the other. The earth would become exhausted by uninterrupted production, and field and forest cease to be fruitful more. And so there is a time of rest. The grass has withered—the leaves have fallen, and the trees stretch out their naked branches to the skies, and the hollow winds sigh over the desolate harvests. This is the period for garnering strength, the needful preparation when the next season shall come round. For then nature, invigorated and restored, puts forth new activities, and the earth is clothed in greenness and beauty, and all rejoice as if fresh from the hands of the Creator.

If we look into the world of thought and intellect, and observe the methods of improvement, we may mark the existence of the same law. Discoveries of truth, the disclosures of science and useful inventions in the arts seem to have obeyed the same process. Here has been the period of preparation, the fulness of time, the combination of favoring circumstances, and then the truths have burst upon many minds at once, like the lightning filling the whole heavens with light. Then nature is interrogated and the disclosure is made in different parts of the world at the same moment. The preparation is often world wide and the manifestation as wide. Thus it has been. The foreshadowing and the coming of the great eras in science and knowledge have been disclosed to different minds at the same moment. When Newton devised the method of fluxions by which the laws of the universe have been so easily investigated and demonstrated, Leibnitz on the continent almost simultaneously adopted the same methods of analysis. The discovery of oxygen was made at the same time by Priestly in England, by Scheele in Sweden and by Lavoisier in France. The invention of the art of printing is claimed by eight cities in Germany, so nearly cotemporaneous did different minds ac-

comply with this great achievement in the arts and destinies of the world. And in the discovery of the new planet which has been the wonder and admiration of our times, the French astronomer was not alone in his surprising analysis and daring predictions. While he was working out the problem by which the age has been astonished, another young astronomer within the cloistered cells of an English university had worked out the same problem, and, but for an accident, would have acquired all the renown that is heaped upon his illustrious compeer. So it is. Providence provides for such events by a long process of preparation. The obstacles, one by one, are removed. Kindred and connected truths are made known, and the mind is in a condition to receive and the world to be benefited by the grand discovery. And then when all things are ready, the curtain rises and another series of God's verities is brought to the view.

What has now been said of physical truth and the methods of its discovery, may with equal justness be said of moral and religious truth and moral and religious improvement. In the one and the other Providence moves mysteriously and is governed by the same great laws. No condition of spiritual advancement and exalted moral privilege has come upon the world at once, but each has followed the long day of preparation. The preceding age and the former dispensation led the way to that which went after. The period of the patriarchs was preparatory to that of Moses; and the law given by Moses was the schoolmaster to bring men to Christ. And Christ came in "the fulness of time," when Jew and Gentile had long been tried and had learned to feel the need of higher truths and to welcome a new manifestation of God's love; then the sun of righteousness rose upon the hills of Palestine and shed his healing beams upon the nations of the earth. And so again when Christianity became corrupted, when the Church was bloated with wealth and luxury, and crushed down the mind's freedom, and suppressed by authority every whisper of discontent, and there was needed a regeneration, this regeneration did not take place at once, nor by the instrumentality of one man. There was the day of suffering and hope, and events conspiring and hastening towards the mighty result; and whole continents were moved together.

Almost simultaneously with Luther were men who took up the cause of truth and united in the grand protest against the gigantic abuses. Knox and Zuinglius and Calvin too were but parts of the hosts of God's elect who defended the right and wrought out the great deliverance. Again in the times of the pilgrims: there were the years of doubt and uncertainty; there was the night of their struggling, and great kingdoms heaved and shook as with an earthquake and were deluged in blood; *then* came the dawn of hope, the day of civil and religious freedom in the old world and the new. In all past reforms there has been the preparation, and then the simultaneous movement — the ordering of events and then the drawing on of the Sabbath. The time and the circumstances have come, and then the great movement has followed.

Such is the law of progress in the moral and spiritual world, so clearly announced and so irreversible in its character. And it becomes us, at all times to be reverent observers of the law. We now stand between the past and the future, we look before and behind; and for *what* has the past been a preparation? What are the signs of the times? What is the work of the men of our day? Towards what results has been the majestic march of events? What conclusions do the tendencies of the age combine to effect?

I feel the presumption in a poor mortal with his shortsighted vision and his limited experience, to undertake to penetrate the councils of Omniscience, and interpret the ways of the Almighty. But there are so many, and such plain indications of his gracious purposes, such mighty powers are at work to accomplish them, and these purposes are so beneficent and grand, that it is no longer presumption, but rather kneeling and adoring faith. And for indications I do not go to dark prophecies, which may admit of various interpretations. I go to facts, which are among our most familiar experiences. They are signs of the times which all can read, and before which, instead of this profound insensibility, I wonder even worldliness and scepticism do not stand and gaze in silent awe.

Observe, then, what the providence of God has been bringing to pass. In our day there are wonderful revolutions going on. In the first place, the veil has been raised, and two of the most active and subtle agents of nature have been brought into

the service of man ; and he exercises almost, I speak it with reverence, the attributes of Omnipotence and Omniscience — time and space have become as nothing. By means of the one, in a few hours whole states are crossed, and wide regions of the earth : in a few days rivers are navigated and the ocean traversed, and we tread upon another continent and are sojourning in another nation, and mingle familiarly with another people. We come and we go on the wings of the wind, and mix and commune together as if we were in the same neighborhood. By means of the other, words and thoughts travel with the speed of lightning. In an instant I hold intercourse with people an hundred miles off, whose countenances I have never seen, whose voices I have never heard, whose language even, I have never learned, and yet are we brought together as face to face. Thoughts come and go, over lake and mountain and wilderness, and we talk together familiarly. And, think you, God has once more interfered, unveiled the secrets of nature, and enabled the men of our times to bring into their service these two mighty agents without a purpose ? Was it merely for a temporary convenience ? to gratify man's earthly ambition ? to enable him the more speedily to accumulate, and to excite almost to madness his love of gain ? Do not believe it. In the designs of Infinite Love, they are the instruments for the production of a spiritual good. They indicate too clearly to be misunderstood the tendency of his Providence. As these iron bands span the globe, and this subtle vapor bears from country to country, so He teaches that the most distant people should be melted into one, and the most diverse be united in the enduring bands of peace and love. And as the electric fluid passes from city to city, so should distant hearts beat in unison, and the electric sympathy come and go between them. This is the lesson ; who cannot read it ? "O ye inhabitants of the earth, ye children of a common Father, bring to an end this sectional pride and this sectarian jealousy — have done with this miserable narrowness and selfishness, and learn to look upon each member of the human family as Jesus did, as a brother whom you are bound to love, and for whose sake you should be ready to make any sacrifice — *even to die.*"

There is another providential event which indicates the same direction and teaches the same lesson. A few months ago we

beheld what for ages has not been witnessed, a whole nation impoverished and starving, holding out their hands for bread. A wailing voice was heard and reached to the most distant shores, and caused a thrill in ten thousand bosoms. Was this unmeaning? Let the politician talk of it as the consequence of misrule. Let the political economist explain it as the effects of idleness and thriftless extravagance. The Christian will find in it a deeper thought. He will see a Providence pleading with the heart of humanity, in the sobbings of starving women and children, for a more generous sympathy, larger affection, and a nobler expression of Christian fellowship. A great opportunity was given, such as does not come in centuries, to show the sincerity of our faith, and to give proof of the all embracing spirit of Christ. And what a sublime spectacle it was, when in the hour of a nation's great distress, this whole people, as by one spontaneous movement, hastened to give of their abundance to their suffering brethren. What a glorious sight it was to see our rivers bearing on their bosoms, and our iron ways bearing on their tracks the free-will offering; and the ships laden to fulness with sustenance and with Christian sympathy, stretching their sails eastward until they reached the famished land. How inspiring the thought, and how cheering the lesson to be learned! Fleets have gone out before on errands of destruction — they have sailed for purposes of gainful traffic; but here were ships sent out amid benedictions and prayers, on a Christian errand, with the contributions of a Christian people. Never were arrivals more welcome. Never did enterprise express more distinctly the spirit of the coming age.

I mention another of the signs of the times. I refer to that convocation of religious men held in London a year or two since, which has been the sneer and jest of our contemporaries, but which was mightily significant. The object of the gathering was to cement union and affection among Christians, in all lands. The undertaking shows the tendency of Christian minds, shows that they are tired of their sectarian strifes and jealousies, and sigh and pray for a closer connexion. But it was a failure; and has drawn upon it torrents of ridicule, because, men undertook a generous thing in the narrow spirit of bigotry and exclusiveness. They had not yet comprehended the ge-

nius of the times, and drew odious lines of distinction. They shut their doors against some of the purest men, the most faithful preachers of Christianity, the most successful defenders of the truth — reminding more than one reader of the little incident mentioned by the Roman historian. Once on a time a great procession was seen winding its way through the streets of ancient Rome, bearing the images of her distinguished men, whom in her degradation she loved to honor. The images of her despotic emperors, and cringing consuls, and supple senators, were there all : but the statues of Brutus and Cassius, her most illustrious liberators, the only men worthy to be so honored, were left out. But the idea of a world's convention, called together for the purpose of cementing the union, sympathy, and co-operation of Christians in all lands, was a noble conception ; and how consonant with the growing spirit of the age would it have been, if it had been what it promised to be — an assembly and union of all Christians, of every name, from every nation, from every part of the habitable globe, coming with a common badge of discipleship — an allegiance to a common master, and burying all differences, meeting as brethren. How much might such an assembly have done for the peace and spiritual prosperity of Christendom ? What a glorious triumph it would have been of the spirit, what a pledge of the abiding power of Christianity ! And is not this the consummation towards which all things now tend ? Is not this the predicted coming of the kingdom of God ? May it come ! Disperse, shades of night, that hinder its approach. Break, chains of spiritual despotism that hold back its progress. Hasten, hours of the morning that shall usher it in. May it come quickly.

I refer to another great event, the most surprising of all. While there are so many indications around us of the working of mighty powers of light and deliverance, by a singular combination of circumstances which we are forbidden to interpret otherwise than Providential, God has been preparing an instrument to act widely and deeply on the character of the coming age. From the bosom of the Catholic Church, so enslaved to the past ; from the cells of a cloister so obstinately closed against a new thought ; from the midst of a society surrounded by a triple wall of hoary prejudices, has been reared to the Papal throne a man for once who comprehends his times, and



who with a bold and generous confidence stands at the head of liberal reforms. The doors of the Vatican are thrown widely open, and light from a hundred suns is poured in upon its damp and mouldering walls. Exiles from all lands are recalled, liberal ideas from all sources are welcomed, and the cry of an oppressed, enslaved people, is not heard in vain. What a spectacle is this! so unlooked for, so grand, if its early promise is fulfilled—so magnificent in its results, if the great opportunity be embraced—so beneficent in its consequences if the spirit of Christ be there.

And then, again, while our eyes were gazing upon the spectacle, behold other events quick in succession, making the very heart stand still. We see nations rising up in their strength to vindicate their capacities for self-government—kings abdicating their thrones in a day, and flying in dismay from their kingdoms, and a calm sentiment of freedom, unknown before, pervading the two continents. I pause not to discuss these events now. Rather I stand before them in solemn awe, for they are startling and overwhelming. But they belong to the day of preparation, and the issues are in the hand of God. I know not what they shall be; but this I know, His promises are large as human desires, and mighty powers are at work in their fulfilment. But times and seasons are in his hands, and are not to be measured by our narrow computations, nor hastened by our impatience.

A Sabbath of peace and rest dawns, and when the vast cycles are completed, and the vast plans conceived in the silence of uncreated being are accomplished, then in his own good time he will not forget his promises, nor fail to bring them to pass. Check, then, all rash expectations, all unbecoming distrust. The years which measure his time are hurrying onward: wait cheerfully his disclosures. The courses of his providence are directed that "all may be one" as God and Christ are one. And all events, however mysterious, however startling, however disastrous in our human eyes, shall conspire to effect his great purposes of love and mercy.

Meanwhile what are our duties? What is the monition for our times? Believe in God—this is the lesson for ourselves here and now; believe in God—judge not by feeble sense, and let the present appearance shake for a moment your confidence.

Believe, though you may not see, and co-operate in the gracious plans of Omnipotence. We want, my Brethren, a deeper moral conviction that we have a great trust committed to us, such as was never committed to any people before—that we have a great work to do, such as has never yet been accomplished. We want a deeper conviction of the reality of the great mission on which God has sent us—for which He has raised us up—given us a habitation—a name and the power of the world to come—a conviction that He chose us to be a praise and glory among all people—to be the enlighteners of the ignorant, the protectors of the weak, the defenders of the defenceless, all the world over. If we believed this as constantly as the things that we see, how could we fail to be greatly moved and *act* habitually under the blessed influence. An ardent, enthusiastic foreigner, who had nourished the thought of civil and religious freedom, until it had become a passion, when he came among us kissed the very soil on which he landed. Our fields to his eye were greener, our skies were deeper than he had seen. Our very children had an air of freedom and nobleness. Let us have something of this consciousness of the *worth*, something of this reverence for the *privileges* which we enjoy, and what a change would come over our habitual thoughts, what a new influence would be shedding abroad among us!

The thing, I repeat, we most need, is a faith in spiritual things, a conviction of our great responsibility. *Free* we should be, yet bound.—free to follow our convictions of duty, yet bound by an ever watchful conscience. We must learn to know that while there is a Heaven above us, there is a life to be led on earth that is truly angelic and divine. Our Christianity must be the grandest of all realities, admit of no substitutes for purity of heart and holiness of life—allow of no *false ground* of confidence—leave no crevice by which duty may be evaded and conscience silenced. It must deal with actual sin, individual and public, trace the windings and convolutions of self-deception, lay bare the heart's secret vices, expose, under whatever specious names and false pretenses, its sore temptations, and announce with the utmost solemnity, as our Saviour did, that each man must bear his own *burthens*; and inevitable as the hour of death there is an account to be rendered of the deeds

done in the body. It must speak *earnestly* too, for men are earnest in their selfish ambition, their sinful pleasures and their love of gain, and must be roused to an ever living sense of their accountability. Accountability! I repeat the word with awe. It should be written on the door-posts of their dwellings, in their halls of legislation, their places of business, their places of recreation, the places of their most secret and sacred retirements, to be read by the earliest light of the morning and the lingering beams of the evening, suggesting the first and the last thoughts of the day. Accountability! what a great thing it would be if it were *felt*—if there were even a heathen fidelity and devotedness among us. Hear what the heathen have done.

It is said, among the recovered ruins of the ancient city of Pompeii, destroyed by an eruption, and buried for centuries beneath the lava of Vesuvius, there has been brought to light in our times the charred body of a Roman soldier, standing at the gate of the city at which he was stationed. What fidelity, what sense of responsibility, what calm self-devotion was there! He heard, as did others, the earthquake that shook the country around. He saw the mountain reeling on its base and sending up its deluge of fire: and the darkness gathered, and the ashes fell thick and fast, and tower and temple crumbled by his side. But he was a soldier and had no orders to retire. And there he stood until the city and its inhabitants and its brave defenders were all buried in one common ruin. My Brethren, soldiers in this moral warfare, friends of freedom and religion and humanity, we are placed on the walls of our Zion and at the portals of the coming time. We live amid portentous events, and every hour is charged with tidings of startling change. We hear of wars and rumors of wars. Ancient thrones are tottering, and the ancient order of things is passing away. The claims of humanity are urged as they have never been urged before, and all things are becoming new. It may be the day of strife and disaster is not yet over. It may be the mountain of our prosperity is yet to be shaken, and a yet deeper gloom to hang over our prospects, over the prospects of man before the dawn of the morning. Be it so. But unterrified, unseduced, faithful among the faithless, let us stand where the Providence of God has placed us. Let us

maintain our high responsibility, and God and Christ and all good men will be with us; and if the hour of preparation is yet to be prolonged, and we are not permitted to witness the promised day, we shall at least be prepared for the glorious "Sabbath of rest above which remaineth for the people of God."

## LINES.

[Written on attending divine service for the first time at the new church in Harrison Avenue, May 7, 1848.]

WITHIN yon gothic church's walls  
 The youthful Pastor stands;  
 And now, in earnest, heartfelt prayer,  
 Waits with uplifted hands.

The Consecration day has passed;  
 Finished our house of prayer;  
 Taste leagued with art has well contrived  
 To make the dwelling fair.

The mellowed light from vaulted roof,  
 The organ's pealing tone,  
 The sacred emblems, each possess  
 A power that all must own.

And sure, the influence is more  
 From that harmonious whole,  
 For Beauty with Religion blends,  
 And steals upon the soul.

And on the snowy hair of age  
 The glowing sunlight fell,  
 While childhood's sunny locks of gold  
 Its hues reflected well.

It hovered o'er the Pastor's head,  
 Emblem of blessings there,  
 While from his lips the accents fell  
 Of fervent, simple prayer.

It rested 'side him as he stood,  
 To guide him on his way,  
 And on the pulpit's carved side  
 The gorgeous colors lay:

They cast their beams around his feet,  
 As on the carpet's fold  
 They shed a radiance beaming bright  
 Of crimson and of gold:

They lingered for a while, then fell  
 On vestal cloth of snow,  
 As 'neath the pulpit's sacred desk  
 The heavenly feast to show.

I left it as the goblet's brim  
 Had caught the heavenly flame,  
 And sparkling like a burning gem  
 The brighter still became.

I lingered, loth to leave a spot  
 So filled with beauty rare,  
 And felt that even for me as well  
 The feast awaited there,—

Yet turned aside, with feeling sad,  
 Of sole unworthiness  
 To share the feast before all spread,  
 True solace in distress.

Pure be the lips, and true the heart,  
 That press that goblet's brim,  
 And holy be the heart that shares  
 The feast that's spread for him.

Long may that youthful shepherd stand  
 Within those sacred walls,  
 And plead with earnest eloquence  
 Where'er Religion calls.

ANITA.

## LETTER FROM A SISTER. II.

## A VISIT TO THE SEA-SHORE.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Since I last wrote to you, I have stood by the side of the bright and beautiful sea, and am even now inhaling its invigorating breezes. Would that you were near me, for you could fully appreciate the gush of feeling, which at times is too overpowering for utterance, too mighty to control; but as this boon is denied me, I shall send you the effusions of my never-tiring pen, trusting fully to your sympathetic hearing, I cannot describe to you my sensations of liteness, of perfect nothingness, as I gaze on the vast blue expanse before me; and yet in the midst of my humiliation, divine and glorious thoughts spring up within my soul, for I know that my essence will outlive this emblem of infinity.

After my toilsome labors, during the past season, the elasticity of the air is a never failing source of delight; and as I daily breathe its living energy, I can fully comprehend and realize to the utmost, the certainty "of being born again."

The strongest sentiment within me is gratitude to my Heavenly Father, for having "cast my lines in such pleasant pla-

ces," and I feel as if the brightness, ever around me, is indeed the embodiment of that Father's smile, beaming kindly upon me and every human creature. Wherever I look, I behold the beauty of the Universe: displayed at early *morn*, in the waves' bright glances; at *noon*, when the sun lights up the green hills, the sparkling river, and the blue ether with unrivalled glory; at dewy *twilight* in the gorgeous sun-set clouds; and at night, as I pace the white and glittering sands of the shore, upon the cragged and eternal rocks, the moon shines down in all her magnificence.

Ever is there beauty and infinite variety! Then within the unfathomable depths of old ocean, roam millions of happy living creatures, all robed with brightness, and touched with some new grace by the Great Artist's hand; there countless treasures lie collected, sparkling and resplendent in those invisible realms; and there, not less wonderful and beautiful, the Algae, those delicate flowers of the wave, whose matchless and ever-varying loveliness, snatched from Neptune's grasp, we can transfer to adorn our Albums, and thus furnish a new delight, for many a pensive hour.

Oh how astounding is the reflection of such power; how amazing the simplest effort to grasp the idea of such greatness and such variety, as is shown in all the works of that Being, who seems visibly present; his voice heard in "the solemn bass" of the ocean's roar; and still as plainly when the sea is quelled to rest, in the awe inspired by its sublime silence. Perfect repose at the bidding of the Almighty! All that Poets have ever sung, or Painters ever revealed, can never half describe the countless wonders, the innumerable charms, which I see in the watery fields before me. Now all seems peaceful as an infant's slumber, but anon the crested waves rush onward to the shore, girdling the rocks with mighty cataracts, as if about to overleap the everlasting barriers set by Him, who said, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther!"

And yet in spite of all this terrible might, I plunge daily in the fearful element, carelessly sporting in the waters, refreshed by its healthful influences, and revelling in the perfect luxury of conscious existence.

But in the pleasures of the sea-shore, as in every thing else in Nature, there is an untold variety; and ever is the zest kept fresh and unsated. To amuse you, in your distant field of labor, perhaps a slight account of my every day recreations may not be unacceptable or inappropriate. Delightful drives lie in every direction—one to Cohasset Rocks, by the Jerusalem road, which overlooks the sea,—one to the quiet town of Hingham, made gay and animated by the fashionable throng of pedestrians, equestrians, and vehicles of every description rushing through its streets; and another to the busy mart of Bucket Town, the wares of which are now sent to every pai

of the world. The trip over the beach, to the far-famed town of Hull, is the most delightful, and certainly the most frequented, as never-ceasing trains of carriages fully testify. There are walks to Sunset Hill, which commands a fine view of the bay and the surrounding coast, dotted here and there with flourishing towns and villages; to Rocky nook, with bower and shade; or, over hill and dale, to the picturesque precincts of the Ware river. There presides a little nymph, who rules with gentle sway the finny subjects, so tamed by her wondrous power, as to come obedient to her call, and even to glide fearlessly through her childish fingers, as they claim the daily bread bestowed by her bounty upon them. Such a sight is enough to repay the tired Rambler for the weariness attendant on a hot summer's day, though he were ungrateful enough not to notice the flowers and berries scattered in rich profusion on the way.

But to the lover of his kind, the social circle is as replete with pleasure, and untiring satisfaction, as the boundless range of outward Nature. Here are congregated individuals, from many different homes, situated in various parts of the land, and differing in manners, customs, feeling, and faith. Yet what perfect harmony! All unite as a band of brothers and sisters; the aged are respected and loved; the gambols of childhood are enjoyed and even enhanced, while the merry frolics of youth are permitted and encouraged. Each seems ready to aid his fellow, and whatever may be the call, it finds a ready response, returned as quickly as the pulsations of the magnetic circle. Does sickness or sudden accident befall one of the group, all sympathize, and all help to soothe the pain, while the face is lit up by the heavenly expression of charity, and a disinterestedness truly Christ-like: To every new comer a cordial welcome is extended, and by the quick interest excited in the breast of each, one might almost imagine the millennial days had come, when "the lion and the lamb shall lie down together." Should a storm prevent our egress as usual, for the usual sports and occupations, all cluster together with busy fingers flying, entranced by the magic eloquence of Horace Mann's speech, or the genius of other gifted minds. Politics are freely and frankly discussed, all the bitterness of party strife being laid aside, and differing sects agree to respect each other's tenets, while at the same time they vie with each other in acts of christian courtesy and love. Human nature is displayed in its pleasantest garb, and in this miniature world, all jarring and discord seems forgotten; while, as the sound of music rings through the air, or the solemn voice of prayer ascends to Heaven, still the same sentiment pervades the whole; perfect harmony and love. The spirit of Christ is manifested and felt, and truly say, "It is good to be here."

Yours ever, Y. E. N.

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## THE TWO-FOLD DUTY.

THE duty of the Christian may be considered as two-fold — he is to *do* and to *bear* God's will. The whole discipline of life is so arranged, that both the active and the passive virtues are called into action, each as it shall seem to Infinite Wisdom best for the development of the individual character. The common, regular demand made on us is that of action. We are doers of the will, active, workers, laborers, building up something in ourselves, or out of ourselves, achieving something for the glory of God, and the establishment of the kingdom of his Christ. Life, in its general aspect, its daily demand, is positive, calling on us to do, looking to us to accomplish something. And so we feel that sin is to be met in his stronghold, temptation to be resisted at its birth, and all the graces which spring from a holy heart to be builded up with care and zeal; that, besides these, humanity demands our interest; its pains, its trials, its distress, or whatever its appeal, are to be met and answered; and then, beyond these, God and the Saviour and their peculiar demands are not to be overlooked. So that the heart of man finds a various, and multiform, and pressing work lying before it, and understands that one prime law of its being, one prime condition of its happiness, is action. The first part of duty is to do God's will.

But there is a second part of duty. God has a will to be *done* and a will to be *borne*. He has placed within us those powers of endurance which when developed receive the name of passive virtues, perhaps unwisely, and no life can be per-



fect in which these have not been developed. They have their separate sphere, and produce results which no other can. The arena for the first is the heart and the world — it makes us laborers for ourselves, for man and for God. At some time or other, for a longer or a shorter time, just as He sees best for us, He calls us away from this busy, active, positive work of life, withdraws us from *doing*, and bids us *bear* His will. Friends who were deeply and truly loved are removed, pleasures and luxuries and comforts we had depended on and made as the necessities of being are denied, the limbs that had borne us freely whithersoever the spirit listed refuse their aid, and the compass of one small room, and the comfort of one small bed, are all that are left the weakened body for solace and support. Plans we had formed, hopes we had cherished, labor we would accomplish, all these are snatched from us; we must stand aside and let the busy world go on in its busy work, rejoicing in its capacity for labor, while to us is left the solitary hour, the weary vigil, the bowed spirit, the aching head and fevered limbs. God needs that the other duty be exemplified in us, and we need to be called away from action to suffering, that the perfect character may be established, the two duties blended in one life, and the spirit, by the action and the suffering, by the doing and the bearing, by the joy and the sorrow alike, be fitted for the skies. For so it is in the soul of man as in the natural world. The continued presence of God's sun, the unabated fervor of summer, would never ripen the seed to the harvest. In the Divine economy, the cloud, the dew, the rain, the gentle night bear an important part. Without them fruition could not be complete. So in the soul. Were it all joy, all satisfaction, all comfort in man's life, the spirit would never ripen for the garner in the sky. The cloud, the storm, the night of sorrow and care, cannot destroy, though for a little they may hide the sunlight of Divine love. Most important are these in bringing out the power and beauty and truth there is in man — most essential to preparing him for that other state toward which he hastens, where the soul puts on angelic garments, and the smile of God is never hid.

Most needed and most blessed is this second part of human duty — and yet how man contrives to close his eyes and his ears to the need and to the blessing. Every thing is judged

according to his own petty standard. He persists in seeing things only as they seem to his own unsubjected spirit. He calls that good which ministers to his passing gratification, and that evil which takes away any momentary delight. He will admit no judgment but his own, and when the hour comes which seems best to his Heavenly Father for him to join the number of them that must *bear*, when he is called from active duty to sorrow or suffering, his unprepared heart sets itself up in murmurs and complainings, and denies that there is good, or wisdom, or love in the change. And so it happens that though God do His part in calling him to bear His will, though the Father would thus make him perfect, yet he in stubborn pride and wilful neglect refuses to make use of the opportunity, and passes on, and goes away imperfect, because he has not rightly looked upon, or wisely used this means of perfecting himself. Nor is this true only of the man who is wholly temporal and selfish in his hopes and aims. Sometimes, nay, how frequently, is it true that good men, men who have *done* God's will, acted well up to the demand made on active life, are found wanting when the scales are turned, and their hour comes to be quiet, submissive, enduring. He has not arrived at the true idea of sonship who understands not this two-fold necessity, this two-fold blessing. He has but poorly read Christ so long as he does not feel that the end of being is unaccomplished, when the heart has all its desires, and the affections all their demands, who sees not and owns not that sorrows, suffering and sadness have their part in the mighty work of spiritual perfection. He has little claim to be his Master's follower who sees no need of these—who denies the existence of the blessing they always bring.

Let any man take a position as simply a spiritual being, as wholly and willingly subservient to God's decrees, whatever they may be, and he would at once detect the advantages and blessings of the state of endurance to which God calls him. He would see Love beaming forth in every trial, and find new joy and strength and peace as he nerved himself to meet it. He would understand how great a part, *of necessity*, suffering had in purifying the spirit—how much there is in spiritual training which health and comfort and action cannot do—how essential to bringing out the noblest powers of the

soul are these darker providences of God. Active life developes but the less worthy part of a man's nature. It does not call into exercise the highest capacities. Never to suffer is never to live. It is a little thing, comparatively, to act. It requires a certain nerve, a certain resolution, a certain effort, and withal a certain amount of principle. There is every thing to urge us on. All things about us act. We are but one of a numerous company. But when it comes to quitting this goodly host of actors — to shutting ourselves up away from the sympathy of things in the midst of which we have heretofore had our being, — when hours and days, and perhaps years, must follow each other slowly, and still find us at our weary post, — when pain must be our companion, or sorrow our friend, then is the time to bring out, that is the sphere for the exercise of, the sublimer virtues of the human heart. Shut out from the society it had enjoyed, unable to serve God longer as one of the laborers in the vineyard, it seeks a closer acquaintance with itself, and with its Maker. How much does such acquaintance reveal to it, to be both acquired and enjoyed — how much that health and happiness and business never revealed! How much is there to be acquired — to be calm, to be patient, to be resigned, to see others busy and happy, and yet not repine at our solitude and inactivity. How much to be enjoyed — a nearness to God which the sick-room, or the hour of bereavement alone can give, a power of approaching him which the cares and temptations of busy life never afforded, a consciousness that none of these can interfere to call us off from our new found delight, a delicious foretaste of the life of Heaven. These, certainly, are something; and the spirit that has gained them confesses that they are worth the price it has paid; and if the choice must be between pain and grief with these for company, or busy, happy life without them, let it have the hours that *seem* dark, and the way that *seems* dreary, for the darkest season is lighted by the smile of God, and the way cannot be so dreary but the spirit of Jesus is there to make it plain and straight and smooth.

The true Christian always feels and responds to this. It is not the light alone, nor chiefly, to which he is indebted. Those shadows, which to the worldly brood so drearily over all that bright and beautiful, are cherished by him, are in themselves useful. They are not associated with gloom. The wisdom

they have brought is too deep for that. The thorn and the bramble have each had their flower, and they deck the garland he has woven and wears on his brow. Go to any one of those who, as good soldiers of the cross, have endured hardness, who have drunk deep draughts at the Fount of what the world calls bitterness. Ask them of their experience, and from whence have come life's truest joys, the spirit's dearest blessing. I know that they will say, "from the hours that all men dread, the hours of privation, pain and grief." They will tell you that they cowered beneath the blow, but have looked up to kiss the rod. They will assure you that it had been easy to have given way before the torrent which bore down upon and threatened to overwhelm them, but that the very sight and force of it roused them and nerved them to resistance; and it was stayed and turned and made to do their work. I have seen such, bravely bearing up against what seemed to be their inevitable ruin, strong and confident in the love of God, cheerfully pursuing the appointed task, doing it with their might. Earthly joys had fled, but a higher joy was blossoming for them in the heavens. The circle of love was broken, and the way of life seemed desolate. Yet the less earth had for them the more heaven opened of its stores; the fewer they could confide in here, the more closely were they drawn to God, till they seemed to have no will but his, till every aspiration was "not my will but Thine be done." And as deeper shadows drew on, and more appalling uncertainties rose up, sweeter and sweeter was the incense that ascended from the altars of their faith, and closer and closer their reliance upon God. So have I seen some lonely bird, lured from the sunny bowers of the South by the first deceitful approach of spring, sit mid the boughs of the scathed tree, and pour its whole soul forth in the gushing melody of joy, as if all things swelled in in harmonious response, while yet the air was full of snowy flakes, and the chill wind sighed through the leafless branches, and nature shivered in the grasp of winter. Such is the spirit's song in the day of its darkness and sorrow.

It is a noble thing to suffer. Let it be met nobly. If God choose us to be Teachers and workers by suffering, let us be ready, and prove

—— "How sublime a thing it is  
To suffer and be strong."

The path of our pilgrimage is uncertain. We are now of the active laborers, called on to *do* God's will. It is for each heart to answer to itself, and to its God, how it meets that demand. how it discharges that duty. We may be called as others have been to *bear*. Our sphere of duty may be changed. We may no longer be active, but passive. We may have to dismiss joy, comfort, health, friends, any or all the companions we have clung to and loved. Be it so. It is God's will. He doeth all things well. Still we are beneath his eye ; still we are laboring for him. Let us be at peace, and wait, knowing that no man waiteth in vain, that weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning ; that these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, shall work out for us a far more exceeding, even an eternal weight of glory — that the sky is always brightest when the cloud has passed away. Let us not consider withdrawal from the world or sorrow as the chiefest evil. Because we are not laboring for God or for man in the dusty ways of life, let us not feel that we do nothing — that we but cumber the ground. *He can be no cumberer who bears God's appointments* ; he can never be idle who performs the part God assigns him. The strife of the world has its charms. Men seem to accomplish much. But there is often more accomplished in one small, dark room, at the side of one suffering couch, for the individual soul, for the great cause of human good, for Christian progress, than the world with all its means and appliances can effect. He may do more for God, who seems least able, than he whom all look upon as most powerful to aid. It is the weakness of man that often helps him more than the strength. The Poet expresses this, when he says,

O Thou whose wise, paternal love  
Hath brought my active vigor down —  
Thy choice I thankfully approve,  
And, prostrate at thy gracious throne,  
I offer up my life's remains, —  
I choose the state my God ordains.

Cast as a broken vessel by,  
Thy will I may no longer do ;  
Yet, while a daily death I die,  
Thy power I may in weakness show ;  
My patience may thy glory raise,  
My speechless woe proclaim thy praise.

## MY WATCH.

LAST night I lay with wakeful eyes,  
With eyes that ached and longed to sleep :  
And as the weary hours went by,  
One sound, beside the night-wind's sigh,  
Stole on mine ear.

Unseen beneath my pillow lay  
My little watch, and until day  
Its pleasant voice went ticking on  
Speaking of friends and things long gone;  
I loved to hear.

**Aye! take my gems, my sparkling rings,  
My bird, although he sweetly sings,  
My books, beguilers of lone hours,  
My loved and almost loving flowers,  
But leave me this.**

Not for thy pearls and golden case,  
Not for thy true familiar face,  
Not for thy gentle midnight song,  
Dear watch! have I loved thee so long,  
Through wo and bliss.

The hours thou markest cling to thee,  
Through thee my life still speaks to me;  
The wedding sunshine—when he gave—  
The gloom that settled on his grave,  
Come at thy voice.

I see again the cradle small  
Where lay my little one, my all,  
Lulled by thy steady tick above,  
Or touching thee with timid love,  
A plaything choice.

The feverish nights, so sick, so long,  
When flesh was weak and faith was strong,  
When sunk the fire, and round me played  
Strange shadows as I lay and prayed  
For soft release:

The days when bounding through each vein  
Health made me glad of life again,  
And while my busy fingers flew,  
Unconsciously my nature grew  
In strength and peace ;

All these sweet, solemn thoughts arise,  
 While rest on thee my tearful eyes,  
 Companion of my holiest hours!  
 Confined with me, and wreathed with flowers,  
                                           Thou shalt be laid.

Machinery of wondrous skill  
 Wears out in spite of mortal will;  
 Mine must, thou gently warnest me;  
 The springs run down, and soon rest we  
                                           In quiet shade.

Peace, peace and stillness for us both.  
 To quit life's uses, art thou loth?  
 Then, busy monitor, tick on;  
 To higher tasks must I be gone,  
                                           Stay thou, and teach!

Not of the past alone speak thou,  
 Look calmly on the youthful brow,  
 Speak gently in the dead of night—  
 Oh! of the Future talk! of Light,  
                                           Which man may reach!

L. J. H.

## THE ACTUAL AND THE POSSIBLE.

BY REV. W. B. ALGER.

An incessant wail rises from all around the earth, in consequence of the disparity between hope and realization, between spiritual ability and tangible performance. The painter throws down his brush and turns sadly away from his toil of many days, it is such a failure compared with the ideal pictures which enchain his soul. The sculptor dashes his chisel to the floor in despair, his best statue falls so far short of his conceptions of the form he might carve. The poet pines under the clogs and impediments which detain him from the heaven of invention and the realm of essential beauty. The orator feels the chains that cripple his free powers and prevent him from wielding the possibilities of speech. The penitent sinner grieves that he has accomplished so little of the good that lay in his power. The good man regrets that he has destroyed so little evil, and relieved so little of the vice which he might

have removed. The scholar sighs over his ignorance, and laments that from the ocean of knowledge spread before him he has drawn so small a treasure. The philanthropist weeps on account of the dreadful evils which needlessly plague the earth and make it bring forth thorns, and unnecessarily scourge and brutalize the human race. And we all, when laid low to die, cry to the merciful Father, — Forgive us, oh God, that our real characters and lives have fallen so far short of what they might have been !

The contrast between the actual and the possible in life is inexpressibly sad when we look at what is, but most inspiring when we contemplate what may be. The most piteous thing in the world, is one of those selfish, iron men, who are satisfied with the actual, dealing only with visible and tangible objects ; exclaiming, ' visionary,' ' utopian,' and practically denying that there are any better possibilities. The noblest thing beneath the heavens, is a man who overcomes all the debasing, materializing influences of life, and, standing in the midst of the harsh realities of this work-day world, still perceives the enchanted ideal land, far away ; catches glimpses of its promising visions, and labors, as with an inspired energy, for their realization. How unfortunate it is that the contagious hope and enthusiasm that flash in the dewy eye, and thrill in the bounding pulses of youth should so generally grow cold and dim, and so early die out. Oh, if he could but preserve that high hope, that glowing enthusiasm, " carrying the feelings of boyhood into the powers of manhood," what great things might he not accomplish. But alas ! he mingles in real life ; he moves amid the stern facts of the world, and how soon his splendid visions fade into the light of common day, and he is dragged down from his proud eminence to the world's low level. His early dreams grow dim, and visit him rarely. He becomes used to injustice, cruelty and suffering. And when he has forgotten the ' joy and beauty that have passed away from earth,' forgotten the time, which nothing shall ever bring back again, ' of splendor in the grass and glory in the flower,' he joins the great crowd of common men, satisfied with the actual, and laboring to perpetuate its evils ; unmindful of the prophetic voices that forever proclaim the possibilities of universal and endless improvement. Surely this should not be so.



There is enough, around us and within us, to keep alive a noble enthusiasm even into latest old age, forbidding us ever to lose the freshness of life's early and generous faith, and sink into cold contentment or moping melancholy.

There is one truth which should be a source of unfailing encouragement, overcoming doubt and despondency, and awakening zeal and industry. It is this. The possible is unchangeable and eternal. There it is, over us, inviting us forever. At any time we will, we may rise up and realize it. But the actual is changeable—it may be improved. That you may grow wise and just is possible, and that possibility nothing can ever destroy. But if you are ignorant and dishonest your condition may be changed; the actuality can be altered until it is identical with the possibility. This is a great encouragement, that the possible good is immutable, while the actual evil can be changed.

Let us now glance, briefly, at some of the aspects of life as it is, and as it may be. And first, we will consider the ordinance of Labor. Life, so far as the element of labor enters into it, presents a scene of strange and sad incongruity. A large class of men, whose circumstances place in their power the golden opportunities of leisure, pervert their high privileges into a curse, and instead of filling their days with useful industry, make their lives useless by whiling away the time in idle amusements or torpid indolence. In luxury and idleness, setting a bad example, infusing false and pernicious aims into others, bringing many vices in their train, their energies stagnate of disuse, and prematurely decay under the burden of a thousand ills and aches to which flesh was never meant to be heir—brought on by absolute need of labor. This is one side of the picture, and its counterpart is still worse; the great body of mankind, doomed to excessive and crushing toil, as if they were a mere mass of bones and muscles framed for nothing else. Their chief desire is to get wealth, in order that they may get rid of the hateful drudgery of labor; and often, from mere reaction, they become recklessly dissipated and abandoned. Delving in mines, stooping in manufactories, tugging on land and sea, they become 'of the earth earthy.' Their spiritual aspirations are quenched. "The souls which God is calling upward, spin on blindly in the dark." Their

principal hope is to streak their shade with sunshine ; to mix a few pleasures in with their sorrowful tasks. Do you point them up to God ? " Years have made them blind." Excessive toil and grief have left them unbelieving. With their miseries they disprove what the preachers teach. " For God's possible is taught by his world's loving, and the poor outcasts doubt of both." Such is the appearance of the actual in life, in regard to labor. Pernicious idleness on the one hand ; on the other hand, toil made pernicious by long-drawn severity ; and, between the two extremes a few happy exceptions.

Now what is the possible ? Evidently God's will must be that every man should do his share of all kinds of necessary labor, that all should fare alike—for He " is no respecter of persons." The same thing is also proved by the universality of His benefactions. Day and night, air and rain, life, joy and the beauty of the universe, are given to all. God's providence and direct gifts are equal and free. Inequality and exclusiveness in external things, poverty, weariness and anguish are man's work, the retributive results of human sin, and of arbitrary and selfish institutions and customs. There ought not to be a man in the world forced to work beyond his strength, or to work at all in pursuits from which his heart revolts. And this is attainable. If every one would willingly do his share of the world's work, as he ought, it would be realized. In the place of excessive and monotonous tasks, repulsive to all and hated by all, there would be healthy exercise and attractive industry, just adapted to the wants and varied to the tastes of each. What prevents the experience of this ? Nothing but miserable pride, senseless ignorance, and the terrible power of selfishness, every bit of which is directly at war with the whole of Christianity. Let every man drive these from his soul, as he can, and perform those uses in life which it is his duty to do, — and there shall everywhere be realized an entire exemption from all labor which is not at the same time useful and delightful both to the laborer and to the world. To all alike shall be afforded time, opportunity and incentive to cultivate every faculty, to study literature and the sciences, to enjoy the amenities of the fine arts, and to reap all the blessings of a polished and liberal culture. Throughout the world there shall be universal equality of rights and privileges. No

more shall the agony of a starving nation shriek across the ocean while the vast granaries of the rich are bursting in their very sight. But by all thrones of hoary despotism, by all cottages of crushed peasantry, between the sunken hovel of the serf and the proud palace of the autocrat — equality. From the pompous abode of the bishop to the humble home of the vicar, and from the purple dwellings where merchant princes recline, to the lowly cabins where toil's weary children moan — equality. Exhaustion and destitution to none, health and competence to all. This is Christianity reduced to practice. This is the possible ; God bless every effort put forth to make it the actual !

Compare, also, the limited privileges and results of mental and moral culture, as seen in actual life, with their possible universality and thoroughness. The choicest fruits, and the highest glory of education were just as certainly intended for all as they were for any, else why has God given to all minds and hearts capable of constantly increasing power and joy ? And yet how narrowly the blessings of intellectual discipline and of moral refinement are known. What a comparatively small number of men walk the earth crowned with the authoritative royalty of noble thoughts, enkinged by the godlike prerogatives of knowledge and spiritual power. What a large proportion of our race are unconscious of their own dignity and destiny. What vast numbers are sunk deep in the brutal depths of degradation ; victims of ignorance and coarseness ; slaves of sensuality ; buried in the body as in a living tomb ; untouched by the amenities of culture ; incapable of appreciating and enjoying the revelations of science, the speculations of philosophy, the strains of poetry, the beauties of nature, the harmonies of music, or the select sympathies of soul with soul. It is possible to reverse completely this dark picture of human life, so that it shall be a rare thing to meet a grossly uncultivated man, not one person in a thousand being destitute of a fine taste and a well stored mind. The principal reason why mankind have not made more rapid progress in this respect than they have, is a most painful and disgraceful one, speaking, perhaps more loudly than anything else, of the engrossing selfishness of the human heart. Cultivated persons of wealth and leisure, the leading men of the world, instead of using their

position, acquirements, and other advantages to spread the blessings *they* enjoyed, of books, art and ideal freedom, and laboring to raise their fellow men to the same level, have — with glorious exceptions it is true — but too generally been satisfied with the delights of their own favored lives, and paid little or no attention to the evils beneath which the great majority have never ceased to groan. Surrounded by splendor, all their wants gratified, they have forgotten the destitution and degradation of the millions, and neglected to speak and work and use their all-controlling power, as they might, for the amelioration of the condition of mankind, and, in consequence, evils which they might have removed, have been strengthened and perpetuated. Is it not so? In any age or land, who have been the mighty reformers who have hurled burning truths from palace to cot and poured the glowing coals of righteous rebuke upon the world's naked heart? Not the rich and happy. Not the favorite children of this world. No, but men who, like Jesus, had not where to lay their heads. Men like Paul, who labored with his own hands for his own bread; and like Luther, who was a poor man's child, and had known what it was to beg. Men, who, living in the very midst of the stern realities and woes of common life, have been roused by unbearable trials, and have spoken in tones that thrilled to the common heart with fearful power, because they have felt and suffered fearfully. This fact, that those who are most blessed in temporal and spiritual privileges are not generally foremost in striving to diffuse comfort and enlightenment, teaches an ominous lesson concerning the natural tendency of an easy and prosperous lot to foster selfishness and to destroy the spirit of heroic self-sacrifice and toil for the good of others. Let those whom it concerns heed it, and may it move us all to be faithful to those duties to our fellow men imposed upon us by the most solemn obligations of our religion. Then shall the actual in life begin to blend with the possible, and the time be hastened when the whole human family shall contemplate with sympathetic souls, and realize in active obedience the truth, beauty and exaltation God has placed within their reach.

Again; who has not thought with a heavy heart, and even with tears, of the unequal distribution of this world's enjoy-

ments, and of the frightful reign of misery among men? Who has not felt his very soul moved to pity at some sight of want and suffering, till the thought that all this woe was wrong and needless and might be removed, has rushed across his sensibilities like a torrent of fire? What a shame it is that in a world so fair and liberal as God has made this, so filled with goodness, so drowned in beauty, and furnishing such ample means of plenty and happiness for all — how sad it is that in the midst of all this abundance, such great numbers should be starving of all hunger, hunger of the mind, hunger of the soul and hunger of the body, with weeping and anguish perishing for want of a little love! Does any one deny the fact? Would to heaven it were not true. But look around the world. What limited numbers have faith in a present, all-merciful God. How few realize the blessings of religion and live with constant reference to immortality. How gross and common are the violations of the great law of justice. Behold! poverty, vice, misery, sickness, crime and despair; packed together layer above layer; matted and seething in cellars; crowded and festering in garrets; worn to the bone with toil; gaunt and haggard with want; wild and dangerous with desperation; unvisited, unpitied; the stream of prosperous life flowing by their very doors forever, but never rising to their lips! All this is in the world, and much more which no tongue can tell. But enough. With a grateful feeling of relief, we turn from the horrors of life as it is, to the peace and blessedness in life as it may be.

It is possible that all mankind shall live together as dear friends and very brothers, each one loving God with his whole soul and his neighbor as himself; each one, in free and pleasant industry, keeping Christ's commandments to the utmost, in profuse and universal plenty, polished by an unexampled culture, clothed with the dignity of unprecedented knowledge, and rejoicing in the beauties of perfected art and glorified nature. All this is possible. Perhaps generations far in the future will still be sighing for its visible establishment. But a generation still farther in the future will surely see it; and every good man, in the meantime, may do something to speed the coming of the glorious day. It is true this is often denied and ridiculed, and but few seem to believe it. But why? What relevant reason, or shadow of an argument can be urged

against it? The only reason in the world why it is not realized is, not that there is any fatal obstacle to it in the necessities of society, or that it is in any respect impossible, but, to speak the plain disagreeable truth, that men are ignorant and selfish, and do not labor for it and help each other as they ought. Many persons are as ignorant of the true worth and destiny of their souls as a pearl is of its value or a flower of its fragrance. They are fallen in sin and enslaved by pernicious errors and low desires. Of course they do not labor earnestly to perfect themselves in the sight of God, which must become the chief aim of men before any true millennium can arrive. Furthermore, a great proportion of mankind are steeped, to the core, in selfishness. Whatever is for their own apparent interest they pursue, without regarding the claims of others any farther than they are compelled to by selfish fears and legal enactments. With some qualifications, Ignorance and Selfishness have possession of the world, and hence come all the evils of life. But cannot both ignorance and selfishness be overcome and banished? In many an instance they have been, and in every instance they may be. And that is all that is necessary in order to realize the brightest picture of human life on the earth that fancy ever drew. Once get men to appreciate the immortality of their souls, and the true aims of life, — once get them to believe in the Divine Paternity and the Human Brotherhood, and to feel the law of love, — once get them really to understand the mission of Christ, and to be smitten with the radiant loveliness of his character and example — and they will begin to work for their own and for each other's salvation, with a faith, an energy and a mutual help and sympathy before which all obstacles to universal peace, plenty and joy would melt away like morning mist. And cannot this be done? Individuals have done it. And cannot the race? The only reason why they cannot is, — that they do not. If they will, they can. All is within their own power. Oh that they would seize the high privileges vouchsafed to them in the glorious Gospel of the Son of God, and perform their whole duty! And some time or other, sooner or later, they will do it. The motives and the means are becoming stronger and clearer every day. Prophets have foretold the time, and God has set his seal upon the prophecy. History, pointing along the path of

progress, with triumphant voice promises it. The heart of humanity prays for it and has hope of it. It has never been, but it is to be. The Golden Age is coming yet! Poets have sung of it long. The noblest ones of earth have labored and died for it—and it will come. The great and good of other days have gone down into their neglected graves without seeing it—but it will come. The Great Martyr, whose soul went up from Calvary, foresaw it, and freely shed his blood for it—and it will come. Christianity is pledged in behalf of it, that the labors of righteous men shall not be in vain in the Lord, but shall surely hasten the day when the happiness of man and the glory of God “shall fill the earth as the waters cover the deep”—when whatever of wisdom, dignity, love and delight is possible to any, shall be actual in the life of each.

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### PINE BARREN STORIES. NO. III.

#### SARAH.

THIS was an old story among our Pine land neighbors, and with them had almost lost its interest; but the allusions, sometimes made to it, had so awakened the curiosity of my children, that I consented to go with them to the cottage of the dame who was its heroine, and learn the details from her own lips.

One fine summer day they reminded me of my promise; and I being quite ready to fulfil it, we set out early after dinner, the good woman living at several miles distance, and the road being scarcely cleared sufficiently to admit of a carriage passing very rapidly.

After nearly two hours hard jolting, unfelt by the young people, and scarcely annoying to myself, so insensibly was I carried away by their exhilaration of spirits, we arrived at Dame Wier's comfortable tenement. She was not the old crone we had expected to see. She was perhaps sixty;—tall and well made, with but a slight inclination to the stoop of age. Her grey hair was parted nicely from under a spotless

linen cap, and her blue checked apron still retained the traces of the iron upon its glossy surface : — Her features were delicate, and she exhibited indications of a greater regard to personal nicety than was common among the country people. Her keen grey eyes were restless and had an occasional glance of wildness, but the prevailing expression of her countenance was amiability.

She said she could scarcely remember all that occurred to her during the time she was lost in the Pine woods ; for it was “ years ago,” and besides, her mind, she thought, had never been quite right since that time ; — her memory had sometimes wandered, — but she would do her best to keep the right of the story. Accordingly we drew our chairs about her and she commenced.

Could I command the strong, simple, energetic language which she used, or would her untutored expressions, many of them so touching as to draw tears from our eyes, produce the same effect in print, the interest of the little narrative might be greatly heightened, but it were vain to emulate the glowing, homely eloquence of nature ; it was for her alone, who had suffered, so to describe as to give the story its true interest.

Sarah was early left an orphan, and bequeathed by her dying father to the protection of a distant relative, a Dutchman, a petty planter, who being himself a hard working man, brought up the child of his adoption as he would have done his own, to toil for her daily bread ; nor, though unaccustomed to it till now, was this felt as a hardship by the light hearted little maiden. At the tender age of nine years she was accustomed not only to cook for the family, but to go away miles into the woods of Zittra, so were they called after their owner, in search of stray cattle. She milked the cows and fed them, ‘ *minded* ’ the turkeys, and worked in the fields when there was need. She was not more at home by the family fireside, or within the limits of her own little sleeping room, than among the countless pines of the forest and under the wide blue canopy of Heaven.

Thus, early accustomed to labor, she acquired a hardihood of constitution and an independence of character, the value of which she was thereafter to prove in hard and bitter trial. Full of health and buoyant activity, she knew not fear : — and



yet there was something allied to it, in the shrinking dislike with which she invariably made her rapid retreat on the appearance of an individual who was an occasional visitor at Zittra. This was a man named Robert, generally called Bob Dasher; a wild, ferocious, daring fellow, who had been a soldier in the early part of the Revolution, and, as it was whispered, had committed offences, which, notwithstanding his bold carriage, rendered the quietude of his present life a matter of necessary caution rather than of choice. In fact Dasher was little less than an outlaw. Offences committed at a time when the unsettled state of the country rendered it difficult to follow up and punish transgressions, had banished him from society, and though some few signs of a gentler nature occasionally gleamed forth, he was hated by many and feared by more.

Purposes of barter brought this man twice or thrice a year to Zittra, where he made himself welcome by the ready silver with which he completed his bargains, and enlivened the family, all but Sarah, with song, joke and story; — he was dismissed nevertheless, next day, by his host with a lightness of heart that betokened a sense of relief in his departure.

Sarah had always listened to his loud oaths and boisterous merriment with the intuitive aversion of a pure mind; and shrunk even from his slightest notice. A pinch of the ear or a plunge of his heavy hand among the untutored ringlets that clustered round her forehead were his rude attempts to conciliate the child; but they had only the effect of adding speed to her flight; and the loud laugh which followed her exit, made that young heart to tremble, which recoiled not from the whirlwind and the storm; and filled with unaccustomed tears those fearless eyes that blenched not from the fiercest lightning. This nervous aversion seemed to increase with each renewed visit of the outlaw, and the first sound of his loud voice was the signal for Sarah's escape into the woods.

Dasher's visits to Zittra however, if in no other respect resembling those of angels, were 'few and far between,' so that the cheerful tenor of Sarah's active life could scarcely be much embittered by them. She had, however, another annoyance that considerably marred her daily comfort: — it originated in the evil and mischievous disposition of a servant girl named —  
The girl's business had previously been to cook for the

family, but, on Sarah's first arrival at Zittra, Myla was directed, after giving the new comer a few weeks lessons in her art, to betake herself to the outer kitchen to cook for the blacks. The girl felt this to be an indignity, and she hated the innocent Sarah as its cause. Accordingly every art that her petty malice could devise was essayed to render the poor child uncomfortable;—dispersing her poultry, stealing their eggs, or worrying her pet kitten. If Sarah turned her back on the hommony pot, she would be sure to find it seasoned with saltpetre, or some other distasteful ingredient, and however carefully she cleared the coffee for breakfast it often turned out unsettled, and the rebuke could fall upon none but herself. She knew her malicious enemy, but could prove nothing against one who scrupled not at a falsehood, and who had the art never to be seen about at the time such accidents occurred. Poor Sarah was at length made to appear, in various ways, so often in fault, that Zittra, tired of her seeming carelessness or incapacity, came to the resolution of hiring her out, for a year or two, in the family of a man named Igle who lived at about twenty miles distance. Igle had a wife; while Zittra was himself a widower, and he thought Sarah might learn something under the superintendence of a smart mistress.

It was a grief to the child, thus leaving him to whose care her dying father had consigned her. At the first thought of going among strangers her heart was nigh to break; but she made no complaint, for she knew the thing was all settled; so she mounted behind her relative on the old bay mare, so often fed and fondled by her gentle hand, and went quietly though sadly away to her new home.

It was the second day of January, 17—. It was the most severe winter that had been known so far south, and there was snow upon the ground. The pine-barren plantations vary but little in appearance. To a careful observer the settlement of Igle would have seemed the very counterpart of that of Zittra; but to little Sarah it was all unaccustomed and gloomy. She had known every pine for miles around her former home; but here the trees and the fences and the out-houses looked strange to her: The cattle did not know her nor she them;—the poultry strutted by her as if they wondered what she had there to do,—and the dogs rose up and shook their ears and walked

away at her approach, instead of coming to lick her hands and leap upon her shoulders, as Hunter and Speed had used to do.

Sarah's eyes were full of sadness as they followed the retreating forms of Zittra and the mare, as after a parting shake of the hand from one, and a tender look from the other, they slowly wended their way back through the woods; and at that moment, even the sight of her old tormentor, Myla, would have been a joy to her eyes. She had no time however to be sentimental, neither was she of a disposition to nourish regret. She set about her tasks with animation, and soon with the happy pliancy of childhood began to form new interests and attachments. She found her work to lie more within doors than heretofore, and for this she was sorry; for she loved the forest and the free air, and all those creatures that lived in them.

At the end of the first week she was in close intimacy with the poultry, and knew every cow, horse, dog and cat upon the place by its familiar name.

One night the cows had not come up at the accustomed hour, and the boy who always went for them was ill. Sarah was asked to supply his place.

"I could go all about the woods of Zittra," said she, "but the woods of Igle are strange."

She said no more, for though a little distrustful of herself, she was eager to be abroad. She prepared with alacrity, and taking the two dogs, and glad to escape from the fire-side, she set out cheerfully upon her errand. It was a cold evening, and she felt particularly happy in the recent acquisition of a new pair of shoes:—they were of the heaviest and coarsest make, but lightly tripped the feet that wore them, and full of spirits she bounded along with her dumb companions, no longer strangers; the blood flowed warmly through her veins, and her heart was free of care. She leaped and sang and called at the top of her voice, for Brindle, Pozey, Bet and White-face: She called however and the dogs barked in vain. One path after another they followed, but no cattle appeared, and night beginning to close in, it was time to give up the search and return home. Calling in the dogs, Sarah now began to retrace her steps, but after a few minutes, becoming confused with the intricacies of the forest, she was suddenly aware that she had lost her way. No sponer was this conviction received than she

began to run : — the dogs kept closely at her heels — occasionally she paused and shouted ; — no answer came back, and she again pressed rapidly on, breaking through the bushes with the speed of a young deer. On — on she went, and her heart grew big with apprehension. She found herself at length on the verge of an extensive swamp : — she stopped in perplexity, but the energy of her courageous spirit was undiminished, and turning to the left, where something like an opening appeared, she came upon a path which she fancied bore the traces of wagon wheels. Sarah felt encouraged, but she was tired, and could now scarcely see the way before her, so she lay down at the foot of a large pine, and the dogs curling themselves up beside her, she fell asleep thinking she would rise at day light and pursue the path.

Often, during that night, in the inquietude of her anxious mind, did the child awake and sit up to listen if she could hear the sound of wagon wheels, the watch-dog's distant bark, the cock-crow, or any other indication of domestic life ; but the monotonous song of the winds among the shivering pines was still unbroken, and chilled and cheerless, she drew herself up again as closely as she could to the body of the tree which formed an imperfect barrier between her and the wintry blast.

The day had dawned when she awoke, and forthwith she proceeded on her search, following those slight indications of a path which she hoped would lead to shelter and safety.

Once, as she pursued her doubtful way, she heard the crowing of a cock ; — she stopped to listen, and the joyful sound was repeated.

It was afterwards ascertained that Sarah had at this time approached so near to a farm house, that the people about it had indistinctly heard her voice, and remarked the circumstance to each other, but the cry not being repeated, it had passed their minds without further notice. Often indeed, as she went, did the little wanderer uplift her voice amid the solitude of those dark woods, in the hope of arresting some chance traveller, or woodsman or hunter who might be within hearing.

Assured now of being in the neighborhood of a dwelling house, she rushed eagerly forward till she came to a point where two or three paths, more open than the one she had left, branched off in different directions. Undecided which to take,

she listened attentively but in vain for a repetition of the sound which had so cheered her. She thought the instinct of the dogs might direct her, but to her repeated, "Home sir — Home," the animals only crouched behind, and whimpered as if begging her to lead the way. She sat down and waited several hours; for she thought that from one or other of these cross paths there was a chance of some person's appearing, but disappointed and weary she presently arose and proceeded on at a venture. After a few paces she found this path had so narrowed as to be no longer perceptible — she quickly retraced it and entered another, which after pursuing for nearly an hour, brought her again to the verge of the swamp. Disappointed, she again hastily sought to retrace her steps, but the path had for some time been growing more and more indistinct: — other paths branched off from it, and she felt herself utterly bewildered. She kept up her resolution however, and though not knowing whither, wandered on, till at the close of another profitless day, she was fain once more to make her bed beneath the pines.

Another day's wandering and another shelterless night — and at an early hour of a clear frosty morning, the unfortunate Sarah stood once more on the borders of the swamp, and this time she determined to penetrate it. Long, wearisome and dangerous was the effort, but she courageously labored on. The dogs were of great use in the extremity; they now took the lead; for where they passed on safely she knew she might venture, and what their instinct avoided was a caution to her steps. She happily cleared the dismal shades before night-fall, and was glad to find herself beside a little run of clear water glittering, through the crusted surface, along the sands of a little Pine Barren. She had unfortunately lost one of her precious shoes in making her way through the difficulties of the swamp, but she had carefully preserved the other, and now found it of infinite value in breaking through the ice and conveying the refreshment to her lips. Her only other nourishment was the bark of the pine which for a few days served to support her strength, but occasioned a pain in the chest which obliged her to be sparing in its use. Fatigue had now much exhausted our little wanderer; she scarcely slept at all this night, and longed for the darkness to pass away that she might

again set out, eager to explore the woods on this side the swamp, and still hopeful of success.

At daylight awaking from a short and uneasy slumber, she endeavoured as was the custom to spring lightly to her feet; but there was a stiffness in her limbs that obliged her to sit down and lean against the trunk of the tree. A sensation of faintness and dizziness came over her, but after a few minutes she aroused herself and went to the brook where she quenched her thirst, and bathed her face till with a feeling of refreshment she ventured to proceed.

Another day and another she wandered on, while increasing fever hourly disabled her. Her courage was not exhausted, but her strength rapidly decreased. She could no longer run, and though she never gave up seeking for some path that should lead from the forest, she went on at a slow pace, and the dogs, worn with toil and hunger, lagged feebly behind.

Sarah had learned one simple lesson; that God would take care of her if she was good, and it was the beautiful trustfulness of her nature that thus showed like a courage and endurance beyond the age of childhood.

One night, it was the second week of her wandering, as she lay upon her accustomed pillow of earth, she was startled amid the darkness by a sound that seemed to curdle the blood in her veins. She knew it and recoiled with horror. It was the growl of the panther. He was near her, so near that she heard his step among the dried leaves, and caught for a moment the red glare of his eye. She stirred not; she remembered what her father had said to her from his death-bed. "Pray to God in the hour of thy need, and he will hear thee." That hour had indeed come to the defenceless child, and in the agony of her spirit the impassioned though voiceless prayer went up and was heard. The ferocious animal passed on, and Sarah's heart was tranquil. She said to herself, "God's power is greater than the strength of the panther," and in a few minutes she was sleeping peacefully beneath the forest boughs, and the cold star-light of a wintry sky shone through upon her innocent face.

A new sorrow was in store for Sarah. In the course of the next day she was deserted by the dogs: grieved at their wretched condition, she had repeatedly urged them to leave

her, but now that they were gone she felt the loss of their companionship: the sense of utter loneliness pressed heavily upon her, and involuntarily she murmured, "Poor Speed and Hunter! Would *they* have left me to die alone?" And death seemed now indeed ready to release her. Child as she was, she began to understand that it must be impossible for life to animate many days longer a body so worn down by famine and fatigue.

She slept sometimes during a whole day and night without intermission. When she awoke it was only to creep to the small branch or run, near which she had lain herself down, moisten her parched lips, and then fall back again into that deep and almost death-like slumber.

It was the afternoon of the twenty-first day that Sarah lay with half closed eyes and faint respiration, while dim visions flitted before her of Zittra and Igle and her earlier home. Now she thought herself still toiling through the swamp, and now again the red glare of the panther seemed to pierce into her heart. The wind, as it rustled through the winter foliage, brought whispering voices to her ear, and the nodding boughs were converted by her sick fancy into familiar forms and faces. As thus she lay in a sort of dreamy unconsciousness, she was suddenly aroused by the bark of a dog. With an instantaneous resuscitation Sarah sprang to her feet; she listened; it came again; she was sure that only the thick clustering trees, and entangled underwood on the other side of the run, separated her from the animal. Collecting the little strength she had left she uttered a cry. It was answered. Could she believe the cheating sense? Was it indeed the blessed human voice she heard? Hope lent new energy and she called again, "Help! Help!"

"Who calls?" cried a rough voice from amid the thickets of the neighbouring swamp.

"Come to me! oh come and take me," cried the child.

"I cannot come to you. I cannot pass here with my horse. Who are you? What is it you need?"

"Oh come: Pray come and take me," again she cried in an agony of terror at the thought of being deserted. "I am a little child: I am alone: I am lost: I am dying."

There was no answer; but she heard the crashing of the

boughs and the plunging of the horse as he broke his way through. Sarah scarcely breathed: a few minutes of terrible suspense, and she saw the head of the animal projecting through the bushes; a dog leaped out and flew barking towards her: the voice she had before heard called him back, and directly the horseman himself appeared in sight. The branch alone now separated him from her, and he stopped and gazed in astonishment at the emaciated form before him. The dog uttered a low cry and retreated. Sarah moved not—spoke not; her arms were extended towards the stranger; her lips quivered; her eyes dilated with intense eagerness. It was no stranger: she knew at once that fierce dark countenance. It was Dasher! But to Sarah he was an angel of light.

In all the long days of her wandering her young heart had never been relieved by tears, but they now rolled rapidly down her wan cheeks, and she wept not alone. The outlaw had looked upon that wretched child and his soul was melted with pity. The child and the stern man wept together. After a few minutes Dasher said, in a voice softened to unaccustomed tenderness, "Wait here Sarah; I will ride round to the head of the branch and come to you."

"Oh no, no, no," she screamed, "do not go away: I can come to you: do not leave me."

"You cannot come across, my poor child: do not be afraid; I shall be with you again directly."

So saying he turned his horse's head, but ere he could proceed many steps Sarah had plunged into the water. Death, instant death, was preferable to being deserted in that forest. She who had been a wanderer for three weeks, nor shed a tear, nor breathed a murmur, could not now endure to be left there alone for a single minute!

Seeing her resolution Dasher hastened to her assistance, and after some difficulty she at last found herself seated safely on the horse behind him; and clasping her weak arms about him, she leaned her forehead against his shoulder and sobbed aloud.

"And now Sarah," said the outlaw, "whither shall we go?"

"To Igle or to Zittra," she faintly answered.

"It is nine miles either way, and there is no house near



that I know of. My own is good fifteen. It will be a hard push to get shelter to-night, but we will try. Shall it be for Igle or for Zittra?"

"For Zittra then," said Sarah, still more faintly; for she now began to feel a weakness greater than she had felt before. They proceeded in silence. At length Dasher stopped.

"It is all in vain to think of reaching Zittra to-night. In the darkness I have missed the road; and I know not which way to guide the horse. I must drop the reins, and he will make the best of his way to his own stable."

Sarah was unable to reply, and Dasher, perceiving her weakness, took her in his arms. She had an indistinct feeling of relief in being thus supported, and almost immediately, as Dasher supposed, she fell asleep.

The day was dawning when they arrived at the home of the outlaw. An old negro woman received them at the door. On bringing Sarah into the house they perceived that she was in a state of insensibility, and they doubted at first whether life were not wholly extinct. They laid her upon a bed, and used means for her resuscitation.

She opened her eyes, at length, and seemed to look with pleased surprise upon the faces that bent over her. A teaspoonful of warm coffee was put to her lips, but she swallowed it with reluctance. The only words she uttered were occasionally "water, cold water." This they feared immediately to give her. For a few days she was fed very sparingly upon rice water; after which the desire for food returned, and piteous were her entreaties while yet it was deemed unsafe for her to take more solid nourishment.

During the first fortnight of Sarah's wanderings the country had been scoured in search of her: dogs had been put upon the scent, hunters, and those best acquainted with the intricacies of the forest, had been out in the pursuit, but all in vain, and for the last week the search had been abandoned. Old Zittra alone, stung by self-reproach at having estranged from his roof the child he had promised, to protect, continued exploring the forest, hoping at least that the body of the lost child might be recovered.

Dasher, being absent at the time, knew nothing of the dis-

tressing occurrence, until returning home, he had been so providentially brought to her relief.

As soon as it could be done with safety, Sarah was removed to Zittra, where she gradually regained her health and strength, and became again happily domesticated among the objects of her early attachment. Myla was still an annoyance, but during Sarah's residence at Igle her artifices had in several instances been so brought to light, that she could no longer impose upon the credulity of her master. Dasher, from being a terror to the eyes of Sarah, had become the first object of her grateful attachment. Instead of escaping to the woods, she was now the readiest to greet his arrival. And what care she took of his horse! the horse that had borne her from death to life! Often would she twine her arms around his shaggy neck and talk to him of her affection, as if he had been endowed with sense to understand her. Most plentifully she supplied him with provision; his bridle was fastened under the shadiest tree; and no insect was suffered to molest him while he stood at Zittra's gate.

Towards Dasher she more timidly but not less tenderly manifested her gratitude. Touched by her gentleness, it is said that in the course of time the influence of the simple-hearted child so affected his feelings and habits that in later years he was transformed to a good and quiet member of the community.

Sarah grew up in her simplicity, her kindheartedness and her usefulness. She was married early to a deserving partner, and is now the mother and the grandmother of twenty-six children; respected and beloved among them, and rejoicing in their virtuous prosperity.

A. M. W.

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LINES

ON THE RELEASE OF A MUCH-TRIED CHRISTIAN.

HER work is done—her warfare ended—  
 Her earthly trials all are o'er—  
 Her spirit hath to God ascended—  
 Her place shall know her here no more.

Behold how calmly there she slumbers,  
 Each wrinking trouble wiped away!

Earth's load no more the soul encumbers—  
Its wings are clean from clogs of clay.

Tread with soft step and forehead lowly,  
As ye draw near yon saintly bed,  
Though naught can break the rest so holy  
That reigns around the pillowed head,—

Till the last trumpet's solemn warning,  
Re-echoed through the boundless skies,  
Shall usher in the eternal morning,  
And bid the slumbering dead arise.

She slumbers well, His angels round her,  
Who "giveth his beloved sleep";  
Waiting and watching, Death hath found her—  
Oh, not for her, ye mourners, weep!

Oh, not for her shed tears of sorrow,  
Around whose brow, with dawning rays,  
The light of that eternal morrow  
In pure and placid sweetness plays.

Her work is done—her warfare ended—  
That work was hard—that warfare sore—  
Yet, thanks! her spirit hath ascended  
To be with Christ forevermore!

C. T. B.

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### EVENING PRAYER.

"Lighten our darkness, oh Lord, we beseech thee, and by thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night, for the honor of thy name, through Jesus Christ our advocate and Mediator. Amen."

*Evening Service of King's Chapel.*

Oh thou who dwellest in eternal light  
Beyond our feeble sight,  
Who guidest and upholdest all things still  
By thine all powerful will;  
Send down upon our eyes a heavenly ray,  
And turn our darksome night into a perfect day.

Oh leave not to be troubled or afraid  
The creatures thou hast made;  
Like children, we without thy guiding spark  
Are fearful in the dark;  
Sustain then us by thy almighty power  
When terrors seen affright, or unknown dangers lower.

And when the shadowy and solemn night  
 Shall shroud our earth from sight,  
 Oh let no spiritual darkness lie  
 Upon our inward eye ;  
 But may the light of heaven still grow more clear  
 As on our outward sight gathers the darkness here.

When through the heavens with stately motion slow  
 The full orb'd moon shall go,  
 May all our thoughts be turned to him who lighted  
 The path of man benighted,  
 Who brightened all the chambers of the tomb,  
 And poured the beams of heaven upon its awful gloom.

But if perchance behind a sable cloud,  
 The moon her face doth shroud,  
 Bid us have faith, that though the night be long  
 The day shall surely dawn,  
 Bid us look steadfastly upon the skies,  
 And watch the brightening east, to see the morning rise.

And when we see that welcome night descend  
 That gives our labors end ;  
 The night that calls the weary to repose,  
 And bids all sorrow close—  
 In faith and calmness may we pass away  
 And wake in heaven at last, to an eternal day.

L. E. G.

## THE NEW CREATION.

A SERMON, BY JOHN WILSON.

2. CORINTHIANS v. 17. Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.

It will be observed by the most careless reader of the New Testament, that the change effected on the hearts and minds of the primitive believers in Christianity is represented as a new birth, or a new creation. The metaphor is at once beautiful, appropriate, and forcible. Indeed it would be diffi-

cult to find any other so well adapted to convey an idea of that total change which took place in the opinions, views, feelings, motives, habits, lives, of those who were converted from Paganism and mere Judaism to the blessed religion of Jesus Christ. Before the old creation, the universe is represented as having been in a state of utter chaos and confusion; the earth was without form and void; darkness was upon the face of the deep. But the Eternal and Almighty One spake the word, and there sprang into existence order, beauty, light, and glory. Instead of vacuity or inert matter, there was space filled with worlds of breathing, living, intelligent beings; and, in lieu of profound darkness, there were sun, moon, and stars, to give forth their heat or brilliancy, to sustain and cheer the earth by their genial influences, and to pour their rays of pleasure and blessedness on the heads and hearts of God's children.

So also, prior to the new creation effected by the gospel, existed a complicated chaos of error, vice, and superstition. The densest spiritual darkness reigned everywhere; the human mind was in a state of blank; the human heart in a condition of debasement. Man's intellect was perverted or blinded; his moral powers and capacities stunted or narrowed. Grovelling in the earth, he had neither the will nor the power to raise his eye to heaven; absorbed and bound down by the fleeting things of time, its false pleasures, its puny distinctions, and hollow ambitions, he was unable to aspire to and follow after the solid, enduring, elevated bliss and glories of immortality. But the spirit of the Omnipotent moved over the face of this profound moral deep. The Holy One of eternity, the Father of mankind, once again sent out the fiat of his creative will, and spoke into existence, by means of his best beloved Son, a more wondrous and beautiful world than the material universe; a world which was to be enlightened by an unsetting sun, adorned by unfading flowers, blessed by fruits more precious and cherishing than ever met the eye or gratified the taste of man; the fruits of faith, hope, and love: faith to cheer and console his heart, hope to invigorate his best and noblest affections, love to bless him now, henceforth, and for ever. Thus was there a new creation: old things passed away, and all things became new.

I do not attempt to deny, that, at the era when Christianity was announced, knowledge was more generally diffused, and civilization more extended, throughout the world, than at any former period. By the prowess of their arms, the Romans had brought every known people under their dominion, and had disseminated, wherever they went, a portion of their own genius, and of the literature and arts of Greece. The Jews themselves had been transplanted among different nations, and must have modified to some extent the rude and cruel worship of the people by whom they were surrounded, chiefly perhaps by means of their simple and sublime books, which had been rendered into the most refined and universal of all languages. Thus was there at the world's command a treasure of literature, embodying the thoughts and actions of the great poets, orators, historians, and sages, who had done honour to the states or nations from whom they sprung. The temple of Janus, too, was closed; the din of arms was unheard; and all were left at liberty to revel undisturbed amid the sensual pleasures or the intellectual enjoyments which they possessed.

But notwithstanding this universal cessation of public war, this acme of civilization, this great diffusion of the arts and sciences, this more extended knowledge of Gentile philosophy and Jewish instruction, the world in general was intellectually blind to the importance and vitality of true religion: it was morally debased and corrupt—"the whole head was sick, and the whole heart faint." The disciples of Moses lost sight of all the pure and elevating spiritualities of their faith; and the successors of Socrates, Plato, and Cicero, the iron-minded Romans and the cultivated Greeks, either wandered amid the vagaries of skepticism, or, with the more barbarous tribes around them, bowed down before the gods of their vain imaginations. The God of revelation and of nature was not in their thoughts; a religion of self-sacrifice and of holy love was undiscernible in their feelings and their actions. To use the language of St. Paul, they "changed the truth of God into a lie, and worshipped the creature more than the Creator." They were "filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness." They were "full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity." They were "backbiters, haters of God, spiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil

things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant-breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful."

In the midst of this intellectual light and moral darkness, the great Anointed of Jehovah made his appearance, as a poor, mortal man, in an obscure village in a despised province of the Roman empire. He offered to the acceptance of mankind a religion which courted the inquiries of the most acute and skeptical, and which was intended to remodel a corrupt and sinful world. He proposed a system of truths, the reception of which would abolish Jewish bigotry and ceremonial, and cast down every image of idolatry that was worshipped either by Greek or Barbarian. Instead of prostrating himself before the mental abstractions of the Gentile philosopher, the stocks and stones and animals of the Egyptian priest, or even the mere Jehovah of the Hebrew prophet, he bowed in spirit and in truth before the God of the universe, the Parent of all mankind; and, in conformity with his own example, taught the sublime lesson, that neither to the mountain of Gerizim, nor to the temple of Jerusalem, was the worship of the infinite Father to be restricted; that the only true worship was that which was unconfined to times and places; that the temple of the living God was the pure, benevolent, and pious mind,—that mind which discerns a Father in its God, and a brother in a human being. This poor but godlike man, this lowly but heaven-taught Nazarene, goes up and down his native land for a few short years, setting forth by word and deed the great principle which I have mentioned; himself despised by his brother Jew, and unrecognized beyond the limits of Palestine. At the commencement of his wanderings and his toils, he selects a few obscure individuals, fishermen and tax-gatherers, to be his friends and fellow-laborers; draws them by his moral superiority to enlist themselves as his disciples and apostles, and at various times and in different manners teaches them with much difficulty the beautiful lesson of Paternal love and human brotherhood. At last is he betrayed by one of his chosen followers, denied by another, forsaken by all of them, and condemned and crucified by his countrymen as a common malefactor. From the confines of the  
however, he rises, meets again his favourite band,

commissions them anew to preach the everlasting gospel, bestows on them his valediction of peace and love, and ascends in their presence to his Father and his God.

No sooner has their divine Master left them, than these poor, humble, uneducated, frightened men appear with one accord in one place, are filled with additional supplies of God's inspiration, and depart into the wide world, to announce with their lips and their lives the joyful intelligence which they had received from Jesus, that God is a Father, man a brother; that the Parent of creation, and he alone, is to be worshipped with every power and affection of the soul; and that the children of his hands and of his love are all to be regarded as proper objects of mutual aid and strength,—counselled to despise whatever is false, wrong, wicked, and urged to follow the true, the right, the good,—to seek the improvement and elevation of their moral nature. In a few years, these benign principles, so alien to Jewish bigotry and Gentile pride, are seen to prevail among the nations. The descendants of Abraham are many of them learning that "God is no respecter of persons; but that in every nation he who feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him." The outcasts from God's family, who doubted, and scorned, or disbelieved, and grovelled in the dust, are now imbibing the practical knowledge of the one only true God, and of the Son of his love, the great Teacher and Guide of eternal life. The phylacteries of the Pharisee are thrown to the winds; the skepticism of the Sadducee gives place to a belief in the spirituality of man's soul; and the idolatry of the Pagan, whether the result of mental arrogance or moral depravity, is exchanged for the humble but enlightened adoration of the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. The proud Rabbi, and the no less pompous priest, lose their wonted influence; the school of sophistry no longer resounds with the praise of false, pernicious lore; the temple of vice and superstition is falling into ruin, deserted by its former devotees: the chair is empty of its teacher, the altar of its god. Human beings snap asunder the moral and spiritual fetters that had for ages been thrown around them, and rise to the consciousness of being men, made in the image of their Creator, and inspired with the breath of their Almighty Father.



They burst from the leading-strings of infancy, weakness, and servitude, and spring into the regions of manhood, strength, and freedom. They are now transformed in their affections, motives, opinions, moral habits; they have been created anew of God; and, in so far as they have put on Christ, and walk in him, they are "a new creation: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

Surely a change so great and extensive as this was, a change from the lowest depth of degradation, vice, and impiety, to the highest elevation in holiness of character and excellence of life, is worthy of being called a new creation, the spiritual workmanship of God. The language was exceedingly appropriate in relation to the altered circumstances which took place in the first age of the Christian church, to the new views, the purer motives, the higher aims, the more blessed hopes, which influenced the minds and hearts of those who had been transplanted from the dungeon of moral darkness and error to the realms of freedom, truth, and light; who had been converted from the power of Satan, and reconciled to God by Jesus Christ.

Whether the phraseology referred to is so well adapted to the circumstances of the present day and generation is a different question. Christians have been too much in the habit of regarding the words of Jesus and the apostles, which were specially addressed to the men of their own time, as exactly, if not literally, applicable to persons of all ages and nations; and have hence deduced doctrines which are inconsistent with the aims of the gospel, and which cannot bear the scrutiny of reason. Amongst others may be mentioned in particular the dogma of the new birth or regeneration, supposed to be effected in a supernatural mode by the spirit of God in the soul of every true believer; a regeneration produced without the co-operation of the individual himself, and at a certain moment, which is definitely marked out, and may be remembered and spoken of. I would not be understood as denying, that the Author of our spirits may, in the inscrutable workings of his providence, so arrange the diversified events of the sinner's life, as to arrest him in the course of his evil doings, and lead him seriously to ponder over his condition, to repent of his vices and crimes, and to live a virtuous and holy life. But I

much question the truth of the doctrine, that every one, without exception, must undergo the process of a new birth, such as is commonly understood, before his soul can be saved; for I have no reason to doubt that many have received, in childhood and youth, the elements of a Christian education; that they have been taught from their earliest years to love the Lord their God with all their heart and mind and strength, and to promote the improvement and happiness of the beings by whom they are surrounded; who, therefore, though in many respects imperfect and sinful, do not require a total renovation of their moral nature, but need chiefly to be urged to proceed, without stopping or looking back, in the course of love, truth, and righteousness, in which they were instructed to run. I much question the propriety of always pointing to great events and extraordinary circumstances, as the source of repentance and newness of conduct. For such a representation of God's dealings with man seems to encourage the sinner either to go on in his career of wickedness, or to despair of reformation and mercy, till a certain and unknown period should arrive, when he will sensibly feel within his soul the promptings of special grace and pardon; whereas a man's daily and hourly experience proclaims, in no feeble terms, the necessity of throwing off the habiliments of sin, of clothing himself with righteousness, and of becoming a better and a nobler being at every step he takes in the journey of life. And I question much the justice of equalizing the best with the worst of mankind, of filling the minds of the virtuous and pious with vague fears and misapprehensions, and of urging all, without distinction, to address the throne of grace as that of a Being whose pardon must be extorted by convulsions of the soul, as if he were an inexorable Judge, willing to condemn, not a God of love and compassion, desirous of the salvation of all his children.

But, my friends, whilst I disagree with the mode in which Christianity is so frequently presented by the advocates of popular dogmas, who have too literally applied the language of Scripture to a state of things different from that which existed in the days of Christ and the apostles, I am not sure whether we, who boast of possessing more rational and enlightened views in religion, have not erred in the disuse of

Scripture phraseology, much of which, though peculiarly appropriate to the early age of the Christian church, may yet occasionally be employed with beauty and emphasis to illustrate the doctrines of our most holy faith, and to enforce the cultivation and practice of moral and spiritual excellence. I cannot look around me, and compare what now is with that which once existed, without believing that Christianity has produced a new creation, and is still producing further and nobler developments of moral renovation. I behold literature and philosophy becoming more and more impregnated with the seeds of the gospel; not always, indeed, embodied in the form of religion, but still sublimated by the spirit of justice, freedom, and humanity. I feel the vivifying breath of our divine Master in every work and institution which aims or is adapted to refine, elevate, and improve the condition of my fellow-creatures, to extend the blessings of education, to abolish the crushing dominion of monopoly, despotism, and servitude, and to advance the kingdom of universal love and peace. I see a new order of things in the tendency there is, amid all our pursuits after wealth and distinction and worldly honour, to bring down the high from their false elevation of material grandeur, and to raise the low to the true altitude of moral greatness. I discern a regeneration in the workings of society, from the birth of an idea which seems to be growing stronger and stronger every day, namely, that men and women are to be regarded with respect and reverence, in proportion, not to what they *have*, but to what they *are*; not in relation to their external privileges and possessions, but to their feelings and thoughts, developed and cultivated by the exercise of virtuous and praiseworthy deeds. I see Christianity herself becoming disrobed of the gaudy investiture which was for ages thrown around her; shaking off the corruptions which grew upon her form, and subdued her spirit; tearing away the bandages of creed and ceremonial which stunted her growth, and impeded her progress; and determined to be no longer entangled with the yoke of bondage, but to stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ had made her free. So far, then, as this has been accomplished, so far as the spirit of the age is Christian in its aims and in its tendencies, in so far is there

a new creation. Old things are passing away ; all things are becoming new.

From the strain of these remarks, exhilarating and hopeful as they are, you will, my friends, perceive that I speak of the moral creation, in respect to the generality of mankind, as yet incomplete. There still exists on the face of the earth a great mass of ignorance, vice, and misery, which must be removed or destroyed, ere that renovation can be effected for which God commissioned his Son, and Jesus laboured and suffered and died. A no small portion of the world, and even of Christendom, is still lying dead in trespasses and sins. In many districts of the globe, the blessings of civilization are altogether unknown ; in others the march of improvement, so far as it relates to the arts of polished life, has been accompanied by the introduction of new forms of moral and spiritual evil ; in others, again, the wrongs of God's poor, enslaved, feature and soul-darkened children, are yet unredressed ; and in many the name of Jesus is either altogether unknown, or, if heard of, scorned and despised.

Even in our own land, the birth-place of the great and good, and the island of light and liberty,\* where there are at work so many agencies of physical comfort, intellectual improvement, and religious culture, there are thousands of human beings, both in the agricultural and manufacturing districts, who are either in a state of destitution, or in a condition still more deplorable, in that of spiritual death. Where are to be found the sources of moral vitality and strength among a people, many of whom, with all their endeavors, cannot earn for the support of themselves and families more than seven or eight shillings per week?—where amongst men who, drawn from the poorest of the poor, are now receiving high wages for their labor, but who had not previously acquired those tastes, principles, and habits, by which they might have been enabled to guide their steps aright?—where among those who are trained to the slavish mechanism of a military life, and who, when called on by reckless cupidity or false glory, are compelled to slaughter their fellow-creatures, and perish themselves by the very swords which they lift against others ?

\* Great Britain.

In all such cases there are but few of the elements of inward, personal, moral culture and advancement. The parties themselves, sunk so low in degradation and misery, are in want of the means by which they might be enabled to rise above their present condition, or consciously to assume that bearing and responsibility which should belong to immortal beings. The spiritual creation here required must, to a great extent, proceed from a foreign source. It must engage the benevolent and lively attentions of those who have the will and power to be useful to their fellow-creatures. It must incite them to remove the causes which are productive of this mass of evil, to provide a better education for its victims, to impart to them principles on which they may themselves erect nobler characters, to furnish them with materials out of which they may effect a new creation in their feelings, thoughts, aims, acts, and expectations. Let, my brethren, our sympathies and exertions be strongly directed in favor of those unhappy classes of our countrymen and of our kind. Let it be our aim to do whatever lies within our power to spread, both at home and abroad, whatever is conducive to the physical comforts, the intellectual and moral improvement, the temporal and the eternal happiness of our fellow-beings. Let us hail with delight every attempt to disseminate useful knowledge; to break the factitious barriers which have been erected between one class and another, to destroy aught that would starve the body, narrow the mind, or deaden and debase the heart; that would crush humanity to the earth, or retard its progress to perfection and to heaven. Let us, in particular, aid in sending forth the vivifying and refreshing streams of the gospel to every nook and corner of the land, if not to the remotest districts of the globe. Let it be the prayer of our hearts, and the work of our hands, that everywhere may the name of Jesus be honoured, that his character be revered, that his precepts be obeyed, that his love for mankind be met with grateful returns from the lips and the lives of all. This is, indeed, a great work, which, to be realized, will require the united and persevering exertions of the benevolent and self-sacrificing for many years; and we, who are so circumscribed in our numbers, and so humble in our means, may be unable effect much of this contemplated improvement, this new

creation, of our race. But, my friends, still is it our duty to act in proportion to our several abilities ; to employ our talents, whether they be considerable or inconsiderable, so as to have a beneficial influence on the minds and hearts of others ; so as to assist, however feebly, in effecting a regeneration in the physical, intellectual, and moral circumstances of our brethren of mankind. If we all do whatever lies within our power, we shall at last accelerate the period of an entire new creation, when old things will have passed away, and when all things will have become new.

I cannot conclude, without saying a few words as respects the applicability of the text to our own personal improvement. Such a change, indeed, of our wills, motives, and aims, as was requisite in the conversion of the Jew and the Gentile to the practical belief of the gospel, may not be necessary in the more enlightened and advantageous circumstances in which we are placed, so that, in order to be Christians, we must undergo the process of an entirely new creation. But there can be no question that, to a greater or less extent, we are all, the best as well as the worst, sinners ; that the most perfect among us have some besetting sin, some faulty disposition, some pernicious error, some improper or undue passion, some selfish desire, some low aim, which narrows our soul, which damps our virtuous energies, which impedes our growth in grace, which obstructs us in our path to spiritual excellence. Let us not, my friends, deceive ourselves by imagining that we are already perfect ; that, because we have received a Christian education, and are in possession of Christian privileges,—that, because we may stand fair in the eye of the world, which judges more from external appearance than from inward reality, we have therefore no need of regeneration, or of a new creation, in any of those feelings and acts which, combined, form our characters, and influence the whole tenor of our lives. True we may not be guilty of the grosser crimes which so thoroughly pollute or debase our nature. We may be neither impious in relation to God, nor manifestly unjust or cruel to man. But we may want that purity and elevation in our motives which can be tested only by accordance with a divine rule, that sacred regard to prin-

ciple which acts without making inquiry as to the opinions of others, that devotedness to duty which dares at no time to shrink from its performance; we may, in short, want some element of the perfect man, have need of some increase of righteousness, faith, and charity, ere we attain to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ. Can any of us lay our hand upon our heart, and say that we are as conscientious in our transactions with our fellow-men, as sympathising and kind towards the suffering, the poor, and the unfortunate, as strict and denying in the government of our thoughts and desires, as grateful to our heavenly Father, as devoted to his will, and as resigned to his dispensations, as we ought to be? Do the pleasures and honors and distinctions of the world never occupy too much of our attention? never seduce us from the pursuit of the more refined and noble, the spiritual and heavenly purposes of our existence?

If we cannot answer these questions to our perfect satisfaction, then, in some particular element of our moral nature, must we feel a need of change; then must we desire that some of our old motives, feelings, deeds, and pursuits, should pass away, and be exchanged for those which are new. This renovation of our nature is unquestionably the great work of God and Christ; but which, however, is to be effected, not in spite of us, but by our own co-operation and effort. Let us therefore, my friends, unremittingly endeavor to mould our tempers and wills in accordance with the spirit of our divine Master, which was that of God himself. Let it be our firm purpose and undeviating aim to be Christians in thought, word, and deed; in the language of St. Paul, to be "in Christ," to be morally united with *him* who was one with God; to be that new creation which is effected by God through the life, labors, and death, of his well-beloved Son.

*Amen.*

## ANGEL VISITORS.

(Written in London during a severe illness, August 25, 1848.)

BY ANNA CORA MOWATT.

SHUT out the light—the curtains draw—  
 Ay—closely as you will—  
 With eyelids sealed those forms I saw—  
 And there I see them still!  
 Ye cannot chase the angel band,  
 That haunt me from the dead;  
 In shining vesture still they stand,  
 And shine around my bed!

Four spirits linked in death to mine—  
 And loved in life how well!  
 Arria's and Lizzy's—Ida thine—  
 And thine fair Isabel,  
 My soul's sweet sisters! do ye band  
 To bring my summons now?  
 Shall this wind break the reed ye tend,  
 Or, must it only bow?

I suffer—as you suffered here—  
 I hope—I trust—like you—  
 I long to share your heavenly sphere,  
 And all our love renew!  
 O, selfish thought! Can I forget  
 The loved on earth that weep?  
 The watchful eyes that o'er me, yet,  
 Their patient vigils keep?

In tender tones they whisper, "See,  
 How Joy hath heaped her store!  
 How Fame her pinions spreads for thee!  
 And Wealth would treasure pour!  
 Think on thine own bright land—and live  
 For all who wait thee there!  
 A myriad tongues shall welcome give  
 In shouts that rend the air!

"Think—when you sought a foreign shore  
 Think of their parting cheers,  
 Their 'God-speed!' murmured o'er and o'er—  
 Think of their parting tears!"



Nay, talk not now of that gay crowd,  
 Or all their voice would give,  
 Nor wealth, nor fame, nor plaudits loud  
 Could make me wish to live.

Not all the laurels ye could wreath  
 Could ease this aching brow;  
 Not all the praises ye could breathe  
 Could sound in music now:  
 A holier strain is in mine ear,  
 And crown before mine eyes,  
 The tones of earth I cannot hear,  
 Nor see but yonder skies.

Yet, if awhile you'd have me stay,  
 Talk of a father's tear,  
 Of lovely sisters, far away,  
 Of friends, as kindred dear;  
 And take me in thine arms—Beloved,  
 Once more that fond caress,  
 Tell me that Love thy Heaven hath proved,  
 And whisper, "*Live to bless!*"

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## EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA. NO. X.

PRINTED Sermons have declined a little in number, within the last few months, though not in quality perhaps. It may be that the fashion has only lulled during the hot season. We have before us three or four that ought to have received an earlier acknowledgment; one preached by Rev. E. E. Hale before the Charleston Unitarian Book and Tract Society, in answer to the question, "What is the worth of Doctrine?"—a pertinent, forcible, cumulative course of thought, in significant and emphatic words,—not too many of them,—out of an energetic mind; another preached to his people in July by Rev. F. A. Farley, on "Military Glory,"—the text, viz: "The glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another," being hardly a fair one, because military glory is not a fair specimen even of the dignity of the terrestrial,—the occasion being the Sunday after the public obsequies, in New York and Brooklyn, of officers who fell in the volunteer service in Mexico;—one of those discourses that are sure to

excite interest, by adaptation to the state of the public mind as well as by intrinsic merit,—an independent protest against the crime of war, not without discrimination, and an impressive warning against that insane passion for carrying arms and epaulettes, which mingles wickedness, misery and folly in about equal proportions; another, by Rev. Arthur B. Fuller, of Manchester, N. H., in "Vindication of Unitarianism from Popular Charges against it,"—an excellent example of the Apologetic, or defensive style in controversy,—suited to the meridian where it was delivered,—cogent, candid, comprehensive, and convincing, one would think, to multitudes who are kept in ignorance by policy, and systematically deliberalized by narrow education and narrow prejudices; and another still by Rev. John Weiss, on "The Least of Two Evils,"—a phrase for which politicians have become responsible, both grammatically and ethically, and one that may be taken as a tolerably fair exponent of the present posture of our political Christianity;—a lucid, straightforward, manly statement of immutable truths, capable of giving no offence to any but partisans temporarily sensitive to a morbid degree, or a little in want of reason and patience through the confusing din of an approaching election; but, because of its being irrefutable by argument, likely—we should think—to be ardently assailed by sophistry and sneers.

We have also before us Dr. Bushnell's oration before the Society of Phi Beta Kappa, on Work and Play, a production so frequently noticed and extensively known that we need say nothing of it here; though we cannot do less than record our humble but hearty admiration of its power and beauty. It required all the orator's genius to rescue his theme from a lapse below dignity; but having achieved that, the triumph of his eloquence was the more complete. A failure would have been a deplorable failure; the success is brilliant in a corresponding degree.—Dr. Putnam's address at the consecration of the cemetery at Forest Hills, an occasion we have mentioned in a preceding number, is written in a mood felicitously appropriate to the prospective associations of the spot, and the tender solemnity of the ceremonies; and it rises, in certain passages, into a tone of high Christian eloquence.—"Aquadneck and other poems" is the title of a choice collection of lyrical pieces, with valuable and curious historical notes, by that true poet of nature, an esteemed contributor to our pages, Rev. Charles T. Brooks of Newport. His verses always leap, fresh and living, from a pure fountain. They report the faithful vigils of a reverent observer of creation, of a discerning eye for the beautiful, a heart full of affection for the good. And they are instinct with the generous spirit of humanity.—The fourteenth report of the Worcester Sunday Scho Society presents the affairs of that active institution as in their

accustomed state of healthiness and vigor. It contains matter, besides, of importance to all persons interested in this branch of Christian enterprise, and throws light on many questions much considered by Sunday School teachers. The author is Rev. E. E. Hale, Secretary of the Society. Rev. H. Alger and Rev. T. P. Allen add a brief report as a revising committee.—Several numbers have been sent us of "The Sunday School Penny Magazine," published by an association in Manchester, England, a work that seems to us capitally designed for furnishing profitable reading to the young.—We are also indebted to some unknown transatlantic friend of second marriages for a treatise on the "Lawfulness of Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister, examined by Scripture, by Rev. C. A. Goodhart, M. A., Minister of St. Mary's Episcopal Chapel, Reading, published with the author's permission." In a pamphlet printed with the best of type on the finest of paper, Mr. Goodhart freely indulges his propensity to composition, on a question which he has persuaded himself is vital to the interests of the church. However, he has the sanction of parliament; and we commend him to all widowers exercised with the scruples of a traditionary conscience on the one hand, and with love for their departed partners' sisters on the other. They will find aid and comfort, doubtless, from his counsels, all the more grateful because coinciding with inclination, counsels made respectable by Hebrew learning, sober by dulness, precise with the most rigid method, and blending strict sincerity with a somewhat sleepy style.—We thank the publishers, Gould, Kendall and Lincoln, for "The Church in Earnest," one of the books of the well known John Angell James. It is written with spirit, as, from its title, it should be. And though abounding in illustrations and doctrinal allusions that can hardly be enjoyed to a very full extent out of the denominations for which it was evidently designed, yet we cheerfully accord to it the praise of being one of the best works of a right-hearted, talented, popular author. Of Mr. Mountford's "Euthanasia," just published by Crosby & Nichols, we shall not undertake to speak here at length. Our personal concern with the editing of it renders us indisposed to say more than that we hope, for the sake of every friend we have, and every reader, for the sake of one of them, especially the author, yet hardly more for his than theirs, that none of them will fail of the ownership of a volume which will bring the presence of high, calm, pure and holy thoughts, heavenly communings and devout resolves, into each house and heart where it is permitted to come.

## INTELLIGENCE.

**ORDINATION AT WORCESTER, MASS.**—Dr. J. Allen Penniman was ordained as an Evangelist, at Worcester, September 29, 1848. Introductory and Concluding Prayers and Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Ball of Ware; Sermon (from Hebrews viii. 5) and Charge, by Rev. Mr. Greene of Brookfield; Ordaining Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Hill of Worcester; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Willson of Grafton. Dr. Penniman has been a physician at Brookfield. He takes charge, for the present, of the Unitarian Society in Savannah, Ga.

**INSTALLATION AT WALPOLE, N. H.**—Rev. William P. Tilden, formerly of Concord, N. H., was installed as Pastor of the old Congregational Church and Society in Walpole, on Wednesday, September 28, 1848. Introductory Prayer and Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Knapp of Brookline, Mass.; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Livermore of Keene, N. H. (from Acts iv. 12—"Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved"); Prayer of Installation, by Rev. Mr. Crosby of Charlestown, N. H.; Charge, by Rev. Mr. Leonard of Dublin, N. H.; Fellowship of the Churches, by Rev. Mr. Brown of Fitzwilliam, N. H.; Address to the Society, by Rev. Mr. Saltmarsh of Windsor, Vt.; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Livermore.

**INSTALLATION AT NEW BEDFORD, MASS.**—Rev. M. G. Thomas was installed over a liberal Society composed of Unitarians and members of the sect of *Christians*, at New Bedford, October 19, 1848. Introductory Prayer and Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Dawes of Fairhaven; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Stone of Salem (from John i. 9); Prayer of Installation, by Rev. Mr. Briggs of Plymouth; Charge, by Rev. Dr. Allen of Northboro'; Fellowship of the Churches, by Rev. Mr. Weiss of New Bedford; Address to the People, by Rev. Dr. Peabody of Boston; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Morison of New Bedford; Benediction, by the Pastor.

**DEDICATION AT HOPKINTON, MASS.**—The new House erected by the Society in Hayden Row, was dedicated to the worship of God, on Wednesday, September 28, 1848. The services were performed as follows:—Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Davis of Marlboro'; Selections from the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Tenney of Upton; Prayer of Dedication, by Rev. Mr. Holland, Secretary of the American Unitarian Association; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Stacy of Milford (from Matthew xi. 5—The theme presented was the Reformatory Power of true Christianity); Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Alger of Marlboro'.

## ANNUAL UNITARIAN CONVENTION.

THE AUTUMNAL CONVENTION assembled in the city of New Bedford, October 17, 18 and 19, 1848. The opening meeting was held on Tuesday evening, (October 17,) in the First Congregational Church. J. B. Congdon, Esq. of New Bedford was called to the Chair, and Rev. William H. Knapp of Nantucket acted as Secretary. T. D. Eliot, Esq. of New Bedford, Rev. J. W. Thompson of Salem, and Rev. W. H. Knapp of Nantucket were appointed a committee to nominate the permanent officers of the Convention. The religious services appointed for the evening, were commenced. The devotional exercises were by Rev. Dr. Parkman of Boston and Rev. Dr. Furness of Philadelphia. Dr. Furness delivered the Discourse, taking his text from Acts xvi. 31: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ." The preacher set forth the facts in the life of Christ as immeasurably the most important facts in the history of the world. The personal history of Christ he declared to be the embodiment of Christianity—of true religion. Having briefly shown how the welfare of the race was affected for evil or for good, by the prevalence of error or truth in regard to religion, and pointed out the value of the facts in the life of Jesus as representing perfect humanity, he dwelt at some length upon the ample means of ascertaining the truth of Christianity as a fact, which could be found in the *history itself*. The close of the Sermon was an earnest practical application of the views which had been offered; and the cherishing of a spirit of humanity as a means of comprehending and entering into the spirit of Jesus was fervently urged.

*Wednesday, Oct. 18.*—The Convention met at 9 A. M. The committee appointed to nominate officers, reported the following list, which was unanimously accepted:—Hon. Joseph Grinnell of New Bedford, President. Rev. John Pierpont of Troy, N. Y., Hon. Samuel Hoar of Concord, Rev. Lincoln Doggett of Raynham, J. B. Thomas, Esq. of Plymouth, Vice Presidents. Rev. Charles H. Brigham of Taunton, and Rev. John T. G. Nichols of Saco, Secretaries. The President was conducted to the chair by Rev. J. W. Thompson of Salem. Prayer was offered by Rev. John Pierpont of Troy, N. Y. The committee chosen for that purpose at the last Autumnal Convention reported a series of resolutions, and also several orders to govern the discussion. The first resolution was then taken up for consideration:—

"*Resolved*, That, holding as we do that religion is not a mere form or sentiment, but a principle, it is the duty of Christian ministers now, as ever, to make frequent inculcations of Christian doctrine, and of all Christians to become familiar with Christian truth."

Remarks were made by Rev. Messrs. Thompson of Salem, Farley of Brooklyn, N. Y., Richardson of Haverhill, Lincoln of Hampton Falls, N. H., Thurston of Billerica, Hill of Worcester, Whitman of East Bridgewater, J. F. Clarke of Boston, Robinson of Medfield, Thomas of New Bedford, Ellis of Charlestown, Frost of Concord, Mr. G. G. Channing of Boston, Rev. Messrs. Mumsey of Cambridge, J. N. Bellows, Osgood of Providence, R. I., Peabody of Boston, Dr. Flagg of Boston, Rev. Dr. Allen of Northborough. There was some diversity of opinion as to the meaning of the resolution,—the importance and efficacy of doctrine as a bond of union,—the manner in which doctrines are to be taught: but all seemed to agree that it was of the highest impor-

tance to set forth the great truths of Christianity in a positive form and not controversially—with reference to their application to life, and not as mere speculations. Several of the speakers insisted particularly on the necessity of a systematic instruction of the young in fundamental doctrines of our religion.

At one o'clock the Convention adjourned to meet at half past two, P. M. At the afternoon session the second resolution was taken up and discussed, and then referred back to the committee for modification. The remarks on this took a wide range as to the nature, relative importance and best modes of preaching upon and advancing moral reform. The speakers were Rev. Messrs. Thurston and Pierpont, Mr. G. G. Channing, Rev. Messrs. Osgood and Richardson, Hon. Mr. Arnold of New Bedford, Rev. Mr. Robinson, Rev. Dr. Hall of Providence, R. I., Rev. Claudius Bradford of Bridgewater, Dr. Allen, Rev. Messrs. Hill, Whitman, Muzzey, Brown (of the Christian denomination) of New Bedford, Bellows, and Stone of Salem.

Rev Mr. Osgood made a suggestion that the first hour of the meeting tomorrow morning, should be devoted to a devotional conference, which was accepted. After prayer by Rev. Henry A. Miles of Lowell, the Convention at eight o'clock adjourned to attend the tea-party, given by the ladies of the two Unitarian societies. This was held in the City Hall—a large and beautiful apartment, richly decorated for the occasion. The tables were covered with an abundance of delicacies. The assembly of ladies and gentlemen filled the room; and the whole entertainment, for sustained hospitality, generous and joyous feelings, brilliancy and beauty, could not easily be surpassed.

T. D. Eliot, Esq. of New Bedford, in a most cordial and felicitous manner, in behalf of the fair hostesses, welcomed the guests and invited them to be at home. A blessing was asked by Rev. Mr. Farley: and the Doxology, "From all that dwell," &c. was sung. After partaking of the good things provided for the body and spending an hour in the interchange of friendly greetings, at the call of the Chairman, sprightly and pertinent speeches, brief and pleasant, were made by Rev. Mr. Osgood, Dr. Parkman, Rev. Mr. Pierpont, and Dr. Furness. The "Dismissal Hymn" was sung, and the party broke up with the feeling that it was good to have been together.

The religious services on Wednesday evening were held in the First Congregational Church. The Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Weiss of New Bedford. Rev. Chandler Robbins of Boston preached from Matthew vi. 6: "Enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret." The design of the sermon, after admitting the union and harmony of the inward with the outward Christian life, and the fact that the one could not truly and vitally exist without the other, was to set forth by several illustrations, the importance of the secret religious life, to successful activity in the cause of practical goodness, to the right growth and influence of character, to the power of any denomination. We were unable to take notes of this discourse, and cannot therefore do justice to the beauty and fervor with which the subject was treated and applied.

*Thursday, Oct. 19.*—According to previous vote, the first hour of the morning session was given to devotional conference. Rev. F. W. Holland introduced the service by a few remarks and reading the 244th of Greenwood's Hymns. Rev. N. S. Folsom offered prayer. Remarks interspersed with singing were made by Rev. Messrs. Fuller, E. M. Stone, Bradford, Muzzey and Pierpont.

The Convention then resumed the order of business, after prayer by Rev. E. B. Hall of Providence.

The second resolution was then read as amended by the business committee, and passed,—being as follows :—

*“Resolved, That while we would do all that we can for the diffusion of Christianity abroad, we feel ourselves particularly bound to labor for the promotion of freedom, peace, temperance, purity and piety at home.”*

The same committee were appointed to nominate their successors who are to make arrangements for the next Autumnal Convention.

The third resolution was then brought up, and discussed by Rev. Messrs. Farley, Osgood, Dr. Furness, Dr. Parkman, Stone, Briggs, Bellows, Nicholson of Illinois, Pierpont, Holland, G. W. Warren, Esq. and Hon. S. Hoar. It was adopted, as follows :—

*“Resolved, That in an age remarkable for its physical developments, and devoted in an unexampled degree to physical good, the peculiar peril of the times is to be averted only by the spirit of profound reverence and fervent devotion.”*

The fourth resolution, embracing matters already discussed, was passed without debate ; thus :—

*“Resolved, That the worship of the sanctuary, the ordinances of Christianity, the religion of the closet and the household, are to be employed and urged more than ever as the paramount means by which to promote the spirit of devotion.”*

The fifth resolution was as follows :—

*“Resolved, That in the death of Kay of Northumberland, Ripley of Waltham, Whitman of Lexington, and Peabody of Burlington, while we submissively acknowledge the dispensations of a wise and benignant providence, we mourn the loss of able and devoted fellow-laborers.”*

It was advocated in a most pertinent and affecting manner by Rev. Messrs. Pierpont, Waterston and Weiss, and passed by the whole Convention standing.

The Committee for the next Convention were then appointed according to the nomination, viz : Rev. James W. Thompson of Salem, Rev. Alexander Young, D. D., of Boston, Rev. Calvin Lincoln of Fitchburg, T. D. Eliot, Esq. of New Bedford, and Francis Alger, Esq. of Boston.

After the presenting of a resolution of thanks to the Churches of New Bedford for their hospitality, and to Hon. Mr. Grinnell for his services in the Chair, the Convention adjourned. These Resolves were in the following terms :

*“Resolved, That the thanks of this Convention be presented to our brothers and sisters of New Bedford for the cordial welcome which they have extended to us, and the generous hospitality with which they have entertained us, and that we shall return to our homes with the feeling that the tie of Christian sympathy has been strengthened between us.*

*“Resolved, That the thanks of this Convention be, and they are hereby returned to Hon. Mr. Grinnell for the kind, faithful and dignified manner in which he has guided and presided over our deliberations.”*

The closing prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Whitman of Bridgewater.

In the evening the services of Installation took place at the Centre Chapel, as recorded on a previous page.

\*. We are obliged to give a condensed account of the proceedings of the Convention. Correspondents who were present assure us that the attendance large, the interest enthusiastic, the spirit harmonious and devout, and the ing able and earnest.

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**A LEAF FROM OUR EARLY ECCLESIASTICAL  
HISTORY.**

**BY REV. J. H. MORISON.**

A GREAT deal is said of the instability nowadays of the pastoral relation, and we are referred to the good old times as being at least in this respect free from the difficulties that we now experience. But we believe that the connection between minister and people, if not so frequently severed then as now, was subject to quite as many trials as at the present day. If more respect was paid to the clergy, they had greater privations than now; and, small as their salaries were, they were fortunate above the usual lot of ministers, who succeeded in getting what was legally their due. In several places, distant from each other, we have examined with a good deal of care old church and parish records, and the consequence has been that we have ceased to look back with anything like envy on the condition of our predecessors.

As an illustration of these remarks, we would take a chapter from the early ecclesiastical history of that part of the ancient town of Dartmouth, which has been divided into the two townships of New Bedford and Fairhaven. From a few old papers yet in existence it appears that the Rev. Samuel Hunt, the first minister of the town, was one of the executors to the estate of his father-in-law, Seth Pope, who left a legacy of fifty shillings "apiece each" to his grandchildren, the children



of Mr. Hunt. His epitaph, in the old burying-ground at the "head of the river," is as follows:—"Here lieth the body of the Reverend Mr. Samuel Hunt, who was ye first ordained minister over the church of Christ in Dartmouth, who died June ye 21st 1729 in ye 48th year of his age." These words are the only memorial that now remains of him. As to his character and his trials, the number and steadfastness of his flock, his learning and his friends, the veil of more than a century has been drawn over them, and we are not permitted to lift it up.

Mr. Hunt was succeeded in the pastoral office by Rev. Richard Pierce, who was chosen by the church on the twelfth, and their choice confirmed on the nineteenth, of June, 1730. A committee was appointed by the church to request a meeting of the town of Dartmouth, that the choice might be presented for their acceptance. There was something however ambiguous in the call of the public meeting; difficulties arose, and the ordination was deferred till the beginning of the year 1731. We do not learn that the town ever assented with any considerable degree of unanimity to the choice, and probably this imperfect understanding at the beginning was the source of much of the trouble that followed.

In the church records we find nothing of Mr. Pierce except the names—many of them still familiar names in New Bedford—of those whom he baptized or admitted to the church. His ministry seems not however to have been a happy one. In a letter to the church, which exists in his handwriting, dated April 30, 1739, he says,

"Brethren, the reason of my desiring your company at my house to-day was, that I might have an opportunity to acquaint you that I am reduced to such circumstances as will in a very short time constrain me to leave the work of the ministry among you: I think I can truly say that for your sakes I am sorry that it is so: and it seems hard to me to think of asking a dismission from my pastoral office; but I see no help for it: and therefore desire that the church would consider of it, and meet together this day sennight, which will be the 7th of May at one of the clock in the afternoon at the meeting house for that purpose. I earnestly recommend you to Christ the head of the church, whose I trust you are, and who will care for

you ; and hope and beg that God, in his holy Providence, will direct you in that great affair. I rest your souls' friend.

RICHARD PIERCE."

But the difficulty did not end here. He requested that a mutual council might be called to release him from his pastoral charge. To this they reply (Sept. 8, 1840): "We are very sensible that your difficulties are many, and not inconsiderable, but hope they are far from affording matter of desperation. We are conscious that we have been dilatory, and have not given that encouragement that we wish. \* \* We beg that you will no longer insist thereon (unless your discouragements are irretrievable) and pardon our not complying with your request, is the desire of your anxious flock tho' small too dear to be forgot and left exposed." In his reply (Sept. 10, 1740) he excuses them from joining in the call of a mutual council, but still insists on a release from his charge. "The law of self-preservation," he says, "is binding. In the close you say, 'tho' small too dear to be forgotten or exposed.' It would afflict me to be the faulty cause of either; but perhaps you use those expressions to work on my affections. If you had used that argument with no better success than I have, you would have dropt it. Brethren, I continue my resolution to call a council to advise with in my present difficulties, which is all that offers at present, from him who is, with his constant prayers to God for you, your affectionate Pastor."

The fact, as far as we can understand it, was, that the people were satisfied with their pastor, but either could not, or would not, pay the small sum which they had agreed to pay and without which he could not live. Matters continued thus for about five years more, when the connexion was dissolved. Still he was unable to obtain the part of his salary that was due, and in a letter to the church dated Dec. 22, 1747, he thus expostulates: "Brethren, it is now a year and a half since I took a release of my pastoral care of you ; and though it might reasonably have been expected, you would long before this, have satisfied me for my service, while with you ; yet I find it far otherwise, nor can I understand that you are in the least concerned about it, or take any care to do it. \* \* Brethren, I served you sixteen years and upwards, and my demand therefor is sixteen hundred pounds lawful money of New

England, which is no more than in my answer to your call is suggested. I hope you will consult your own as well as my interest, so far as speedily to pay the money. \* \* I am unwilling to enter into the law with you, but your negligence will render it unavoidable, nor can I in justice to myself put it off any longer than next June Court, and I am determined to do it then unless the payment of the money intervenes. I rest yours—RICHARD PIERCE."

The effect seems to have been that something more than a year after this, a council for the settlement of these difficulties was held, but with no satisfactory result. He refused to appear before them in a letter at once clear, reasonable and pointed.

"DARTMOUTH, JAN. 18, 1748—9.

"Rev'd & Hon'd Gent<sup>l</sup>"

In answer to a letter from you directed to me, dated Jan. 18, 1748, wherein you inform me that there are some things laid before you that concern my character and desire my attendance, I say that I decline coming to the meeting house at the time you set unless you find upon record that I have been regularly acquainted with those things which have been suggested to you, and if you find this to be so then let me know it, if not, I think that both reason and religion obliges you to reject them as reproaches. I rest your humble servant," &c.

The council of course could do nothing, and in little more than two months the poor man, oppressed by want and harassed by anxiety, went beyond the call of human councils or mortal sufferings, to that higher tribunal where the secrets of all hearts are known and the sorrows of the just shall cease.

In the old burying ground on a slate-stone much defaced by time is the following inscription: "Here lieth interred the remains of Richard Pierce, A. M. who was born March 29, 1700 and departed this life March 23, 1740 After having spent 16 years in the work of the gospel ministry—a gentleman of unspotted character in the office he sustained, of polite behavior, remarkably affable and kind to all—who lived greatly beloved and died much lamented. Cujus pulvis in pulvere dormit, expectans stellam matutinam."

This is all that remains of one who for "sixteen years and upwards" labored in the ministry with more than the usual

portion of Christian sweetness and more than the usual amount of anxieties and sorrows. The impression made on our mind by these few relics harmonizes with the epitaph on his gravestone. The tone of the letters is at once modest, affectionate and decided, and like a countenance that we sometimes see, which, though seen briefly and but once, leaves with us the lasting memento of a gentle, firm and suffering spirit.

Very different from this man, if we may judge from like imperfect records, was his successor, the Rev. Israel Cheever. He seems to have been a man of uncommon pretensions and a great show of talent. After Mr. Pierce left the society they were for sometime without preaching or with only such irregular supplies as from their narrow circumstances and insulated position they were able to procure. Elijah Lothrop was with them a short time; and I find a letter from Joseph Roberts, dated April 2, 1750, declining an invitation to settle with them. Mr. Cheever, who seems to have had a high opinion of his own powers, succeeded for a time in impressing others with the same opinion. The church in their invitation (July 15, 1751) were evidently very anxious that he should accept the call. In order to induce him to come among them they offer him "one hundred and six pounds thirteen shillings and four pence lawful money of the province to settle himself withal," and then "fifty-three pounds six shillings and eight pence a year, yearly." The offer was accepted by Mr. Cheever in a long, pompous, grandiloquent letter, from which it is difficult to get any distinct idea, except what is contained in the following passage:—"And with respect to your proposal for my settlement I thankfully accept of it: and as to the provision you have made with respect to my yearly support, hoping you act upon this principle, namely, that, as the sacred scripture shews us, those who preach the gospel, should live of the gospel, and that those who are taught in the word are to communicate to him that teacheth in all good things, and trusting that you who have experienced the cost of a family and know what will support one better than I can do, and you thinking it sufficient, it being your own free-will offering, it must be the more acceptable to me, with which views I accept thereof, taking the freedom to add that if you should order the one half of said yearly support to be paid at

the end of each half year, yearly, it would undoubtedly be an easement to yourselves, and more serviceable to me; but as you please in this matter, yet I think it highly proper and necessary that my request in this should be gratified, upon the abovementioned reason."

Mr. Cheever was ordained in 1751. Great preparations,\* it would seem, were made for the ordination. Indeed, it is impossible for those now living to conceive of the interest then felt on such an occasion. The hopes of the people however in this case were sadly disappointed. The society was small. Difficulties soon arose in respect to the salary, which was not punctually paid, and which the pastor considered altogether inadequate. He remonstrated and threatened, intimating that there were other societies more desirable than this that would be glad to have a man like him, and finally declaring that if his proposals were not complied with, he would leave his people and expose them in the public prints. Such conduct was little suited to effect his purpose. The society were both grieved and angry. "These things," said they in their remonstrance, "we look upon as very straining if not tyrannical treatment together with several injurious expressions in public both in prayer and preaching, together with many others hath so offended us that we cannot any longer sit quietly and peaceably under his ministry. In the whole we think it best both for minister and people that he take a dismission." A council which was called concurred in the views of the society and the connexion was dissolved.†

Thus far we have seen little else than trouble — the services of a faithful minister rewarded by embarrassment and want,

\* Among the items provided for the ordination are the following:—"Hix Jenne two quarters of veal and five pounds of butter." "I have put in one dollar, and in case I go to Road Island before the ordination, I will make it up five pounds O. T. in any necessary the Committee may think proper. Thomas Pope Jun." "I will give Towards the Charge of ye ordination of Mr. Cheever one gallon of Rhum and a good lamb. Dartmouth august 31st 1751. Sam'l Willis."

† Among the reasons given by the Council for the course they recommended were the following, which give, especially the last, a curious picture of those times.

"1. Whereas the Church complain of their Pastor's conduct that when he asked of them £26. 13. 4. as an addition to his salary, with his firewood, he

and the enthusiasm with which his successor was welcomed poorly met by the spirit which he brought to his work. And here is all that remains to us of the history for fifty years of what is now one of the most prosperous societies in New England. The salaries were small, and the payment delayed sometimes three, four, and even seven years after it was due. But we must not hastily condemn the people. If their ministers were straitened, they were not less so. Their lot was a hard one, but no record of their peculiar hardships has been handed down to us. "Our fathers," it has been said, "find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors. Oblivion is not to be hired. The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man." "Happy they whom privacy makes innocent, — who deal so with men in this world, that they are not afraid to meet them in the next."

took such a method as he did to obtain it, it appears to us that the method which he took and, the arguments which he used to bring his people to a compliance with his requests, carried too much the face and appearance of dissimulation and threatening, in that he suggested to them that he would soon leave them if they did not speedily comply with his motion, as he had great offers elsewhere made him, and in private conversation with his people, he found some of them (as he said) willing to comply with his terms, which upon examination, we find wants proof, likewise in that he in his public ministry, carries on the same designs.

"Whereas they complain that he had spoken reproachfully of his neighbors, particularly of Deacon Swift and his family, it appears to us by divers evidences, that he had reproached the Deacon and his family in a high degree, but afterwards in the presence and hearing of the council, he made a plump and full confession of it and asked forgiveness of God and of the said Deacon and his family, with which said Deacon declared himself satisfied. As to his denying that ever he spake anything reproachfully of the Deacon and his family, and calling God to witness and imprecating vengeance upon himself, if ever he said any such thing, we are of opinion that it was sufficiently proved, and we look upon it as an awful breach and violation of the third commandment.

"With respect to his making a practice of playing cards, we are of opinion there is great reason to fear he was guilty in that matter, though we think the brethren sinfully failed in alleging it against him until they had obtained scriptural evidence of it. And we think ourselves obliged to bear a faithful testimony against the practice of that game, as sinful in all, especially in professors of religion, and attended with peculiar aggravations in a minister of the Gospel."

## INNOCENCE AND VIRTUE.

It was a bright morning in the spring-time, when a youth set forth from his country home, to meet the perils of a city life. His worldly possessions were small, but by his side there walked with bounding step a maiden beautiful to look upon. Her flaxen ringlets frolicked in the breeze, and the sunny light of her clear blue eyes rivalled the pure azure of the heavens. Their joyous glances had made summer in the heart of the youth through many a dreary winter's day. Her name was Innocence. She had been his dear companion from infancy; and, as his mother gave him her farewell blessing, she bade him still love and cherish his twin-sister, and to cling to her still more closely, when the snares of the great city were around him.

For a time they walked safely amid the wiles of the tempter. Vice shrank abashed from the pure face of Innocence, and concealed his real character. The youth sought no scenes in which his fair companion would blush to appear, and her smile was as bright and joyous as in their rustic home. By degrees, however, he was lured into familiarity with vice. The oath and the rude jest came to grate less harshly on his ear, and at length the intoxicating cup was raised to his lips. Innocence veiled her lovely face in shame and sorrow, but she could not inhale the poisoned atmosphere, and weeping she took her flight. In the first whirl of guilty pleasure, the youth was scarcely conscious of his loss; and when he began to feel the void occasioned by her absence, he strove to fill it with the loud mirth of his thoughtless comrades. But the false glare of dissipation soon faded from around him, and the whole world became dark and dreary, when no longer lighted up by the smile of Innocence. He returned again to his daily duties, but with a slow step and downcast eye. His cheek burned with shame when he met the sad gaze of the virtuous, who had smiled approvingly in former days, and now saw that his attendant angel had departed. Then remembered he his mother's counsel, and bitterly did he lament that he had grieved away the sweet presence that should have been with

him forever. In the agony of his heart, he cried aloud for aid ; when lo ! a heavenly vision appeared before him. Her smile was bright and glorious, though unlike the childish glee, which played on the face of Innocence, and the calm and chastened majesty of her eye and bearing told that she had overcome the world.

"Child of earth," said the benignant spirit, "thou doest well to mourn, for thou hast driven from thee forever her, whose sweet presence was as the sunlight in thy heart. Thou shalt see her no more. Yet mourn not as one whose hope is wholly lost. Thy Heavenly Father hath not forsaken thee. I have the power to lead thee back to him. My name is Virtue. Innocence was born with thee, thy earliest companion, but I am to be won only through conflict and the stern buffetings of temptation. Seek and win me as thy bosom friend, and thou shalt find the light of peace and joy enkindled in thy heart, and strength such as thou didst not know in thy childish days shall be born from error and temptation."

Then the youth arose from his bended knees, and the angels Faith and Hope ministered to his necessities. His heart was humbled within him, and he still wept for his lost Innocence. Yet strove he manfully with Vice, and Virtue became his chosen friend, till she led him to the presence-chamber of the Most High.

M. W.

## DECLARATION OF WAR AGAINST WAR.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL.

\* \* \* \* \*

WHAT? shall morality give mandates for duelling only to individuals, not to nations? It ought much rather to second single combats than the conflict of millions; for the latter produces even less honor than the former, and more misery.

The misfortune of the earth has hitherto been, that two have made the war and millions have carried it out and stood it out, whereas it would have been better, if not well, that



millions should have made it and two fought it out. For as the people have to bear almost alone the whole war-freight of crushing wounds, and but little of the fair fruit-basket of peace, and often buy the laurel wreath with the pitch\*-wreath;—as they put into the murder-lottery their bodies and goods, and at the last drawing, (that of peace,) are often drawn themselves, or come out blank: their losing majority will much seldomer agree upon long continued sacrifices of bleeding than the minority that reap the spoils. If war, at this moment, is waged or endured not for the multitude but only against them and in almost all cases by them, — but that to be sure in such a degree, that the commander must begin to press among his own people, and that he can do with all property as the gunpowder manufacturer in Saxony does with saltpetre, for which he can search and dig wherever he will, only not under the marriage-bed:—then certainly a modern country must needs go into war, which impoverishes rather than enriches, much more slowly than the hungry barbarian nations used to do, who could not eat their fill in any other way than with sword in hand for a fork. Poor, robust Switzerland, as well as the rich Hanseatic League, waged only defensive, not offensive wars. The elevation of a state by the addition of new countries is frequently to the people only a lifting up on the cross; and in fact a million of men cannot hope to be the better governed, when another million comes in to be governed also; this would be like teaching a teacher to teach better by increasing the number of his scholars. As to the Prince, just in proportion as his arm and hand lengthen, his vision shortens. Besides, covetousness grows in a people and in its neighbors, and consequently the danger of war, with the growth of its eagle-claws and gripe. Imperial villages used to require mediation seldomer than imperial cities. If the Prince buys himself a new company of companies, the increased extent of the land only makes it the better bowling-green for an enemy's balls. The people would know, too, that every accession of territory for the prince were but a new joint to the war-trumpet, and that no<sup>e</sup> one is so far from having

\* To be in *pitch*, sometimes means, in German, to be in *the lurch*, or in *hot water*, as we say.

enough as he who has too much. Frederick the Only gave, upon the whole, the example of a fine exception; he built his country more upward than outward, and showed by that very fact, that Austria, to be a giant mountain-ridge, and Russia, to be an equatorial mountain-range, needed nothing but to irritate him and — peacefully to conquer themselves. In fact were Frederick to find in the present Gallic copy of his war a copy of his peace, what power could withstand omnipotence?

And, in the name of Heaven, for what cause and for what end have not wars often been proclaimed, that is, the travail of years ordained for the birth of a tormenting peace? — Not even for accessions of territory, or for supplemental barren border lands, but on African grounds; for two negro-kings\* waged wild war with each other about a European grenadier's cap, which the consorts of both wanted to have and wear. Heavens! how many wars have been waged for grenadiers' caps *by* grenadiers' caps in all history! But, for conscience' sake! is it not enough that a couple of princely lung-wings should assume to themselves states for wing-skins, and that their breathing should move nations like thunder; must the distempered blasts of fortune come in too, as whirlwinds to the poor ship of state? Yet is there, incidentally, a cheerful aspect to the matter. For if Providence hangs whole nations by the spider-threads of private nerves and fibres as with a Jupiter's chain, or draws them as with a slave's-chain; and if, notwithstanding, the Earth, amidst all this omnipotence of casualties moves around a higher sun, as we see; — then must there certainly be much of Providence and much of God disposing and adjusting in this snarl of threads. — Meanwhile, though the inexhaustible interposing power of omnipotence and omniscience — the two words mean the same thing — can well sustain a globe of earth on a globule of blood; short-sighted and helpless man, however, may not seat Chance upon the thrones of countries, nor may he venture to fight *against*, but only *for* universal laws. War, say you, discovers and develops great nations and great men, just as in stormy weather distant ridges come into view. According to that we should have, then, none but great nations; for all rude ones have

\* Zimmermann's Geographical Annual.

fought their way up into civilization ; the Zaims and Tunariots, who had to be in continual service with the Turks for their estates and who, as children in the cradle, and as old men in the litter, were obliged to be in the army, would be a congress of giant characters. But where, then, did the greatest military people, the Romans, who for centuries not so much waded in the blood of nations, as sailed on their blood, — where did they finally come out? At the foot of the throne of the Romish Cæsars as crown-reptiles. The long Peloponnesian war created us Spartans, through a Lycurgus indeed ; great nations arise only on great men ; and a great idea, a constitution developes nations to a far higher degree than a year of battles ; and the Prussian monarchy was fashioned not by, or in, but after a short war and in despite of it, by a long peace. Only the winter-harvest of peace appears to us as easy as the summer harvest of sweltry war ; but the immortal war with Xerxes did not create the Greeks, but they it, and it presupposed them.

Wars, waged for freedom itself, have either lost it on the one hand, or taken it away on the other ; whereas the great lawgiver — and there have been several who were not great warriors, from Moses, Solon, Lycurgus, Christ, onward — frees his people, without enslaving another ; and even Mohammed's military conquests were based upon his previous religious one.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Peace enervates nations," is one of those common-places, where truth and error dwell peacefully beside each other and play hide-and-seek. . . . It is false and insulting, both to war and to humanity, to say that man can get a hard skin only by bruising it in battles — that not cheerfulness, but only pain, can mail it against pain, and that countries must be first ploughed over into graves, before you can raise any heroes out of it. . . . The truth is that what enervates and saps the fortifications of the soul, war and peace can equally well supply, namely, the dominion of the love of pleasure over an ideal. Let the body be sick, weak, delicate and feminine : put, for instance, a woman's heart into it, then is it a mountain-fortress, and the children cannot be taken by storm. Let love be kindled in the maid-

en,—as hatred of the Romans in Hannibal:—she too shall cross the Alps and be able to die and deal death. Accordingly a Peace can yoke, as it were, the effeminate and pleasure-thirsting body to a victorious spirit by means of an idea,—be it freedom, or religion or honour,—quite as well as a war, without this idea, can encase the spirit in the hardened body as if it were a panoplied patient.—The everlasting fire of war did not after all burn the imperial Romans harder, but melted them by the amalgamation with the world's gold only the more effectually into one mass.

\* \* \* \* \*

How much more has the little and more pacific Athens done for the world than the strangling giant-Rome! Only much would the she-wolf Rome have done against the world in her drivelling madness, and inflicted upon it wounds upon wounds, had not God sent against her Christianity and the North. . .

If formerly wars, for instance, Alexander's or the Crusades, were drill-ploughs and flails of the sciences; they now lay the battle-axe to the root of the tree of knowledge, whereas peace would gather its fruit, without hewing it down, and could manure and quicken it more cheaply than with buried bodies. Certainly national development may, like the Jewish Religion, take its first rude steps over bloody victims; but the higher development demands, like the Christian Religion, higher offerings than bodily ones. . . . .

But the General wears a second crown on his head, that of bravery. Bravery and cowardice are *CATCHING*; but if it can easily be proved that nations are very seldom cowardly, then the army imparts to the leader as much courage as he does to it. In fact it is hard, upon an eminence beleaguered upon all sides by thousands of sparkling warriors' eyes, to run away. It is easier to be a coward before one, than before many; and men have oftener paled before monarchs than before hosts. . . . .

No book will conquer conquerors or convince them; but against the infectious admiration of them a word must be said. Schelling speaks "of an almost divine right of the Conqueror," but he has the street-robbers against him, who, in

this matter, have asserted the same thing for themselves to an Alexander's or a Cæsar's face; and who, again, have the Emperor Marcus Aurelius on their side, who advanced the robbers taken in Dalmatia to the rank of soldiers. . . .

But ask, I pray you, the gasping admirers of giant-lands; which lands have been the happier, sounder, wiser, the great or the small? Compare Athens, Sparta, the Hanseatic Republics, single Italian States—with oriental kingdoms, with China, with Russia that was. Giant-states resemble giant-muscles, whose shells weigh six hundred weight and the fleshy contents twenty-five pounds.

. . . . . But what need of more words? If a Sully—no common general, and an able adviser of generals, and of his precious hero Henry—condemns and contemns lust of war; if David was not permitted to build a temple, because he had waged wars,—and if the first Christians found it beneath the dignity of their religion; if the blood-drunken Romans cleansed themselves after battles from inner blood-stains—if they executed capital punishments without the camp, in order not to soil their eagle with blood, albeit he quaffed nothing else—if their Flamen Dialis was not suffered so much as to look at an armed host;—if Spartans, (like a later king) only after long deliberation, decided upon war—and if beasts fight against beasts, against men and side by side with men—then perhaps it were pardonable for me also to say a word against war itself. C. T. B.

1809.

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.—These specimens of Richter's thoughts on war have been rendered very literally from that extraordinary writer's "Twilightings for Germany," a work full of moral, if not political wisdom. It requires so much technical as well as German knowledge to render Richter perfectly, that the translator, in one instance, has been baldly literal, that his readers may have as good a chance as himself.

## REASONS WHY THE NAME "CHRISTIAN" IS NO SUFFICIENT TITLE FOR A DENOMINATION.

### AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

It is popularly assumed that this name was selected or sanctioned by Jesus, and so a presumption is made in its favor upon the merest pretence. Let us look at the history. "The disciples were called Christians first in Antioch," not by themselves of course ; still less by their ascended, invisible Master : the name they preferred, the name they loved, the name often on His anointed lips was *disciples*, learners, truth-seekers, scholars in the heavenly school, sitters at the feet of one who taught with authority and not as the scribes. There was significance as well as beauty in this name : it implied lowliness : it prompted teachableness : it taught the believer to look up for light, not to look down as if he had really put on that wisdom and sanctity which "Christian" ought to imply. This title appears to have been given by the commonalty of an unconverted city, by Jews and Gentiles outside of the church, as a convenient nickname, intended as the passage in Tacitus would show to create odium, — if useful at all only useful to create a distinction impossible in our times.

Search the New Testament and you find the term "Brethren," that word appropriated so touchingly by the Moravians, in constant use : it made the truest appellation of the followers of the Saviour among themselves : for instance, "they determined to send relief to the Brethren," not to the "Christians" : "Shew these things to James and the Brethren" : "chief among the Brethren" : "apostles and elders and Brethren send greeting" : "Holy Brethren partakers of the heavenly calling" : and so the title occurs in every variety of application, one epistle repeating it over a dozen times. That other term "disciple" stands in equal pre-eminence over the later title "Christian," having the undoubted approval of the Saviour, and as such finding a hearty adoption among many primitive bodies of believers : for instance, "the disciple is not above his Master" : "a cup of cold water to a disciple" : "the disciple standing by, whom Jesus loved," used by John himself :

"this is the disciple who testifieth": "they believed not that he was a disciple": "a certain disciple named Timotheus," &c.

Now, the name "Christian" has no such claim upon us: for any one to assume it to himself as a badge of superiority is certainly departing from the lowly spirit of a disciple, is saying to the rest of mankind in so many words, "Stand apart, I am holier than you." It occurs only three times in the New Testament: and neither case positively enjoins, or even strongly recommends it to our use. These are the introduction of the name at Antioch by Gentiles not disciples — the "Almost thou persuadest to be a Christian" of one who was far enough from being so — and the "If any man suffer as a Christian" in Peter, where it is used undoubtedly as a name of reproach. So that the supposed sanction of the Scriptures turns out to be just the other way: no favorable mention of it at all: and one passage in Paul appearing to frown upon its use, but not so decidedly as to deserve quoting in argument.

But, secondly, the main point is *What earthly use can there be in a name which means nothing*, which has been so wofully abused that it has lost all significance, which belongs by courtesy to everybody alike, which forsooth is charitably assigned to cities that may not have one righteous man to the thousand, and proudly flaunted by churches where the Master would trace nothing of the "upper chamber" in the tinkling of ceremony or the Pharisaism of profession or the tyranny of a creed?

One denomination sought to make this name their peculiar badge: and, their entire failure to do any such thing as get the name assigned for their separate enjoyment, shows it cannot be. Who calls that vast body of believers, divided from us chiefly by the practice of Immersion, simply "Christians"? Out of their own association, no one. In this part of the country the word itself is mispronounced so as to set off somebody from the common mass of Christendom: and I must say no ordinary religious term is quite so offensive to some of us as that of Christ-ian. At a distance they are generally called Christian Baptists — a phrase which they loathe and every way repudiate.

But, to grant them the term exclusively would simply be to church all the rest of Christendom. For, if it means any-

thing as a distinction from the rest of the church, and is not equally the property of Catholics as of Protestants, of Episcopalians as of Quakers, then the no-Christian part are to own themselves away from Christ, unworthy of his name, false to his spirit, recreant to his commands. So that, this appropriation of a general name by what must long be a single limb of the body would make that title essentially exclusive, injurious to those who usurped and those who were deprived of its honor and its power.

If it did not set the brand of heresy on anybody by withholding from them this revered title, if I am born to the family name of Christendom myself, and obliged to bestow it on everybody who does not disown any such appellation, its force would entirely evaporate: and, to designate a church or a minister, this coveted word would not lend the slightest assistance — any more than to tell me that the street where I am wandering is *a* street: I knew it before you said so: I wish to know *which* street: you only bewilder me by using terms so general as to have no sense. “Is this church a Christian church?” I suppose so of course; but, what church? Will you answer me “Christian, nothing but Christian”? Your answer amounts to no answer at all. If you reply “Congregational” — that is something; now you begin to deal with me as a rational being. If you add the title, “Liberal” or “Orthodox,” then we understand one another perfectly.

As to the objection that any more contracted name than ‘Christian’ necessarily contracts those who use it, I reply, we can take a name which implies liberty, progress, life: ay, we can baptize any name in this spirit so that it shall mean to us everything the opposite of narrowness; so that it shall breathe upon us more of the Saviour’s spirit than any name made null and void by very universality. When we know how a majority of the self-styled Christian church worship, in Russia for instance, the mere title of Christian cannot suggest everything that is quickening and heavenly.

Again, it is urged that to admit the name Unitarian is to pledge yourselves to all that Unitarians have held or may hold. This difficulty is very easily obviated. By showing as our denomination has shown and is showing, that the



largest liberty of thought and variety of opinion are cherished under this title : that it means just the opposite of what Calvinist or Wesleyan means, independent of all human control and the constant seeking of light in God's word. A name of a church as of a family always takes the mould of those who bear it : it rises or falls in public esteem, it widens or narrows in its potency according to the spirit of its adopted sons. We need not refer in proof of this to the vast change which has now come over the very peaceful disciples of the turbulent Fox—or the spirituality of view succeeding in our own ranks to the low materialism of our ancient brethren in England.

As to the other objection that Christian charity would be promoted by returning to what people call "the primitive title," it is not worth a moment's notice. A mere phrase cannot make or unmake Christian sympathy, trust and union. If the thing exists, words will conform their meaning. If there is mutual hatred rankling at the heart, no terms of courtesy, no forms of respect can extinguish or even hide it. Before the Congregational church began to take two names, or the Presbyterian church to divide into Old School and New, there was certainly as much bitterness of feeling, and most of us think a great deal more, than since a separation has taken place in correspondence with an actual opposition of opinion. Religious peace will come not from concealing these diversities of sentiment, so natural, necessary and wholesome, but from seeing how unessential they are—how perfectly harmonious we really are upon the cardinal principles of duty, the everlasting commandments of God. And this last result every liberal Christian should strive for by bearing more of those fruits which are Christ's own test of discipleship, by a wise, active and generous philanthropy, by a stainless integrity, by a generous, prayerful and heavenly spirit, by proving (heretic as he seems) that he has been with Jesus, ay, that Jesus is with him now.

F. W. H.

## THE POOR WIDOW'S OFFERING.

BY REV. W. P. LUNT.

Among the incidents recorded by the Evangelists, in their accounts of the Great Teacher, there is no one more affecting and instructive than the poor widow's offering.

"And Jesus sat over against the treasury, and beheld how the people cast money into the treasury, and many that were rich cast in much.

And there came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing.

And he called unto him his disciples, and saith unto them, Verily, I say unto you, That this poor widow hath cast more in, than all they which have cast into the treasury.

For all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living."

These words will gain, to our apprehension, a new significance, if we will endeavor to form in our imaginations a picture of the scene to which they relate.

We are transported, in idea, to a stately temple. For although the temple which was standing in Jerusalem, in the time of Christ, did not equal, in extent, or in magnificence of architecture, or in costliness of finish or furniture, the first temple, erected by king Solomon, it was a large and impressive edifice, and, when viewed, as it was by the devout Hebrew, through the medium of sacred associations, it must have appeared grand and venerable.

The temple had been erected for the worship of a whole nation. Thither the inhabitants of the land resorted, at stated times, to look upon the sacred places, and to unite in those appointed public acts, which were designed to express gratitude, or humiliation, or atonement. The thank-offering, the sin offering, the bloody sacrifice were visible acts, having each a distinct significance, to the mind of the Jewish worshipper, and exciting an appropriate sentiment in his heart.

It is a fact deserving consideration, that man's genius can design, and his skill and labor erect monuments, which when completed, have the effect to make him, the contriver and

builder, appear insignificant. To the spectator who stands in such a building as the Church of St. Peter at Rome, or in any similar edifice, and whose eye takes in at once a picture of the whole structure, how mean and unworthy of notice do the human insects seem that walk about on its ample floor. Thus it is that by a singular illusion, which man's own art helps to produce, he erects monuments which serve to cast himself into the shade, and robs himself of consequence through the glory and beauty of his handiwork.

Moreover, in a building appropriated as the Temple at Jerusalem was, to religious uses, the sentiment awakened in the mind of the worshipper has the effect to sink the individual in the estimation of himself and of others. The great idea in the mind is of God, the object of adoration; and the more mysterious the nature of the Invisible Being, in whose honor the edifice was constructed, the more vast and overpowering is the conception that fills the mind. "In the temple of the Lord doth every one speak of his glory." And that glory makes every thing connected with man seem undeserving of regard.

There is another way too in which the value of the individual is lost sight of in such a temple as that at Jerusalem. A conventional consequence is attached to those whose office it is to minister in the consecrated place. In the mind of the spectator they are identified with the place. They have an official character which supersedes their personal claims. They may be greatly inferior in point of merit to many of the humble and sincere worshippers to whom they minister. They may perhaps be chargeable with gross violations of morality. Yet they sit in Moses' seat. They are appointed to perform a sacred work. It is taken for granted that they are worthy to occupy the position in which they stand. In fact many who officiate in Christian temples, as well as many who, with Pharisaical propriety, led in the Hebrew worship, are indebted, for their consequence, more to the fiction which identifies them with their work, than to the qualities which they actually possess,

The several circumstances which have been mentioned were present in the scene, or on the occasion we are considering. The sacred narrative transports us in idea to a vast

temple, "adorned with goodly stones and gifts." Within its spacious courts and beneath its lofty ceiling, the individual felt his insignificance. There were experienced all the humbling, subduing influences of the religious sentiment,—that sentiment which elevates God and abases man. There too were Pharisees and scribes, with special claims in point of sanctity; and through the undeserved consideration which was paid to them, the merits of humble, unassuming, genuine virtue were likely to be disregarded.

But there was one being whose mind was not blinded and deluded by the scene. While many praised the size and beauty of the buildings, he foresees the time, fast approaching, when not one stone should be left upon another. While many were scrupulous to perform, according to ecclesiastical usage, and in every minute particular, the prescribed worship of the Temple, he teaches that the end of all worship is righteousness, and commands his disciples, that if any should bring their gifts to the altar, and there remember that a brother hath aught against them, they shall leave their gifts before the altar, and go first and be reconciled to the injured brother, and then come and offer their gifts. He looked through the hollow pretensions of the Pharisee, who in his prayer enumerated his own good works, and declared that the humble publican, who simply smote upon his breast and cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner," went down to his house justified rather than the other. And the same moral elevation was evinced when he called his disciples to him, and pointed out to them the poor widow with her two mites, and commended the humble offering as of more value in the sight of God than the costly contributions of the rich.

Nothing is better fitted to exalt the Great Teacher and Master of Christians in our estimation than the scene which is presented to us in this passage of the Evangelical history. We see him raised far above the low views of his contemporaries. His thoughts were not their thoughts. His judgments of actions were not such as they and those who resemble them in every age entertain. Instead of being so overpowered by the influence of the majestic Temple where he was, as to overlook the humble worshippers who gathered within it, his attention and regard were bestowed upon what was more

beautiful and majestic than any outward pile raised by man's art,—the temple of a virtuous mind. Under the most humble and despised exterior, his eye was quick to discern the evidences of a good heart, of a true, sincere and genuine piety.

Nor was his piety of that exalted and mystical kind that would dispose him to look with contempt upon common acts of virtue. The enthusiast is so occupied with his dreams and visions, and his feelings are so excited and elevated, that he is blind to the moral beauty of common efforts of piety or benevolence. The sentiment which sacred places and sacred rites inspire in his soul is so absorbing, that he forgets that life is not to be spent in praying and musing and intense raptures; that sentiment is good only when it prompts its possessor to act right; that emotions which terminate in themselves without influencing the conduct and character, are nothing better than a waste of those sensibilities which are poured like oil into the vessels of the human heart, that the flame of virtue may be fed and the light of a good example may be seen of others.

There is no trait more beautiful and affecting in the character of the author of our religion than the perfect simplicity and freedom from exaggeration evinced in his recorded life and acts. We have an instructive instance of this trait in the scene in the Temple we are considering. He who encouraged in his disciples the most tender and the most sublime piety,—who taught that the great commandment was—to love the Lord God with all the heart and soul and mind,—whose zeal for his Father's house was so warm that he drove out the money-changers and the profane traffickers, and condemned them for changing a place of prayer into “a house of merchandise;”—this same Teacher was so little blinded by false heats and extravagant sentiments that he could appreciate the moral worth of the act of the poor widow who brought her two mites to God's treasury. In such an incident, simple as it is, we have one of the strongest vouchers for Christianity.

And no reader of unprejudiced mind can question for a moment the judgment passed by the Master upon the comparative value of the poor widow's offering. The *amount* of the offering matters not as far as the *moral* character of the act is concerned. The motive from which the act originates, the

disposition of mind that prompts the act, this alone is regarded in the eye of a pure morality; this alone is regarded, then, as Christ would have us believe, by the just Judge of actions with whom we have to deal.

If we view from a great height a multitude of human beings, they dwindle to the same uniform pigmy size in the eye of the elevated observer. At such a distance the distinctions of great and small are lost. And it is the same in our judgments of moral actions. Viewed from a high point of observation, the artificial distinctions to which we attach usually so great importance disappear. Human beings, regarded in reference to God, are alike insignificant. The differences of rich and poor, high and low, obscure and renowned, wise and ignorant, noble and plebeian, are all lost from such a height of observation. As to any benefit being conferred upon the Deity by our acts of worship, all are on the same level of utter inability—the costly gifts of the wealthy can no more benefit Him whom we worship than the two mites of the poor widow. And as soon as mankind receive into their minds the notion that they can confer any benefit by their worship, so soon corruption in religion commences.

But we are taught by the passage of Scripture we are upon, that *every one*, however humble and obscure, can contribute, in the service of man and of God, something that is valuable, something that will be accepted and that will be rewarded. "He who gives a cup of cold water even, in the name of Christ, shall not lose his reward." Some have ten talents entrusted to them, some have five, some two, but all men have at least one talent. No one is without some power of influencing for good a portion of his fellow beings. And no sentiment is more unwise or unchristian, therefore, than to despise the contributions and efforts of feeble instruments. The world has often been moved by humble and apparently weak instruments. Of this, our religion, in its history, furnishes a striking proof.

Christ used various similitudes to convey to the minds of his hearers the truth that from small and apparently insignificant beginnings the greatest results proceed. Thus he likened his religion to "a grain of mustard-seed which a man took and sowed in his field; which indeed is the least of all seeds;

but when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof."

Nothing serves 'so well, in fact, to humble the pride of the human intellect as the history of the Christian religion. We find it in the world, accepted and made the basis of laws and institutions, among the most powerful, enlightened and civilized races and nations on the globe. Yet it did not originate in the constructive minds of the world's wise men. "Not many wise, not many learned, not many noble were called; but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and the weak things of the world to confound the powerful." Christianity did not proceed from academies, or universities, or from the retreats of studious, learned men. It was not reasoned into shape by philosophers. It was not a legacy conferred on mankind by profound thinkers and scholars. It was a testament from an obscure land, from a humble, despised individual.

Every human being, without exception, can contribute something that is valuable, something that will be accepted by the Great Father, something that will go towards the improvement, happiness and salvation of the world. There are numberless modes of service in which we may engage. Every one has a field of his own to cultivate, and a circle of influence within which he may act. Providence opens paths, and presents occasions, and throws in our way objects. And without stepping aside from our familiar track, we may find enough to task our industry and to exhaust our benevolent purposes. The Christian exhortation is, to "do good as we have opportunity." That is, we are not to wait for special occasions, and for circumstances as we arrange them in our imaginations. Do good as opportunity offers in your daily walks. Relieve the distressed, comfort the afflicted, befriend the needy. Drop the seed of instruction by the wayside as you pass along. A word of advice uttered at the right time may have more influence than the most elaborate discourse addressed to inattentive ears. The widow's mite, judiciously bestowed, may prevent the mischief which it would exhaust the treasures of the wealthy to repair, after it has been accomplished. Many persons are prompted to good acts only when an excitement

pervades the community in behalf of some special object. They then share in the excitement. They are carried along by the tide, and willingly contribute their proportion of time and labor and substance to effect the good object which is in view. The same persons perhaps pass along in their daily life neglecting a thousand opportunities of doing good which may come in their way unsought.

Let it be borne in mind that great occasions for distinguished service occur but seldom. They are reserved by Providence for the special agents who are raised up, and who are richly endowed for the right discharge of the office that is committed to them. They are made capable of the munificence or of the self-sacrifice that may be required of them, and they have their reward. It is not for such special cases that Christianity legislates. There is no need that it should. They will take care of themselves. But Christianity seeks to establish such a principle of goodness in every individual, that he shall be ready, impelled by no motive from without, but only by the workings of his own mind and heart, to seize all the opportunities for doing good that offer themselves daily and hourly in the experience of every human being. Human happiness is an aggregate of little satisfactions and enjoyments, and the good which we can do each other is the sum of numberless little attentions and kind offices, which, for the very reason that they are small and common, and frequently called for in the familiar intercourse of life, are likely to be omitted.

But the value of little things, of small and seemingly unimportant services and offerings, is most strikingly evinced in the early training of the young, at a period of life when the mind is tender and ready to receive whatever impressions may be made upon it. It often happens that books and schools and lectures of learned men, and universities with their liberal provisions for education, do far less towards determining the character, the fortunes, or the destiny of an individual than the indirect instruction communicated by the parent. In this way, the poor widow who throws in her mite into the Lord's treasury, contributes more to improve and christianize the world than the most costly offerings of richly endowed seminaries. Many an individual who has occupied a large space in the eye of the world, who has enjoyed the most ample



means of culture that wealth could purchase, who has filled offices of high responsibility with honor to himself and advantage to his fellow men, would be ready, if there were occasion for uttering his thoughts on the subject, to ascribe all that he is, or has been able to accomplish in the world, to the influence of a mother.

What a powerful inducement then have Christian parents to be faithful in the discharge of their duties at home. The impressions made on the minds of children at home cannot be lost. They are carried through life. It is ordered by our wise and benevolent Creator that the human mind shall retain longest the remembrance of the scenes and incidents of childhood. In old age, when the powers of the intellect are impaired, when the events of yesterday or of the last week make no impression, when the lines and colors that form in the memory a picture of the past are fading one by one, and the stirring events and passages of manhood are all effaced, the picture of childhood is still fresh : the voices of early counselors are still heard. The stores which have been accumulated, through a long and busy life, from a thousand various quarters, acquisitions which the individual has valued highly and taken a just pride in, are all gone, faded quite out of the mind, but the simple prayer taught by a mother to the child at her knee — that remains — that is as fresh and distinct in the mind as when it was first communicated from sainted lips. The widow's mite is of more value than the rich and abundant contributions that have been made, from a thousand various sources, to furnish such a mind.

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“WHAT will God, in his justice, more surely give up to delusion, than the sanctimonious bigotry which crucifies an error and hugs a sin? The worst of all heretics is the man of a loose practice. The best defence of purity is never to cast out of a church, never to withhold the acknowledgment of brotherhood, for any kind of opinion, which does not destroy the confidence of character. By their fruits ye shall know them.” — *Bushnell*.

## WATER INTO THE CITY.

A SERMON, BY REV. N. L. FROTHINGHAM, D. D.

AMOS v. 24. But let judgment run down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream.

A great event was celebrated in our city the past week. Every device was put in requisition to do it honor. An unusual concourse of people thronged the streets and public places, animated by one object. They came together as for a festival. We saw the gay show, where, gay as it was, the lookers on were the best part of the spectacle. We saw the troops and banners that did not even remind us of war ; the engines that were not contrived for destruction but for safety ; the badges of every-day craft and industry decked out for a holiday ; and the flowers gathered together in wreaths and baskets which the frosty season has begun to banish from the open fields. We saw illuminations and fireworks, and all the contrivances of a great public pageant. We heard the bells and the cannon and the strains of music and the acclamations of the multitude.

And why was all this ? The efforts of no political party in the time of the most excited election could produce any thing like it. The arrival of no commander, of the highest station or from the most successful campaign, would receive such a welcome as this. No imperial stranger, no foreigner of whatever name, no representatives of the proudest nations, could be so distinguished. It was the coming in of water from a quiet pond but a few miles off, that awakened this tumult of rejoicing, and brought such crowds from a distance to join in it. This is perhaps the first thought that strikes us in reflecting on the ceremonies that we have lately witnessed ; — the value of soft, pure, wholesome Water to man. We think of its indispensable necessity. We think of its many useful applications. We think of its vast importance to the public health and protection as well as convenience. We think of considerations higher even than those ; the moral advantages and blessings that flow with it. It is the emblem

of soberness and purity, of simple habits and a holy life. It contributes in some degree to the virtues of which it is the sign.

Water has always been accounted something sacred ; both for what it really is in itself, and what it represents to the imaginative mind. Divine ideas have been associated with it in all the religions of the world. The lakes and streams and fountains had their divinities in the faith of the heathen ; and certainly here was one of the most natural and graceful of all the forms of an innocent superstition. There was a sense, in which they deserved to be so honored. The ancient Scriptures call upon the broadest floods and the smallest drops to praise the name of the Lord, who has made them so beautiful and so bounteous to us. The old covenant makes it a part of its promise to those who walk and speak uprightly, that "their bread shall be given them, and their waters shall be sure." And the new dispensation of grace not only adopts this simple element as the sign of its baptism ; but Christ himself repeatedly sets it forth as the emblem of its spiritual birth : "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst ; but it shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." We cannot wonder that it should have been regarded with so much reverence, and become so hallowed in the thoughts of mankind, when we contemplate it simply as one of the great objects in nature. The sea is not too vast to be its cradle, rocking from side to side its unfathomable depths of brine. The clouds are not too high to be its carriers, as the sun draws up from that bitter expanse the sweet vapors that form them ; and they distribute their showers, by the help of the winds, over the whole surface of the ground. Composed at first of particles no larger than the dew, it fills the profoundest hollows with stationary lakes, and rolls in such mighty rivers that they change the color of the ocean for miles from their mouth. It has an endless variety of beauty for the eyesight only, as it gives new charms to the landscape that could not be perfect without it ; whether it is still and like a looking-glass, or moves like a living thing ; — as it falls in sheets, or as it is thrown up in fountains with no power but the Creator's law to give it its play in the air ; — as it sparkles in the rays of light, and paints its spray with them into rainbows. That

it raises the food and gives the drink without which we could not live, is what it begins with. These offices may seem too common to be mentioned ; and some persons may think that we may as well praise the air that allows us to breathe. But beside its most general appointments and its household uses, it speaks to the heart as well as to the comfort and the senses of man ; and that, as no other element in the creation speaks. It deepens the religion of solemn places. It adds to the cheerfulness of active scenes. It is like a meditation, in the retirement of woods and fields ; and like a plaintive psalm of life, as it steals away by the side of human graves. It has significance and expression wherever it is seen. In the crowded city it is an evidence that the public good has been cared for. If its presence in secluded spots made them fitting resorts where the legislators of old were fabled to go for inspiration and to meet deities ; its abundance here promises the supplies that alone can render the large marts of trade suitable residences for the increasing numbers that need a wise legislation the most.

This brings me to a second reflection, equally obvious with the first, and still more engaging for us at the present time. It is the difference between the country and the town in this respect. In the former, pure water is so easily accessible as to attract but little attention as an article of domestic necessity. The earth yields it there almost at a call, and with but small assistance from art. It bubbles up in springs. It flows in clear brooks. It is always at hand ; of the right quality, and enough of it. But the case is wholly different in our thronged thoroughfares. Here, strong labor and consummate skill must provide with the utmost care what is furnished elsewhere from the open store-house of nature itself. They dig. They build. They lay the quarry and the mine under heavy contribution. They engineer and geometrize. They bore through the earth for thousands of roods, and erect mounds and bridges and castles upon its surface. They tax every other element, even the subtile fire and the ponderous but invisible air, to set forward the triumphal entry of this. They put the rudest substances out to service, that they may learn how to work in the behalf of this gentlest and most yielding of them all. What a work it is ! — that sets out with calculating the number of inches

to a mile in the slope of the channel that is to conduct the treasure along ; and does not rest till it has spread out under the pavements of the streets its net-work of hollow iron, and led up to the sick man's upper chamber a draught for his throat and a bath for his weariness. Thus, by the blessing of ingenuity and toil, not only are the deficiencies made up that belong to the artificial condition of persons dwelling in multitudes together ; but the very artifices that are brought into action are made the occasion of advantages, that are not found in a more simple state of arrangements. The richest villa, for example, — the rural palace, — is cut off from the possibility of being lighted with the ease and splendor, which can be drawn only from the laboratories that a numerous population supplies.

In the most ancient times, the acquisition of water for capital towns was a subject of vital interest ; and every student of the past is often met by evidences of the importance that was attached to it. The sacred history records it among the memorable acts of Hezekiah the king, that he brought in water into the midst of Jerusalem, and made wells for it. This was by a subterraneous passage. On the contrary, the aqueducts that led to Rome strode over plains and valleys, mounted upon enormous arches, and sometimes with arch over arch, from hills that lay at a distance of sixty miles. After they had accomplished so great a journey, they introduced their precious freight, through leaden tubes, into the buildings of private comfort and public magnificence. Some of them still continue to perform their salutary office ; while the ruins of others, scattered over the waste, form broken lines of most melancholy beauty.

Thus far we have looked at the subject, which the recent festivity has impressed upon all our minds, in only two plain points of view ; — in the light of created nature, which reflects in the fresh water, whether spread out in levels or gathered into a globe of atoms, a whole world of loveliness and good ; — and then in those further respects where associated man takes it up, and transfers it from one place to another, and prepares wonderful paths for it, and subjects it to the performance of innumerable offices which the advancement of his cultivation requires. This latter relation alone, if there were any use in

following it further, would expand into many particulars well worthy of remark. But it is time that we should turn from all this, and come to a less literal application of our theme. Let us leave its physical and industrial aspects, however attractive they may be. We have to contemplate it from an eminence superior to either of these. It has a significance for us that is purely religious. We should pay chief heed to that.

Religion was not overlooked in the becoming and orderly parade that did so much honor to the people of this community a few days ago. Its sanctions were recognized in the offering up of prayer and the shout of a psalm, on the spot to which happily the whole interest of the occasion was brought to converge. Our New England descent must have been forgotten if this had been otherwise. Ascriptions of praise were inscribed over public entrances. Sacred emblems and mottoes were borne along in the ranks of the public procession. The virtues that holy authority enjoins were inculcated in the dumb show. All this was well. We could not willingly have dispensed with any part of it. And yet it was all in the form of an exhibition. The voice was a sound uttered by command. The painted sign and the written word were a representation, and not the reality. We are glad of them. But we look beyond them. We ask for that which they were intended to typify. We desire to see more of the purity of manners, the sobriety of habits, the simplicity of tastes, the innocence and integrity of life, of which they remind us. Language like that of the text occurs to our thought: "Let judgment run down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream." The flow of a healthful, bountiful current of one of life's first demands, is a good thing. Few things of an outward kind are so good. It may seem especially so to us now, when the terrible pest that came towards us sixteen years ago, and its destroying angel past us by, threatens us again, travelling on the same track. A fountain, springing up towards the sky in a single bound, or in that diversity of beauty that human ingenuity throws it abroad in, is a delightful object. Not many spectacles on the earth's surface afford so much delight. But the pouring out of God's spirit, and the diffusion of Christian sentiments, and the per-

vading tide of honorable principles, are everyway better. The leaping up of the soul, as it aspires to reach the line of its source by an impulse which the height of that source alone is equal to impart, is everyway more beautiful. Our streets and our abodes are traversed by pipes of heavenly instruction, far surpassing those of mechanical artifice. They were laid by the counsels of the Almighty, and the institutions of the Gospel, and the labors of saints, and the progress of ages. They are underneath the pavement of our social privileges; and if we should refuse to acknowledge them there, its "stones would cry out" against us. They climb up the walls of our private existence; and "the beam out of the timber shall answer" to condemn us, if we decline to receive the benediction that they offer.

What should we think of one, who repelled the invitation to draw and partake of the natural stream, after it had been brought by the thought and pains of others to his own door and within his door? And yet the infatuation would be infinitely less than theirs is,—and they are an uncountable host,—who will not admit to their souls the influences of the Christian salvation; who keep away from their limbs and their lips the cleansing and refreshing power of its comforts; who are indifferent or insulting, when they hear all round them the call: "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; come without money and without price,"—for no needy circumstances are any hindrance or make any difference here;—"Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Our new privilege ought to revive in all of us the memory of that infinitely nobler one which has always been ours;—the knowledge of the truth;—the access to the sources of saving wisdom;—the opportunity and the motive and the blessing of a faith, that has come to us from as far as the outlets of recorded time, and from as high as the heavens. We should be thankful for the distribution of this living stream. We should be anxious that something corresponding to it should issue forth and appear in the conduct of those to whom it is sent. We should reflect, that moral influence, public and private virtue such as is sustained by the fear of the Lord, is the only permanent well-head of a people's prosperity.

There is reason to make this reflection with some shade of anxiety. It can scarcely be denied, that while the outward purity is flowing upon us the inward is exposed to unusual danger. The waters abound, when we have reason to fear that vice is on the increase also. One need not incur the charge of being an alarmist, who should speak with deep concern of what is to be apprehended from the foulness and burden of foreign pauperism, and the curse of foreign crime. We are certainly changed from what we were, in more respects than the census shows. But I will not dwell on this fact. For the doing so might imply a feeling of mistrust as to the future, which I am far from sharing in. And even the present evil, and what is called degeneracy, may be easily overstated by those who look too much in one direction. I would allude to it only as an admonition, and a cry for vigilance. Every good citizen should see to it, that so far as depends upon him a healthy tone and a lofty standard of morality shall be maintained ; that the majesty of the law shall be vindicated, and its sanctity revered ; that the good customs of our fathers shall not fall out of regard ; that guilt, as it grows bolder, shall not be encouraged by ill-timed lenity, and ill-placed commiseration, and the relaxing of justice. "Let judgment run down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream." It will be ill for us, if we forsake Him who is "the fountain of living waters," while we have been engaged in "hewing out" these temporal "cisterns." The reproof will be a terrible one that was spoken by the prophet, if it finds an application to us : "Ye have numbered the houses of Jerusalem, and the dwellings have ye broken down to fortify the wall : ye made also a conduit for the water of the old pool : but ye have not looked unto the Maker thereof, neither had respect unto Him that fashioned it long ago."



## MEMORIES.

[Written on the death of Miss Elizabeth Leland of Roxbury, in November. 1847.]

Lo, the morning sun beheld her  
Firm, erect with vigorous life ;  
Strong to do, and strong to suffer ;  
Ready for the toil, the strife !

Lowly lying, still and shrouded,  
Wo's mute symbols all around,  
Her, the evening stars assembling,  
Cold, in Death's pale vestments found.

Oh, that fearful hour of sorrow !  
Oh, that night of dark despair !  
And the weary wak'ning morrow !  
And the lonely weepings there !

Hearken to the solemn warning,  
Ye, with careless hearts and light :  
Ye, who hopeful, hail Life's morning,  
Ye, who watch the gathering night.

Yet thou wert so heavenly-minded,  
So remote thy soul from sin,  
Marvel we, so soon the golden  
Gates unbarred, to let thee in ?

Soon the Autumn leaf will crumble,  
Soon will Winter sweep the earth,  
Soon will Summer yield again  
The brilliant promise of her birth.

But with Winter, Spring and Summer,  
Friend, of all friends most sincere,  
Still thy name shall bless our hearth-stone,  
Still thy memory shall be dear.

E. D. H.

Lawrence.

## REV. HIRAM WITHINGTON.

THE recent death of Mr. Withington is a severe affliction to the wide circle of his friends. There is no one whom it could be harder to part with ; no one, who, in our short view of Providence, seemed more necessary to us ; no one of finer and higher promise. But we can well see, that, for such a man, God should have had even higher services, — and nobler fields, in the worlds for which his diligent, faithful life had so well prepared him. The acuteness, and almost unmitigated severity of his last illness hurried him to his grave, with little relief from the prostration of the mind and delirium which accompanied it. But, it is the grateful recollection of his friends that no spirit ever looked forward to death more hopefully and happily than his ; and that no life ever left less than his to be said, thought, or asked in its last hours of earth. “I have never been alone,” he said many years since, in the midst of severe personal sorrow, “I have never been *alone*, and, feeling what a privilege it is to be brought to the world of eternal realities, I look forward to that time when life, this mortal life, shall seem but as a speck in the far-off distance : — its sufferings only as a nightmare dream, which, long as it seems in passing, shrinks to a momentary struggle when we awake ; life’s sorrows only as the light clouds, that, on a summer’s day, flit over the sun’s disc and pass away.” These words occur in a letter to a near friend, who little thought how they would be recalled to his memory. All Mr. Withington’s companions, and all those who were accustomed to hear his preaching, will recognize them as an expression which was perfectly natural to him, unsought, and unstrained. In his conversation, his plans, and his thoughts, the future world and this were wholly one.

He was devoted to his profession, enthusiastically devoted to it. It had been the aim of his boyish and youthful life ; he entered it with a feeling of triumph that he had gained a position which he so esteemed, and had so faithfully sought to fill. Yet there was nothing, in his enthusiasm, of the

vanity which would omit a diligent and humble preparation for a work, than which God gives no greater to man to do. After his ordination at Leominster, he studied patiently and carefully in the midst of the laborious duties of one of our largest parishes. And his cherished day-dream always was, that he might some where, at some time, gain another opportunity for such renewed, uninterrupted study, as he said he needed for the discipline of a mind which every one besides him knew was highly cultivated and thoroughly controlled. His settlement at Leominster took place December 25, 1844. It proved, not long after, that his constitution and strength had been overtaken by the effort of his preparation for the ministry and the beginning of his duties there. In the summer of the next year, and of each following year, until his death, he was compelled to leave his pulpit, for a longer or shorter time, by attacks of illness, such as usually depress even well disciplined minds. But his own faithful cheerfulness could not fail him even in these attacks, which many of us would have made an excuse for brooding and despondency. And he only overtaken himself too soon in attempting, by the mere force of his will, to throw them off, and enter again upon duties to which he was most affectionately bound. I have known him at times when he was passing through very severe personal sorrow,—and often when he was carrying through very sad duties in the circle of his parish. But he was never faithless to, and never shrunk from them.

I can hardly give to any who will read these lines, who have never seen him, an idea of what he was, or of how and why we loved him as we did. His extreme cordiality always prompted him to a frank, hearty welcome which you could not mistake. Here was the first step of your interest in him. Then you found that he was open and confiding in all he said to you, and was trusty and sympathetic so as to repay your sympathy. Next, perhaps, came a feeling of wonder to see one whose impulses were all so strong and natural, still so completely self-controlled as was he. For, while his temperament was thoroughly poetical; while the poetical element in it shone out in every phrase and every thought, you found him, yet, equally systematic, considerate of others' feeling, and methodically carrying out plans only too large, of practical,

every-day usefulness. This method always seemed to me self-imposed, by a distinct, strong effort of the will. And it never clogged the free play and lively utterance of the spirit, which was always fresh, original, and natural, behind all. His whole habit of life seems represented to me now, as I look at one of his letters, sparkling with humor, or pathos or poetical expression, while written in a firm, square, methodical hand-writing, as if that of an engraver; or in one of his sermons, which, while always tender, original, and very fervent, never passed out of the limit of the earnest dignity of a Christian mind.

Beyond your respect for this powerful self-control, however, beyond the charm of his very quick mind and truly poetical conversation, beyond that openness and cordiality, which might have been mere temperament, the perfect truth of his whole character grew more and more upon every one who knew him. The longer you knew him the more closely did this bind you to him. For the longer you knew him, with every new interview, you felt, more and more, how fixed and unwavering a friend you had gained. There was nothing where you could not trust him.

He died, after a violent and distressing attack of typhoid fever, on the thirtieth of October, 1848, at his father's house in Dorchester. Since his death, I think every interview, almost, of all those I have had with him, has passed before me distinctly; and, by one of the blessed compensations, which death brings with it, I hear him still speaking, and recall the whole of the earnestness with which he urged his favorite plans and hopes. He exerted himself in every way to give *more to do* to our existing organized "*Churches*." He always had close at heart the wish that they should feel that their organization must subserve many purposes besides the simple union in the Supper. He read diligently, where he hoped he could find the germs and foundations of a thorough systematic theology;—with all the imagination of his temperament, wishing still that able men would state and illustrate, in more close connection than any of our authors have done, a broad system of theology;—confident that this could be done, from the distinctness and vividness of his own views. Again, the young in his parish will remember his interest in them; and

yet I know that he always regretted that he could not draw them more nearly to him even than he did.

The close attachment between him and his people never faded, ceased or wavered. It was only after a painful struggle on his part, that he asked for a close of their connection, because he felt his health demanded it; and, on their part, there was an equal unwillingness to comply with his request, till, on full conference, it seemed quite necessary. In accordance with his last wish, he has been buried in their beautiful cemetery.

I find that his sermons bear singularly well the hardest test to which sermons can be subjected;—that is, they are well remembered. He brought to them at once all the resources of his fancy and his hearty faith. And a more faithful servant of God I never knew. To hear him illustrating the Gospels, reading them and commenting on them, ardently and simply as he did, was to feel how truly the Comforter, the True and Holy Spirit, when a man has it in his heart, leads him to know all truth, and to bring to remembrance all things which Jesus has left us.

E. E. H.

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## A MESSENGER AND A MESSAGE.

ONE beautiful June morning, as the Sabbath bells pealed their solemn welcome to the house of worship, I passed through the crowded streets of the city, and in company with many fellow worshippers entered the house of God. There was little apparently to distinguish this day from many others, save that the unwonted beauty of the hour, the rich verdure of the earth, the softness of the air, the rejoicing notes of the birds, the deep, calm blue of the waters,—all united in urging the spirit to holier ascriptions of praise and more devout gratitude.

As we entered the sanctuary, the solemn swell of the organ struck upon the ear, and the choir chanted those most expressive and appropriate words: "The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him."

The services proceeded; and as I looked round upon the crowded assembly, the thought passed through my mind, "Is this indeed a reality? Is there an equal devotion of the heart, as in outward appearance,—and have all this multitude assembled from a true desire to worship, or simply from habit or custom?" But my reflections were interrupted, as the minister of Christ arose, and in glowing words depicted the beauty of holiness,—the power of the soul to attain the highest excellence, and the wide field of progress ever unfolding to the faithful spirit. As he proceeded, he became more and more earnest, until it seemed as if the spirit land were almost visibly revealed, and the heart could not but respond to those animating words, "to strive ever to press upward and onward,—to seek for true, faithful, devoted action,—to be earnest in effort,—girding the spirit with the whole armor of God,—and at length having done all, to stand." And when in solemn supplication, he prayed that we might all be able to feel at last, that in some good measure we had finished the work given us to perform, there was a deep silence for a few minutes,—but as we were about quitting the church to return to our various homes, my attention was attracted by a strain of music so soft, so ethereal, that every breath was hushed and every motion stilled. The sounds gradually became more and more distinct, and as half in fear I turned to discern their meaning, an angel, with countenance radiant with celestial beauty and love, passed slowly up the aisle, and stood silently beside the altar. A calm repose dwelt upon his features, and yet there was a half-concealed expression of sadness mingled with its inexpressible sweetness and gentleness. In his hand he carried a box filled with precious stones and jewels, and as he placed it upon the altar, his eye passed around the assembly, and his searching glance passed from one countenance to another, as if it could read the deepest secrets of the heart. After a moment's pause, in a tone of gentle earnestness, he said, "These are sent by my heavenly Master as pledges of his love, for all who have assembled this morning with a sincere desire for good,—for all who have earnestly striven during the past week, for higher aims and purposes. Let such, and only such approach." With anxious solicitude I looked around. Many silently left the house, without even seeking a share in the

riches displayed to them ; jewels, whose brightness well might dim the purest of earthly treasures. Many drew near, and with eager hands sought to reach the glistening prize ; but at their approach, the bright lustre became dim and changed, and a sadder expression rested upon the angel's countenance, as he bade them retire without opening to them the rich treasures of his casket. But there were some, who, as they drew near, seemed to reflect in their own countenances the calm beauty of the celestial visitant, and, as with joyful mien he gave them of the rich stores of his bounty, a holier serenity glanced from his eye, and when at length each jewel had been distributed, with solemn words he bade them take the gifts, — to cherish and keep them as pledges of future earnestness in duty and consecrated effort. Then calmly spreading forth his hands in blessing, the sounds of heavenly music again burst upon the ear, and as he slowly departed from view, the celestial choir whose voices first attracted our attention, took up the heavenly strain, and repeated again and again his parting words, "Be ye earnest, ever earnest !" and as the last faint echoes died away, a hushed and solemn pause succeeded. . . .

Comes not such an angel visitant on each succeeding Sabbath, to every earthly temple, bearing with him the rich jewels of faith, and love, and peace, and though unseen to the earthly eye, brings he not to the true spirit rich blessings and strength ? And may he not twine upon humble brows the wreath of victory, through a quiet trust and faith, which, to many a mortal eye, seem void of light or beauty ? And in every hour of holy endeavor, in moments of higher thought and inspiration, in the communion of the soul with the noblest and sublimest forms of nature, comes not the angel voice to every heart, saying, "Be ye earnest, ever earnest" ?

Not without meaning was it, that the heavenly messenger left such parting counsels, and pronounced a blessing alone upon the earnest spirit. Is it not this which *we* most need ? Is there not an abounding coldness and apathy upon spiritual themes ; a want of the living spirit of earnestness in public effort, and especially in the more private forms of benevolent action ? Where can we point now, saving in here and there a solitary instance, to such self-sacrifice and living faith as characterized the early Christians, — as led the martyrs to

embrace the stake and the faggot with a holy joy, — as inspired tender females with more than a warrior's courage, and caused them to view the burning pile as the very altar of Heaven? Where is now the zeal that animated Loyola, through which he braved the fiercest pangs of personal suffering, triumphed over earthly pride, subjected every worldly desire, and endured persecution and disappointment, ignominy and scorn, the solitudes of the desert and the wilderness, so that he might win souls to Christ? Where now the intrepid zeal of Luther and Knox, the quiet energy of Melancthon, the self-sacrifice of Oberlin and Howard, of Neff and Martyn, the undaunted spirit and trusting faith of the early Puritans? Are our churches, as united bodies of Christian believers, our private walks of effort and usefulness, characterized by a living Earnestness, by the missionary or the martyr spirit? By this we mean not simply enthusiasm, but a far higher development of the Christian character. Enthusiasm often results from a power of the imagination, acting on the feelings which have become warmly interested in some particular pursuit or end; and when the light of fancy grows dim the interest subsides, and coldness and apathy succeed. Earnestness, on the contrary, is the effect and necessary result of some fixed, abiding principle of action, giving a tone and coloring to the whole character, and expressing its true presence in the thousand ways by which a living principle ever reveals itself. It is not wearied by effort, nor disheartened by difficulties, nor silenced by opposition, nor overcome by disappointment. Calmly and resolutely it keeps in view the one great end, and guided by the star of faith, it ever moves onward to the accomplishment of its high and holy purposes. It is this that we need, — energy and strength, and force of character, — the result of a living, active and abiding faith in the great doctrines of Progress and Accountability and Immortality.

Some there are, faithful, devoted servants of God, whose presence comes like a healing and refreshing influence to cheer us on our path, and to strengthen our faith in the power of goodness. But how many are there, how many among the *young*, who possess time and opportunity and means for accomplishing much, whose chief aim is pleasure and frivolity, whose presence never cheers the room of sickness or the abode



of poverty, and who seldom cast a thought beyond their own homes, to remember those whom God, in an especial manner, has commended to their kindness !

Earnestness, we repeat, is what we need, and this earnestness can be gained alone through silent thought and meditation and prayer. A conscious realization that not in outward form cometh the salvation of the spirit, but that the kingdom of God is within, — that in the soul itself is every element of joy or suffering, of the noblest elevation or the lowest debasement. Not in outward success or failure, not in the rush of conflicting plans and duties, not amid the crowd and turmoil of the world comes this living faith ; but through quiet meditation in hours when the spirit of God holds close communion with the soul, in those silent watches in the night season, when the sound of wings seems borne upon the air, and the very stars look down in such quiet beauty that they seem like messengers of light from on high.

Who also, has not felt at times in the contemplation of the grandest forms of nature, in view of the towering mountain, the foaming cataract, the gathering thunder-storm, a power and strength within, that rises up as if superior to all outward creation, — a conscious feeling of elevation, no less than of humility, that whispers of the power to accomplish and to perform, that bids the spirit rise up to a higher earnestness of action ? “In the press of life, it is difficult to be calm,” yet even amid the routine of daily duty, comes there not a voice from all the various vicissitudes of joy and sorrow, health and sickness, life and death, urging the spirit to holy earnestness, knowing the fleetness of all human plans and purposes, and that the work to be completed, must be accomplished now or never !

May we so live, that when the angel visitant again draws near, and bestows upon the *earnest in spirit* the rich pledges of his Master's love, he may place upon our brows the jewelled crown of Immortality.

H. M.

## LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, OCTOBER, 1848.

THE city is more busy and brisk than usual in the recess, in applying the liberal grant of Congress for public improvements. The whole amount of appropriations for local objects this year was \$175,827 73.\* This includes \$30,000 for bridges, about \$38,000 for gas-lighting and fixtures, \$20,000 for painting the Capitol, and near \$15,000 for expenses of hospital and prison; leaving a handsome residue for streets and public grounds. Several unsightly fields and ravines will be put in shape; and with well-paved avenues, and squares drained, enclosed, and planted with ornamental trees, the city will do more credit to its position and name. The scale on which such things must be done here is so immense that nothing less than the capacious purse of the whole nation seems competent to undertake it. It quite defies the scantier resources of a population of five and thirty thousand.

A trial has just been going on here, on a charge of fraud in procuring soldiers' land warrants. The man was acquitted, but a multitude of disclosures keep turning up, no way to the credit of the public dignity and morals. The fag end of the war, it is of a piece with the worst of all the rest. Beauties of legislation are fairly matched with beauties of speculation; lavish and extravagant bounty on the one hand, set off on the other with examples of knavery quite startling to those who know only of the more reputable and moderate dishonesties of trade. There is something curious in tracing out the vicious circle of operations, and seeing how men's fraud will outwit the cunningest precautions. By way of encouragement to the soldiers to become independent and honest settlers, Congress voted to each a hundred and sixty acres of land, worth

\* The appropriations for the year ending June 30, 1849, were as follows: Deficiencies, \$15,115,666 88; Pensions, \$453,536 34; Military Academy, \$143,472; Post Office, \$4,451,700; Fortifications, \$583,600; Indian Department, \$901,134 68; Civil and Diplomatic, \$4,956,420 19; Army, \$10,612,416 28; Navy, \$9,878,136 77; Lighthouses, &c. \$184,600; Miscellaneous, \$151,161 05. Total, \$47,431,844 19.

at the market price two hundred dollars. Nothing seems fairer on paper unless for the wanton and wholesale dispersing of whole states and realms in such a way. A grant in money would have been more to the purpose than all this wasteful and lavish gift of land, and a saving of several millions now the perquisites of agents and speculators. How much of it may ever be occupied by these soldiers no one knows. But the gold gravitates towards the speculators as steadily as the sparks fly upwards. A hungry or tipsy soldier is glad to dispose of his claim for half or quarter of its value, and the stock market is supplied with them like any other article of traffic. Then the way is open for endless fraud. Worthless men stand ready for a small bribe to swear that they are discharged soldiers; thus transferring a false claim to a fictitious agent, and cheating the real soldiers, poor fellows, who come in time to hear that their warrant is already in some knave's hands. With every possible precaution, fortunes grow up on one side, and on the other is pure recklessness and waste. The gain goes any where but into the proper hands. And to finish the list of frauds, counterfeit warrants are got up, with forged names, which poor German emigrants are induced to take in our cities and pay for in solid coin, and find when they come to the land-office in the west, that they are only so much waste paper. And these are only a part of the knaveries and mischiefs and corruptions of business morality, to say nothing of worse passions, that grow indigenously out of war. Its financial statistics tell about as bad a story as those of the hospital or battle-field. It moves in a vicious circle; and no skill of legislation will break the spell.

The two great structures, the Monument and the Smithsonian Institution, are progressing bravely. The Monument displays already a massy pile of foundation-rock, some ten or fifteen feet in depth, and seventy square—as solidly packed as stone and cement will make it; meanwhile the question is to be settled how large shall be the base of the obelisk itself, which is soon to be begun. The two wings of the Institution building are nearly finished, one containing a scientific lecture-room with appurtenances, the other a spacious and lofty hall with a lower gallery or connecting range, the collection of statuary and paintings. A course of sci-

entific lectures is to be begun in a month or two. For the more elaborate parts of the pile, only the foundation is laid as yet. The whole is not to be finished before the 19th of March, 1852; and by judicious economy of the funds meanwhile, besides the building completely furnished, and incidental expenses all paid, and a respectable commencement of scientific labors, about \$150,000 will be added to the original fund. So that the sum invested will be about \$650,000, and the annual income nearly \$40,000. Of this revenue the department of science, publication of memoirs, reports, &c. will have one half, the other being appropriated to the library, museum, gallery, and works of art.

The Institution sets out richly furnished in several respects. In idea, as I have said before, it is a compromise, or fortunate combination of several separate plans; and so makes the nucleus of a remarkably liberal and comprehensive national establishment.

The design of the Library is to be as far as may be *supplementary*, containing books not to be found elsewhere in this country; a centre of reference for finding the whereabouts of every sort of information; and as complete as possible in the department of scientific transactions and memoirs. The first publication, the splendid work on western structures and antiquities, has just appeared; and one or two other works will follow presently. Models of celebrated architectural relics, (as Pompeii,) and other antique works, will make a very interesting appendage to the statuary, casts and pictures of the exhibition-halls. In the scientific department there will be working apparatus for experiments, for the free use of students and others, who wish to follow out any investigations. And as an earnest that means shall not be wanting to carry out the several intentions of the establishment, Congress began with the splendid donation of that very rare and valuable Museum of curiosities now in the Patent Office in charge of the "National Institute,"—a collection that has cost the country upwards of a million dollars, as I am told, and already one of the most interesting objects in the city. The great gallery of the new structure, two hundred feet long, will be fitted up for it—that in the Patent Office being wanted for models and other monuments of the nation's industry. Professor Henry

is disposed to consider this "the gift of an elephant," more cost than profit; he having other objects more at heart. But as one of the attractions of the new establishment, it is very well in place, and a very small sum will pay all the yearly cost. What no doubt pleases him better is the gift just now from Professor Hare of Pennsylvania University, of his complete and valuable chemical apparatus, which he has spent half his life and twenty-five thousand dollars in collecting. Besides its market value, it is interesting as a sort of historical record of past advances in the sciences, much of it being made from his own contrivance by a machinist in his regular employ, and most gratifying too as a mark of confidence in the institution and its head. I was much pleased also to be told to-day, that the Greek Slave has been secured, to commence the collection of the Fine Arts. It will be on exhibition two years longer, and then transferred to a room set apart for it in one of the main towers of the building.

I have just seen a paper drawn up by a man who was many years in Washington's family, and doubtless wrote under his direction, setting forth the advantages of this situation, and foretelling the great importance of the trade of the Potomac. Fifty years ago, steamboats and the Erie Canal could not have been foreseen; and it seems somewhat antiquated to hear of this as the natural great highway to the West. And the trade of Washington city has been so long in coming, spite of the fond predictions of Washington himself, that it appears hazardous to hint at a revival of his hopes. A few men of enterprise, and a little wealth judiciously applied, might make a different show. As it is, improvement is coming along slowly of its own accord. The Cumberland Canal will be finished in another year, they say, and bring here inexhaustible supplies of the best of coal. The wheat region back of us, rather exhausted by poor cultivation and slaves, who do not earn the corn they eat as I was told in a village not far off, is becoming settled by free laborers, who are beginning to improve the agriculture in good earnest. The leaven must work; and in a few years we doubt not the decisive step will be taken for the future prosperity of the region, by getting rid of the burdensome and discreditable relics of slave-

It is slowly and steadily creeping southward, like a hea-

vily drifting cloud, and will soon leave our sky clear and our soil free. If it is a general feeling which I heard expressed in Rockville, that "Maryland will be a free state in less than twenty years," the presentiment will help work its own accomplishment.

So much for the several signs of promise here just now. One other is the reorganization of the public school system. By the new charter, a school tax of a dollar is levied on every voter; and the public schools which were in part supported by a small stipend from those who *could* pay, are made wholly free. But the revenue is so small, (six thousand dollars in all) that it can only furnish the rudiments of education to the very poorest. The first obvious result is, that the colored people, not being citizens, have no provision for schools, unless what they find among themselves; next, that those children are excluded whose parents the trustees judge to be able to pay for schooling — a most unrepugnant feature; and finally, that as only the poorest children can attend, and these are often kept away to labor, and sent to trades at an early age, the standard of public education here remains almost hopelessly low. There seems no remedy, unless from some unlooked for enterprise and zeal among our citizens, or unless Congress in some hour of unwonted wisdom should determine to establish here a system of model national public schools. A step towards a better condition of things we hope is already taken, under our new and more liberal code; but a good many more are needed.

I hope this summary of what is going on here now will not be out of place. Noisier matters will presently crowd these partly out of notice. But it is well to be reminded now and then, that something else is here besides politics; and that some other things are given in charge to our national government and honor, than those belonging to the newspaper, the convention and the stump.

J. H. A.

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## INTELLIGENCE.

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ORDINATION AT PETERBORO', N. H. — Mr. Liberty Billings, late of the Meadville Theological School, was ordained at Peterboro', on Wednesday, October 25, 1848. The services were as follows: — Introductory Prayer and Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Whitwell of Wilton, N. H.; Sermon, by Rev. Dr. Peabody of Boston (from John xvii. 17); Ordaining Prayer, by

Rev. Mr. Leonard of Dublin, N. H.; Charge and Right Hand, by Rev. Mr. Morison of Milton, Mass.; Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Whitwell of Wilton; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Clarke of Jaffrey, N. H.; Benediction, by the Pastor. — The Society has shown a commendable zeal for the promotion of religious worship, by newly painting the church and furnishing it with lamps and a new Bible. — In the evening, Rev. Mr. Morison preached from Ephesians iv. 13, and Rev. Dr. Peabody offered prayers.

**ORDINATION AT FRAMINGHAM, MASS.** — Mr. Joseph H. Phipps, a graduate of the Cambridge Divinity School the present year, was ordained as Pastor over the First Parish in Framingham, on Thursday, November 16, 1848. After the meeting of the Council, where matters were conducted according to Congregational usage, the religious services were held in the beautiful church, quite recently built. The exercises were as follows: — Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Fox of Boston; Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Reynolds of Jamaica Plain; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Hall of Dorchester (from Matthew xxii. 40); Ordaining Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Muzzey of Cambridge; Charge, by Rev. Mr. Gray of Boston; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Alger of Roxbury; Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Barry of Lowell; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Dr. Allen of Northborough; Benediction, by the Pastor.

At the close of the services, the Council, the ladies and gentlemen of the Society, and invited guests, proceeded to the Town Hall and partook of a collation. Addresses were made by Rev. Dr. Pierce, Samuel Greele, Esq., Rev. Messrs. Muzzey, Gray, Frost, Alger, and others. The day was fine, the attendance large, and everything gave promise that the new connection will be one of harmony and profit.

**ORDINATION AT WEST CAMBRIDGE, MASS.** — Mr. James F. Brown, of the last graduated class at the Cambridge Divinity School, was ordained as Pastor over the Unitarian Society worshipping at West Cambridge, on Wednesday, November 1, 1848. The services proceeded in the following order: — Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Dr. Ingersoll of East Cambridge; Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Muzzey of Cambridge; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Robbins of Boston (from Matthew vi. 6: "Enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly"); Ordaining Prayer, by Rev. Dr. Walker of Cambridge; Charge, by Rev. Mr. Hall of Dorchester; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Appleton of Danvers; Address to the People, by Rev. Dr. Francis of Cambridge; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Gray of Boston.

**ORDINATION OF AN EVANGELIST.** — Mr. William Cushing, late of the Meadville Divinity School, was ordained as an Evangelist at Sherburne, Mass. on Wednesday, October 25, 1848. The services were as follows: — Introductory Prayer and Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Stone; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Stone of Chelmsford (from Mark xvi. 15); Ordaining Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Robinson of Medfield; Charge, by Rev. Mr. Richardson of Hingham; Right Hand of Fellowship, and Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Hill of Hubbardston.

**DEDICATION AT NORTH MARSHFIELD, MASS.** — The Church of the First Congregational Society in North Marshfield, which has been remodelled, was dedicated on Tuesday, October 24, 1848. The following was the order of services: — Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Moore of Duxbury; Selections of Scripture, by Rev. Mr. Bradford of Bridgewater; Dedicatory Prayer, by Rev. Dr. Kendall of Plymouth; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Leonard, Pastor of the Church; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Smith of Pembroke.

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